Aug. 22, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

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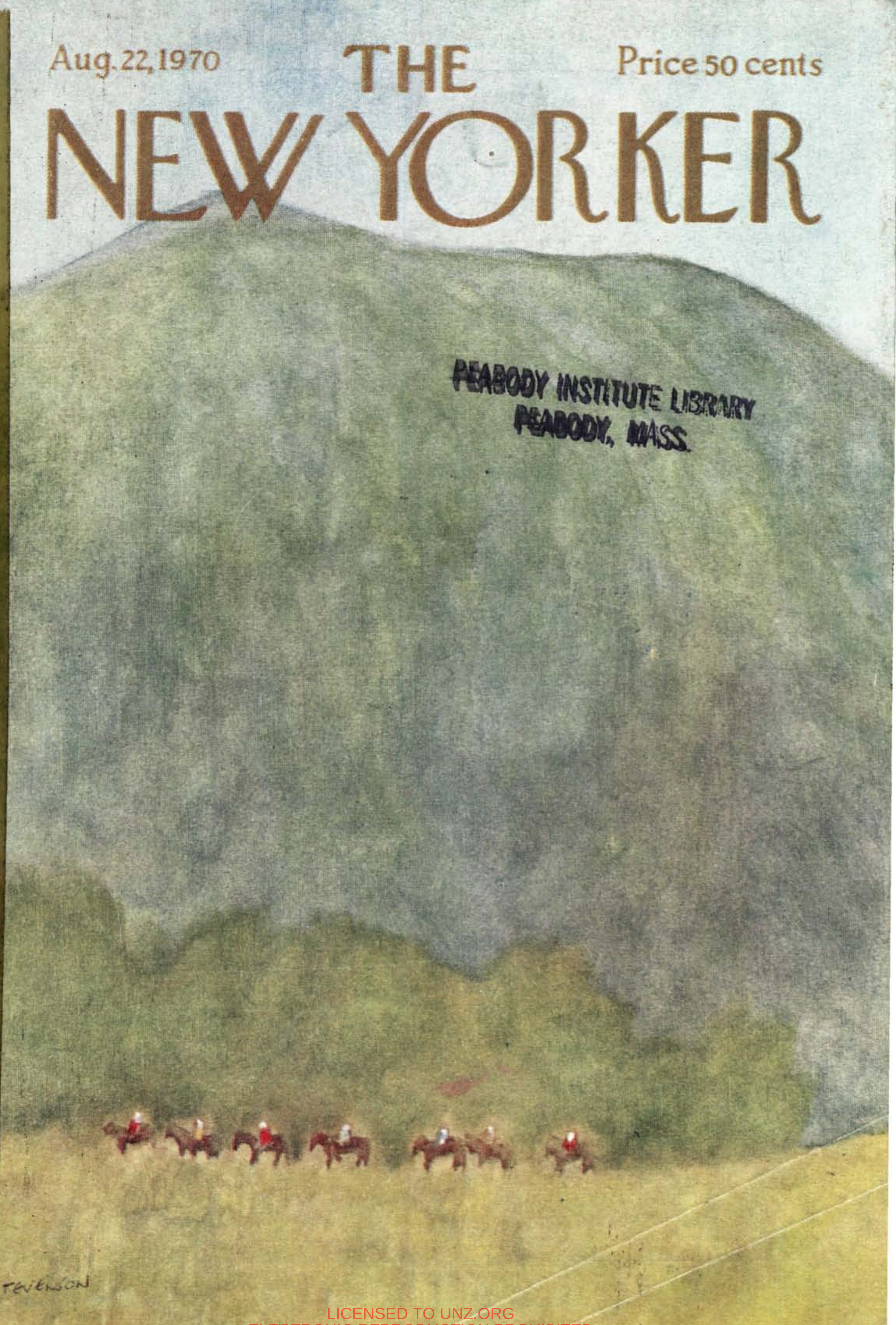

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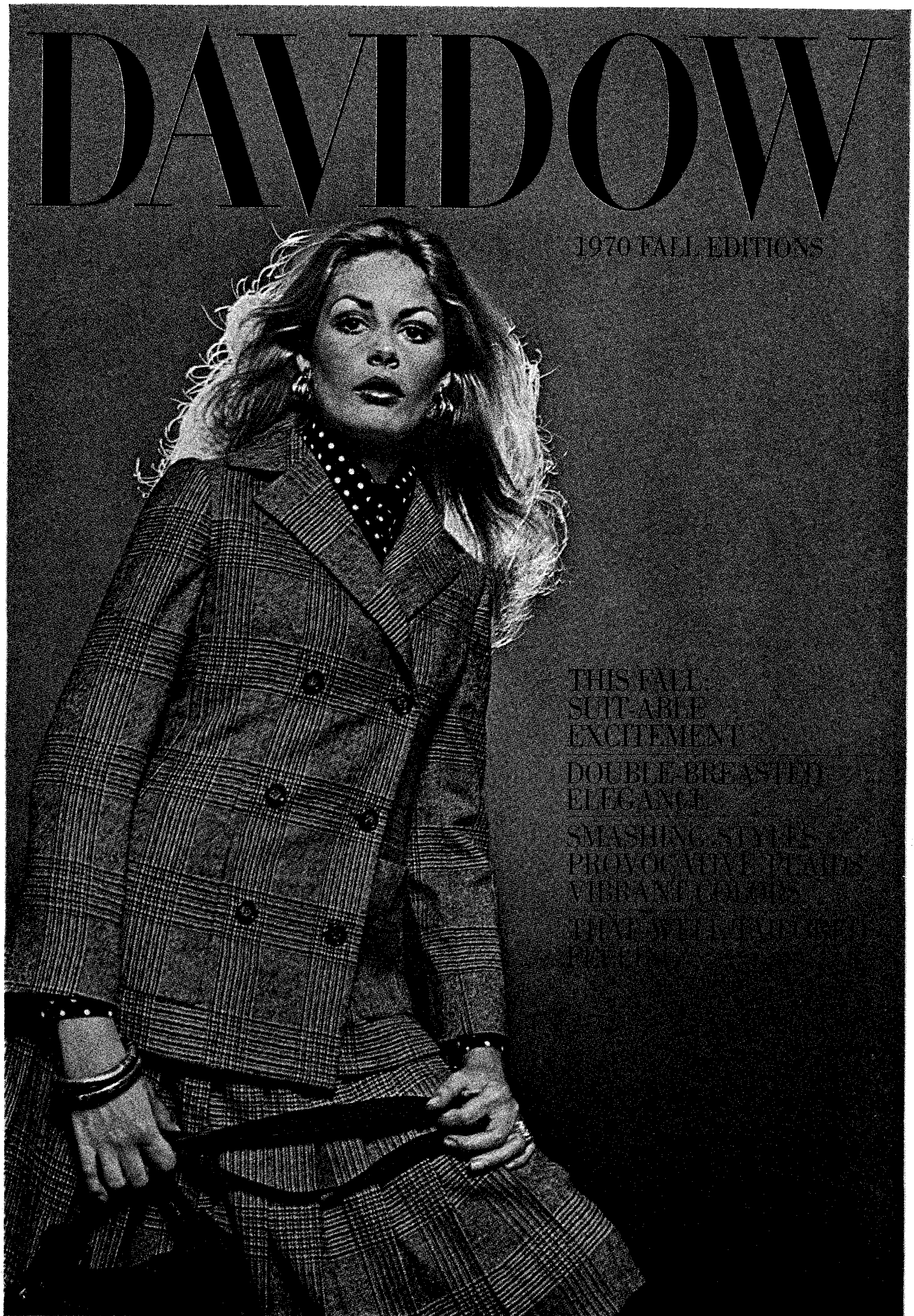
THIS FALL:
SUIT-ABLE
EXCITEMENT
DOUBLE-BREASTED
ELEGANCE
SMASHING STYLES
PROVOCATIVE PLAIDS
VIBRANT COLORS
THAT WILL [illegible]
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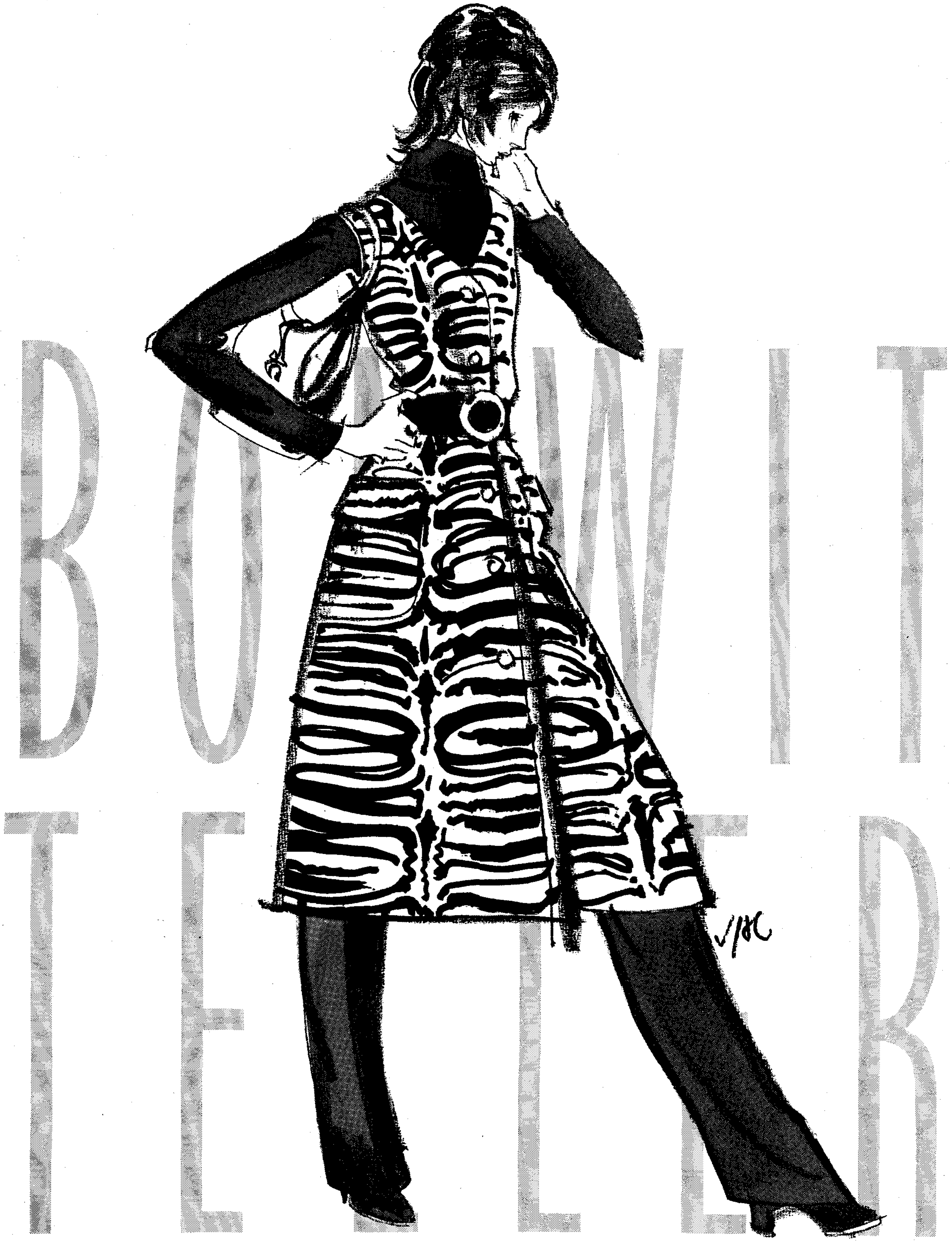

AT BONWIT'S, THE WILDLY BEAUTIFUL KNIT COSTUME! It's Kimberly's midi ensembling of a different stripe: a zebra patterned coat-or-dress atop solid pants and turtleneck tunic. Wool knit in black or navy with white, 8 to 16 sizes, 175.00 Sports Floor, New York and all stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and James Earl Jones are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cage—The horrors and brutality of prison life, as portrayed by six actors, all of them ex-convicts, including the play's author, Rick Cluchey. The situation depicted is indeed dreadful, but the play could be a lot better. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Child's Play—Robert Marasco's spooky play about how pedagogy corrupts and absolute pedagogy corrupts absolutely. With brilliant performances by Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most predictable" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Judith Lowery, and Swoosie Kurtz. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Steambath—Purgatory is a steam bath, and God is a Puerto Rican attendant there. This comedy, by Bruce Jay Friedman, is not entirely successful, but it is much funnier than many tidier shows. Hector Elizondo is delightful as God, and Conrad Bain and Anthony Perkins, who also directed, are very good, too. Splendid setting by David Mitchell. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**adaptation** and **next:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 6.)... **butterflies are free:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Keir Dullea, Blythe Danner, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **forty carats:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for Zsa Zsa Gabor, Tom Poston, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **no place to be somebody:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Wally Taylor, Henry Baker, Chuck Daniel, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **plaza suite:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Applause—A rousing, tireless, immensely skillful retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and André Previn about the great Gabrielle Chanel of Paris, with sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. Danielle Darrieux has recently replaced Katharine Hepburn in the title role. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—A marvellous cast, headed by Larry Kert, Susan Browning, and Elaine Stritch, in a fresh and funny show. George Furth did the excellent book, and Stephen Sondheim did the equally attractive music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Bat—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one

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DRAWINGS: *Frank Modell, William Hamilton, Stan Hunt, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Joseph Farris, William Steig, Dana Fradon, Joseph Mirachi, Charles Addams, Mischa Richter, Henry Martin, Warren Miller, Donald Reilly, Lee Lorenz, Edward Frascino*

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 27, August 22, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART SHOW
PARKING

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious," grown too big for its hand-me-down breeches. With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** The key scraped round harshly twice and, when the heavy door had been set ajar, welcome light and bright air entered. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Haines stood at the doorway, looking out. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Stephen haled his upended valise to the table and sat down to wait. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Charles West plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of a two-week non-subscription season that will run through Sunday, Sept. 6—Tuesday, Aug. 25, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Firebird," and "Who Cares?" ... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27, at 8:15: "Dances at a Gathering," "In the Night," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 8:15: "Serenade," "In the Night," and "Firebird." ... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Agon," and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Ballets Africains—A troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea in a one-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Aug. 20-21, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 22-23, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Gary Visconti, Marei Langenbein, and Anna Galmarini. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 26, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 13. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Final free performances of the season. **RICHARD III:** Wednesday, Aug. 19, and Saturday, Aug. 22.... **THE WARS OF THE ROSES, PART I:** Thursday, Aug. 20. ... **WARS OF THE ROSES, PART II:** Friday, Aug. 21. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**, with Constance Towers, John Michael King, Beatrice Krebs, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 6. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Not for comfort-seekers, only for those who dig entertainment of a contemporary sort, like Kris Kristofferson, a singer and composer from Nashville. On Wednesday, Aug. 26, John Phillips, lately of the Mamas and the Papas, will come in to do a single. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Gregariousness is evident in this wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from eleven to three. Joe Beck's agile guitar is accompanied by Tony Levin's bass. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight, mirrors, brick walls—a place of beauty is a joy for an evening. A kind of homespun jazz from eleven to one on piano and electrified bass and guitar. A distinctive menu. No live music Sundays.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Way West, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers intimacy, calmness, and cooking from the Old Kentucky (or Georgia or Mississippi) Home. Neatly swinging guitarist Kenny Burrell is assisted by bassist Wilbur Little. Sunday, Aug. 23, guitarist Skeeter Best and a bass player will sit in, and on Wednesday, Aug. 26, the Ron Carter duo will arrive. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The history of jazz is immanent in this club, where innovation usually rests on strong foundations. Beginning Tuesday, Aug. 25, Zoot Sims' dependable quartet will be up. Anita O'Day sings Fridays through Sundays, bringing her idiosyncratic style to old and new songs. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old hangout, a dependable haven for traditional jazz. The musicians, most of the time, are Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi, and they carry on from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Nostalgia efflorescent. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel peachy. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

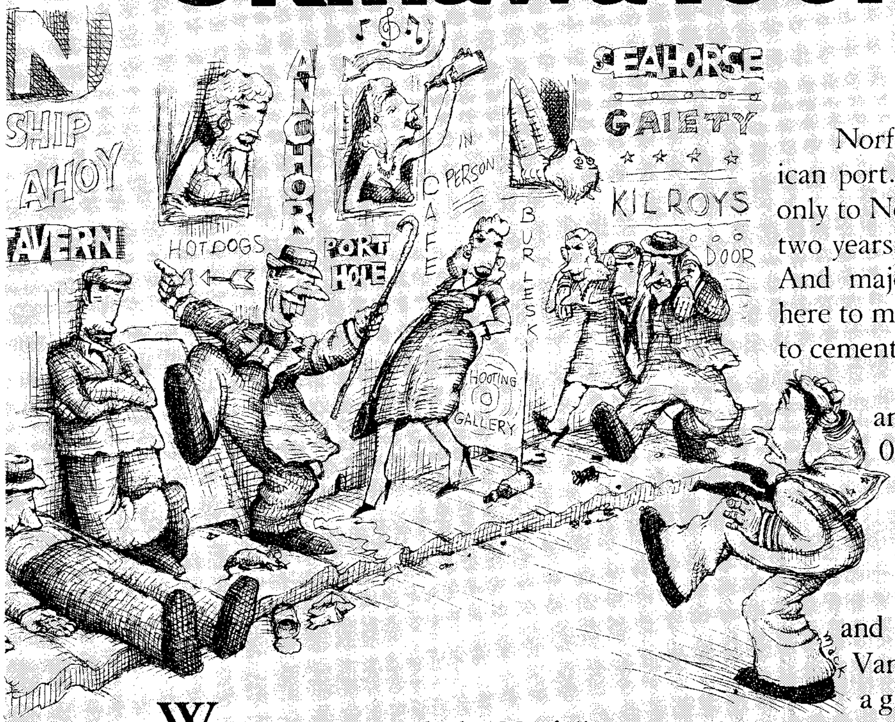
Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—The Jimmy Heath quintet plays through Tuesday, Aug. 25, when Donald Byrd's quintet, with Sonny Red on alto, will come in. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are the environs, but if the sound beckons, you might as well dig it. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, where you can be as casual or as formal as you wish, Charles Mingus's trio plays for cocktails and dining. On Mondays, the trio is off and new talent is auditioned. ... ¶ Downstairs, rock is the shape of things. Swinging sounds—and dancing—from ten Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 19, a benefit show; Thursday, Aug. 20, Fast Cargo; Friday through Sunday, Aug. 21-23, Dreams; Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 25-29, Jam Factory and Attila. A different spirit on Mondays, when Symphony Sid brings in Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Roland Kirk's fast and curiously inventive sextet—to which tenor player Don Byas has been attached as an added attraction—performs Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 20-22. On Tuesday, Aug. 25, Pharoah Sanders' febrile quintet will take over. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers what is known as soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright

After this tour, Okinawa looked good.



When a sailor took the Norfolk tour in the early 40's, he didn't find much to write home about. He found bars and B-girls, flophouses and slums. And he found himself anxious to leave.

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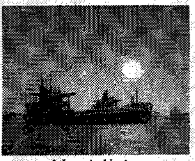
Today, Norfolk's symphony orchestra holds two annual concert series and sells out both of them. We have an internationally known chamber group, three professional theaters, professional football, baseball, and hockey.

We've built our industry.

Norfolk exports more tonnage than any other American port. Our containerized cargo operation is second only to New York's (it's grown 800% in two years and plans to keep expanding). And major corporations have located here to make everything from ice cream to cement.



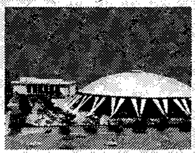
Norfolk has "the finest natural harbor in the world."

We have two fine colleges and an urban university in Norfolk. Plus a $3,500,000 technical vocational center that's proving to be one of the most successful anywhere.

And we're building for the future.

Soon we'll open a $30,000,000 convention and cultural center that'll host everything from a Van Cliburn concert to a three-ring circus. It'll be a great place for meetings or conventions of up to 12,000 people.

Going up, not far away from the convention center, is a major 14-story Sheraton Hotel, right in the middle of the most modern shopping mall anywhere on the East Coast.



Our new convention and cultural center to open in 1971.

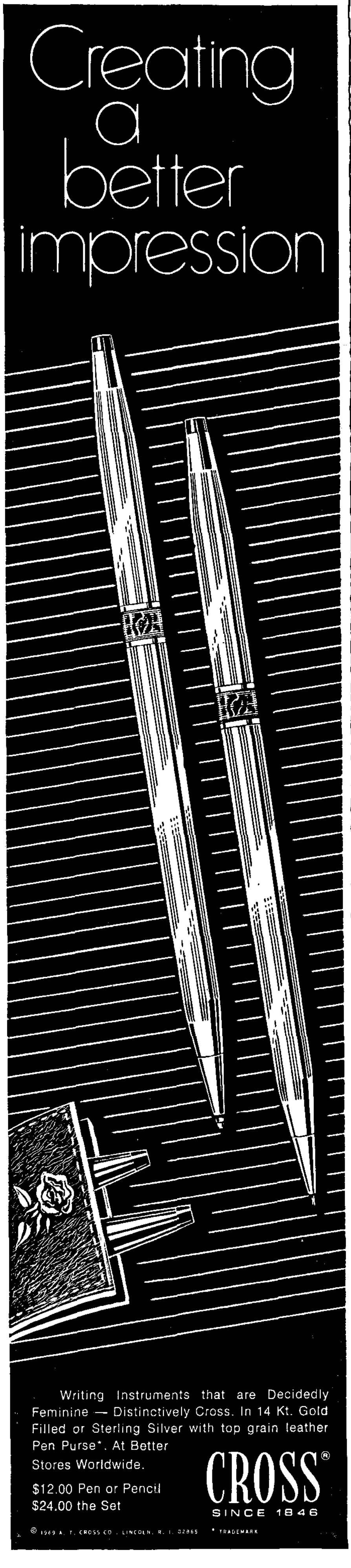
Before long, Norfolk will have one of the country's finest regional medical centers. It'll care for the disadvantaged, conduct extensive research, and serve as one of the best medical schools in the southeast.

We'll also have a cultural enrichment center to offer bright students quality instruction in the arts and sciences. Among other things, the center will include a planetarium, marine science laboratories, and a theater for the performing arts.

In short, cities are like people—they change. And Norfolk's changed.

Now we're a tour worth taking.

NORFOLK: the great comeback.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mondays through Wednesdays, and by other musicians Thursdays through Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant, and the dinners and suppers are near-Lucullan. The crowd, a svelte one, dances to 45s on a little floor from ten to three or four. Closed Mondays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—If this is where it's at, then at it's where is this? Lots of moving lights and lissome people, along with indoor playground equipment that helps keep kids kidlike. On Sundays, as well as Wednesdays and Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Strong live groups alternate with high-powered records. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Soft carpets, the names of famous Frenchmen etched on glass, and a relatively timeless atmosphere. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort. Dancing to discs from eleven until three or four, but only on Fridays and Saturdays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Assiduously scoring points in the Fairest-of-Them-All stakes, as is usual in the world of the discothèque. Frills and furbelows have an Anglo-Indian look. Dinners are ornate, and crowds dance to records over a good sound system. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Small, intimate enough for the collegiate crowd that comes here, and musically subdued (records only). Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Looking out the fifteenth-floor windows, you can see all manner of neon signs flashing, pulsing, and gleaming in the heart of the second biggest city in the world. The interior is all right, too. Dancing to music, both live and recorded, Mondays through Fridays from ten to three. Light suppers are served. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (752-4365)—A restaurant called the Penthouse Club by day, a discothèque by night. People dance to strong records from ten until three or four. Dinners are available, and the view of the Park is fine. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—It would have been a wow some forty-five years ago, during all the Tutankhamen bother. As it is, the place is loud, active, and sphinx-filled. Three times a night, Ken Hamilton and the Oliver Jones quartet come out and do things. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—Can be compared to a quaint old village street, with shops, lampposts, tables, and people sitting or strolling about. Not bad, if quaint old village streets are your bag. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Wheels on the doors, wheels on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, and heavy music, from both records and live musicians. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Hey, Jude, your mother should know the fool on the hill. Yesterday, with a little help from my friends, lovely Rita let it be a day in the life. Michelle? She's leaving home. (Dancing to records from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends.)

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at two-thirty, Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve, and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays. . . . **Tavern-on-the-Green,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): As close as the city can come to a midsummer night's dream, by the light of the silvery moon and/or Con Edison—*en-plein-air* feeding and footing it featly, this last to music that runs from seven-thirty or so until quite late.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking begins at ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, at eleven the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the one revue in town, is brightened by fitful gleams of humor, of which it could use more. The cast is brightened to approximately the same degree. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Israeli bop, the song is sort of Israeli pop. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home, too. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel,* loud and clear, from six until one. Dance music for all hands. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Olga Guillot, a one-soprano spectacular, seems—in her declamatory yet dulcet Spanish—to espouse a number of causes, among them Cuba Libra and Women's Libra, for all of which she puts up a mighty good argument. Twice a night, and no dark nights. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a

no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Juan Jimenez) and voice (José Sordiall). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—One of this summer's few uncancelled music festivals continues, though in bits and pieces. The current b. & p., departing on Wednesday, Aug. 19, is R. B. Greaves, who sings that song about dictating a letter to Maria; the next b. & p. assortment involves Donna Theodore and Dick Doherty, both recent inventions, both singers, who arrive on Thursday, Aug. 20.... ¶ In the lounge, which has that open-all-night Las Vegas feeling, there is Las Vegas lounge music for homesick travellers.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The high wind from Canada known as Illustration is a hi-fi wind when its amplifiers are turned up. Rock was never harder, or livelier. The milieu is fair-to-middling ale-and-chophouse. Dancing; closed Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Within a beautiful balloon on permanent station above midtown, Duke Ellington moves in his inscrutable ways his wonders to perform. Dancing all evening, and to that remarkable band during the supper hours. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

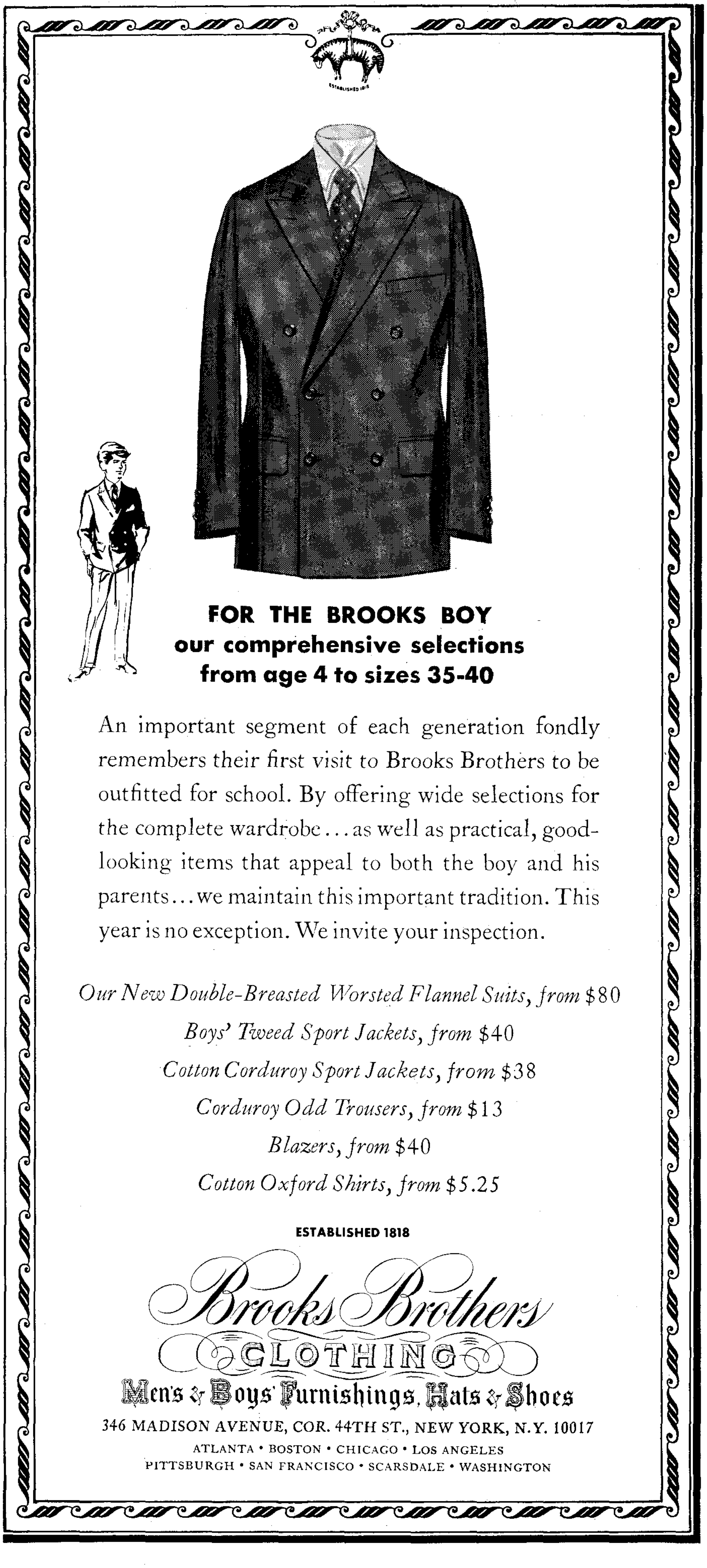
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER, belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but *only* by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three. Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening.... **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Grecian isle, afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians and Greek singers, and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionable Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Closed Sundays.... **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, anything between the Seine and the Bosporus from her fiddlers three. Dinner until two, but no Sundays.... **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men; equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): The Palm Court, this summer the sole music room of this city within a city, offers Sandu Marcu on violin from four-thirty to six-thirty every afternoon.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and post-prandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday.... **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays.... **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and knights in armor. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A buttery of a certain importance, wherein Lee Evans, one of our really good pianists, addresses the keyboard off and on from six until one; Sundays, this or that pianist serves as his lieutenant.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave.



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the olivetti collection

The collection opposite is made up of current Olivetti portables which represent the finest in modern typewriter design. The entire movement originated with the famous Lettera 22, which was created by Marcello Nizzoli and is on permanent display in the Museum of Modern Art.

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3. Studio 45. Designed by Ettore Sottsass. The Brightwriter movement began with the Studio 45. Denuded of unessential frills, the Studio 45 was designed to fit in any modern home or office environment. Blue or Grey. 13½″ x 15½″ x 5½″. 15 pounds.
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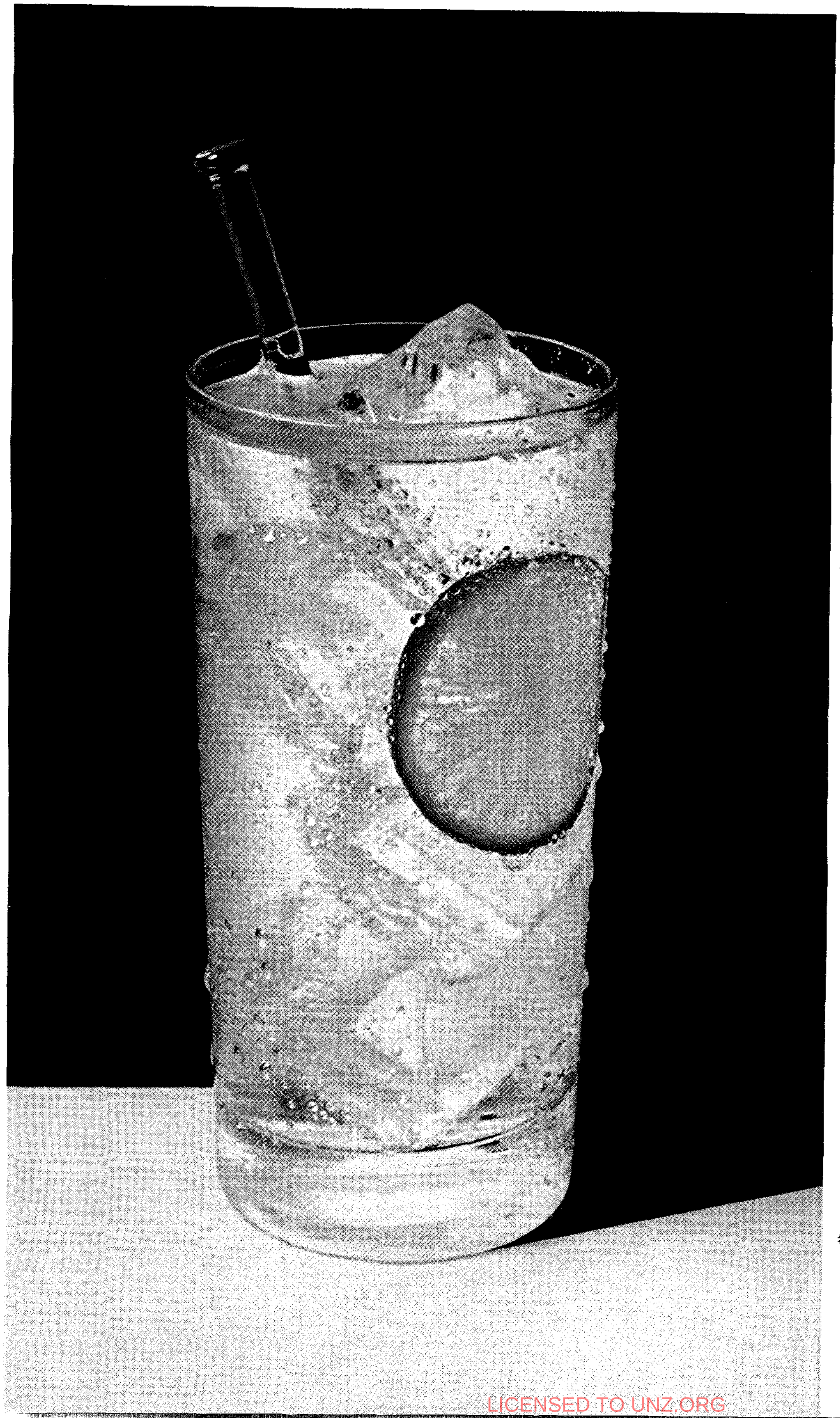

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A pretty formal occasion, and a just plain pretty one, too. Tony Gorody, the summertime pianist within, has the use of the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): A renaissance—dance tunes once again in a celebrated pleasure dome, and night after night. The course: seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Sundays and Mondays, eight-thirty until a late curfew Tuesdays through Saturdays. Further to brighten this corner: Tony Bujka, violinist, and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, pianist-accordionist, who deploy between five-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Lotus is not on the menu of this duplex chalet, but eaters of it will be at ease in this world unto itself. Perambulating song and guitar on the lower deck, and a menu full of other things. This goes on every night. Piano on the deck above the cellar, every night but Sunday. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5731): Not the Great Outdoors, but at least a little one, with a scattering of real musicians who operate when the hordes come down from the hills around to dine—music from noon to two-thirty and eight to one, Mondays through Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DOROTHY GILLESPIE AND IRENE MOSS—Abstract paintings; through Friday, Aug. 28. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by scores of artists—Shahn, Sheeler, Sloan, Avery, Bellows, Dove, Henri, and Marin, to mention a few; through Friday, Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Fifty Latin-American artists; through Sept. 4. (Closed mornings.) . . . **FEIGEN,** 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by nineteen artists, including Breder, Castro-Cid, Ray Johnson, Gerald Laing, and Alphonse Schilling; through Sept. 4. . . . **FRENCH & CO.,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures, drawings on glass, and paintings by young artists; through Friday, Aug. 28. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; through Friday, Aug. 28. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Klee, Léger, Masson, Picasso, and Trivigno; through Friday, Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by such gallery artists as Elizabeth Frink, William Pye, Augustine Filipovic, and Sue Fuller; through Sept. 9. . . . **TIROCHE,** 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Impressionist and School of Paris artists; through Sept. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, some exhibited in period rooms; through Sept. 7. Optional contribution for admission. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-six sculptures and seven works on paper produced by Alexander Archipenko during his Paris period, 1908 to 1921; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Works by about a hundred painters, sculptors, and filmmakers from European and Latin-American countries, Canada, Japan, and the United States representing new directions, such as earthworks and conceptual art; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ *Recent acquisitions*—a drawing by Matisse, a sculpture by Melotti, and paintings by Braque, Klee, Kokoschka, Miró, and Sophie Taeuber-Arp; through Sept. 11. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 10, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.75 will be charged. . . . ¶ Every Thursday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day. Thursday, Aug. 20: "Black Roots," by Lionel Rogosin. Thursday, Aug. 27: "An Interview with Bobby Seale.") . . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open, free, weekdays, 6 to 10, except this Thursday and next Thursday.

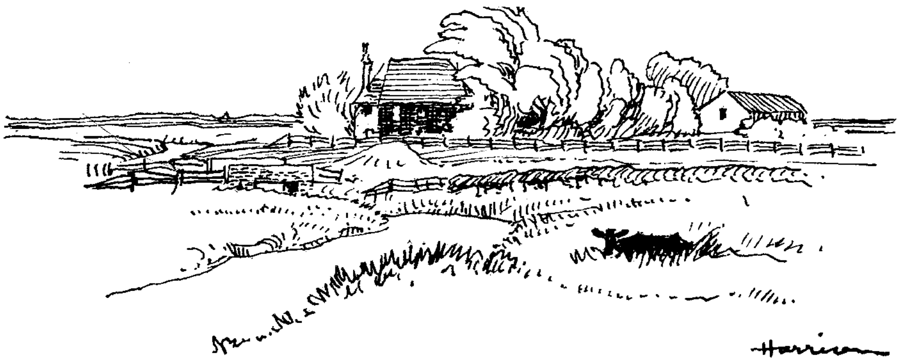
SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth anniversary show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Twenty-two large dramatic scenes depicting events in the trek of the Mormons to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, painted by Carl Christensen, a member of the colony who made the trip; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Visionary architecture and city planning exploring possibilities of future living by Paolo Soleri, an Italian-born architect who studied with Frank Lloyd Wright; through Sept. 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A hundred and seventy-five objects from Africa, the Americas, and the South Pacific representing birds, beasts, and fantastic crea-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tures; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred color linoleum prints by Picasso, done from 1958 to 1963; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one conceptual artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and garments by a group of Chicago artists; through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; through Nov. 1. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, Aug. 19: Sergiu Comissiona conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Paul Badura-Skoda and Jörg Demus, pianos, and Leslie Parnas, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 20: A program of chamber music performed by Benita Valente, soprano; Mr. Demus; Charles Russo, clarinet; and David Schwartz, viola. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22: Geza Anda conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloist in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 24, and Wednesday, Aug. 26: Leon Fleisher conducting the orchestra, with Claude Frank, piano; Gerald Tarack, violin; Leonard Arner, oboe; Joel Krosnick, cello; and Loren Glickman, bassoon. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 25: Julius Rudel conducting a chamber-music recital by the New Amsterdam Ensemble. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27: The Allegri Quartet, with Mr. Russo. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29: Michael Tilson Thomas as directing the orchestra in a performance of Mozart's Requiem, with Miss Valente; Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Bruce Brewer, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and the New York Mozart Choir. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8:15.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Moog Concert by Dick Hyman, and the Children of All Ages—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, Aug. 20, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Youngbloods, Blues Image, and Tim Hardin—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, at 8 and 11:30.

Three Dog Night and Pacific Gas & Electric—A benefit concert. (Gaelic Park, Broadway and 240th St. Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 543-1200.)

Jimmy McGriff and His Organ Trio, and Jam Factory—The final concert of the season in the Museum of Modern Art Garden. Thursday, Aug. 27, at 7:30.

Savoy Brown, Fleetwood Mac, and Fairport Convention—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, at 8 and 11:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

Wollman Rink—The final performances in the Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Friday, Aug. 21, at 7:30 and 10: The Guess Who and Kathy McCord. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 7:30 and 10: Fleetwood Mac and Zephyr. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 21, at 7: A piano recital by Alexis Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 21, at 9: Gunther Schuller conducting the Boston Symphony, with Paul Zukofsky, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Mr. Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Berlioz's Requiem, with Leopold Simoneau, tenor; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; the Framingham Choral Society; and the M.I.T. Glee Club. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Thursday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: Daniel Barenboim conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in an all-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Daniel Barenboim conducting the orchestra in a varied program, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 3:30: Julius Rudel conducting a Verdi-Puccini program, with Gilda Cruz-Romo, soprano, and John Alexander, tenor. The final concert of the season by the orchestra. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: The Fifth Dimension. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 25, at 8:30: Three Dog Night and the James Gang. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27, at 8:30: Blood, Sweat, and Tears. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 8:30: José Feliciano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8:30: Judy Collins and Arlo Guthrie. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Final performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 22: The Dance Theatre of Harlem. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 25-29: The Jacob's Pillow Dancers and Jean Léon Destiné and his company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Houston, Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 21, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 22, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 23, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 25-26, at 8:05, and Thursday, Aug. 27, at 2:05. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, Aug. 28, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Jets, in a benefit exhibition game. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Sunday, Aug. 23, at 2.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Amateur Championship. (Wee Burn Country Club, Darien. Through Saturday, Aug. 22.). . . ¶ Dow Jones Open Tournament. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Clifton. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 27-30.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **saratoga:** Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 29. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 22; the Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 26; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 29. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Buses to the track leave the Consolidated Bus Terminal, 201 W. 41st St., between 9:30 and 11:30, and from the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.). . . **liberty bell,** Philadelphia: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 22. (Buses to the track leave from the Port Authority Bus Terminal between 9:45 and 11.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Aug. 22, at 1.

Tennis—Pennsylvania Open Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford. Through Sunday, Aug. 23.). . . ¶ Professional matches. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 24-30.). . . ¶ Marlboro Open Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 24-30.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 17. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

Yachting—Australia vs. France, in an elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport, R.I. Starting Friday, Aug. 21.) . . . ¶ Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 26-30.)

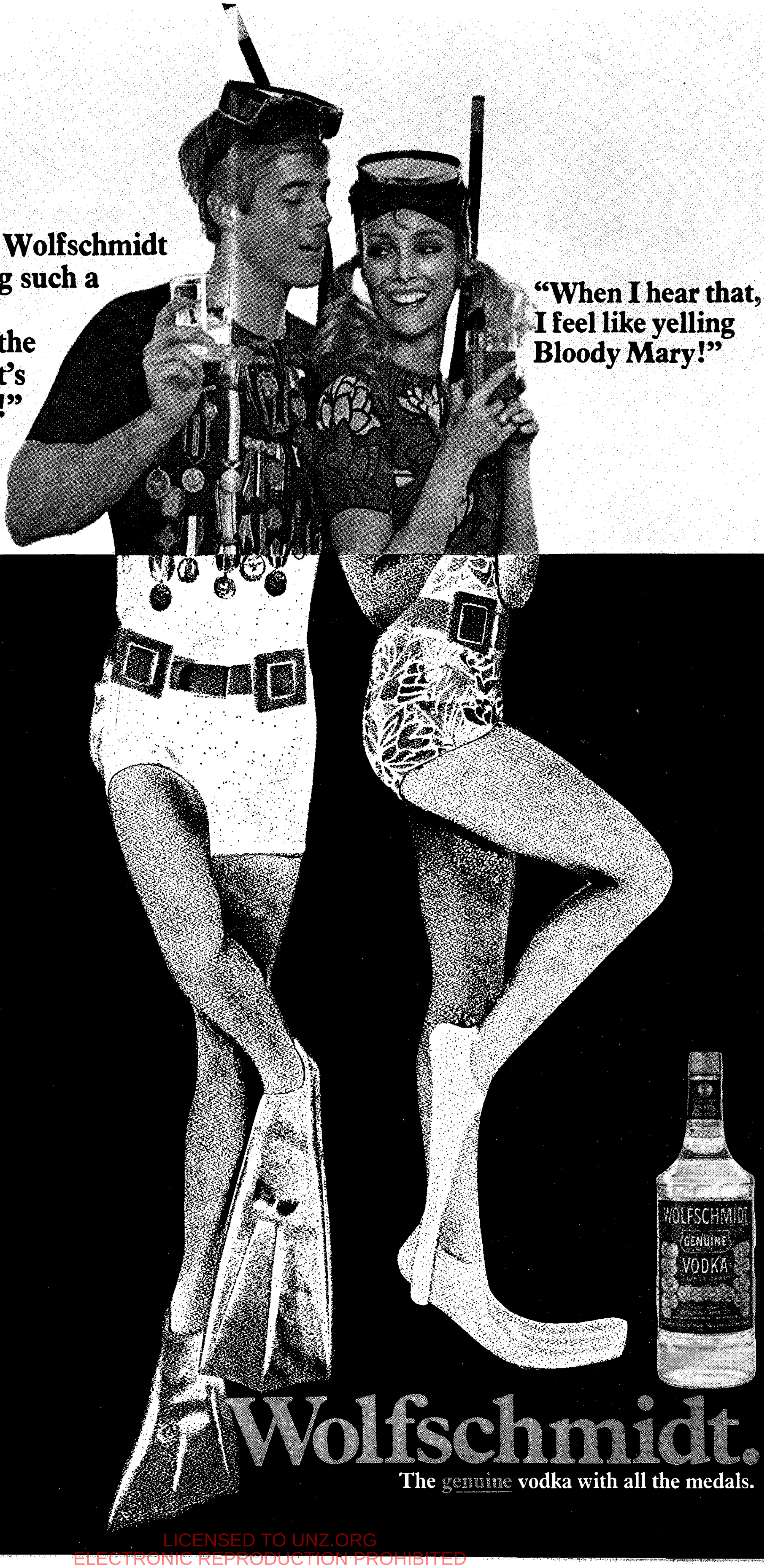
ET ALIA

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no ear-

"Know why Wolfschmidt Vodka's making such a splash?

Because it's the only vodka that's won 33 medals!"

"When I hear that, I feel like yelling Bloody Mary!"



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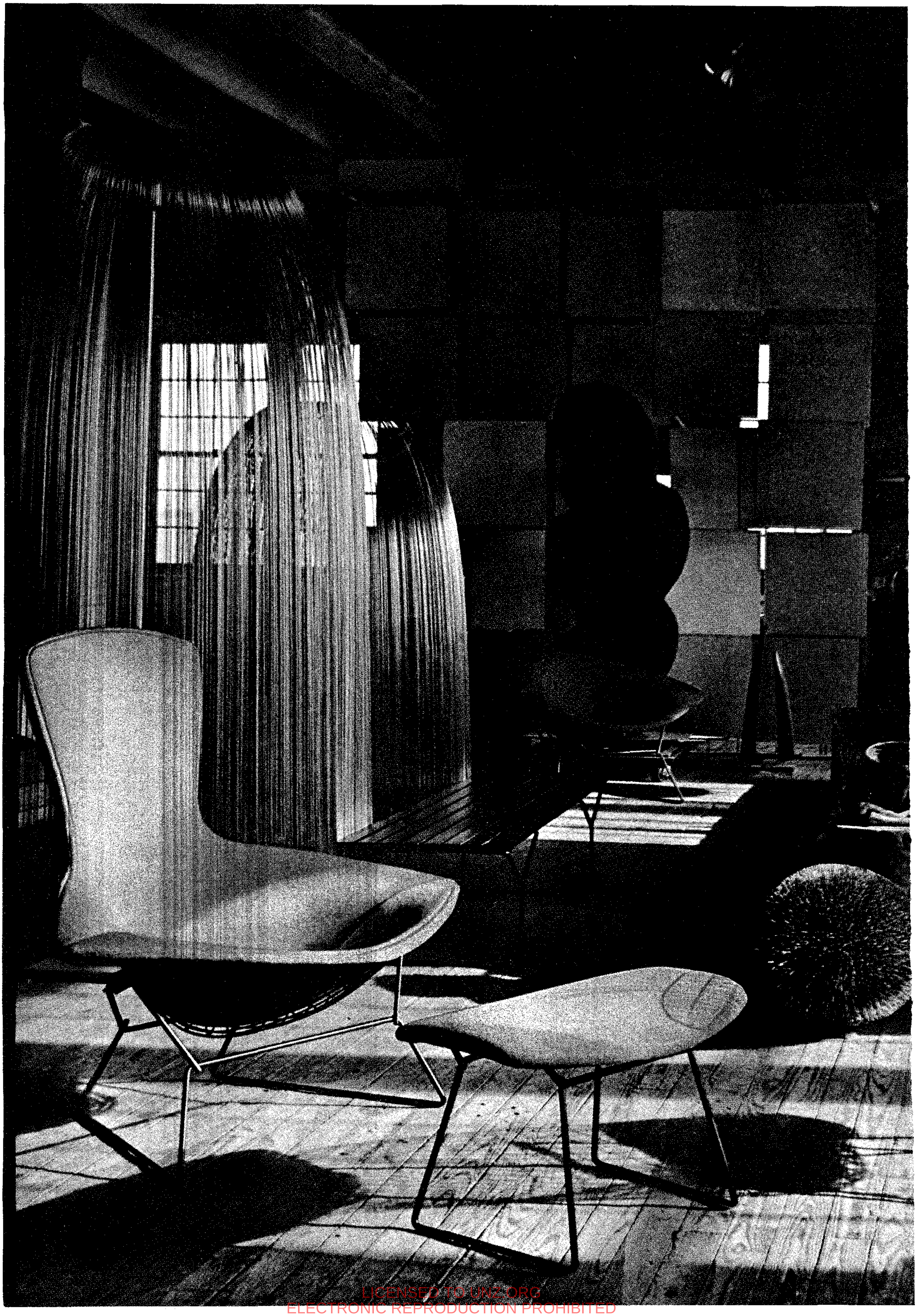
The genuine vodka with all the medals.

Frankfort Distillers Co. New York N.Y. 10022. Made from grain, 80 and 100 proof. Product of U.S.A.



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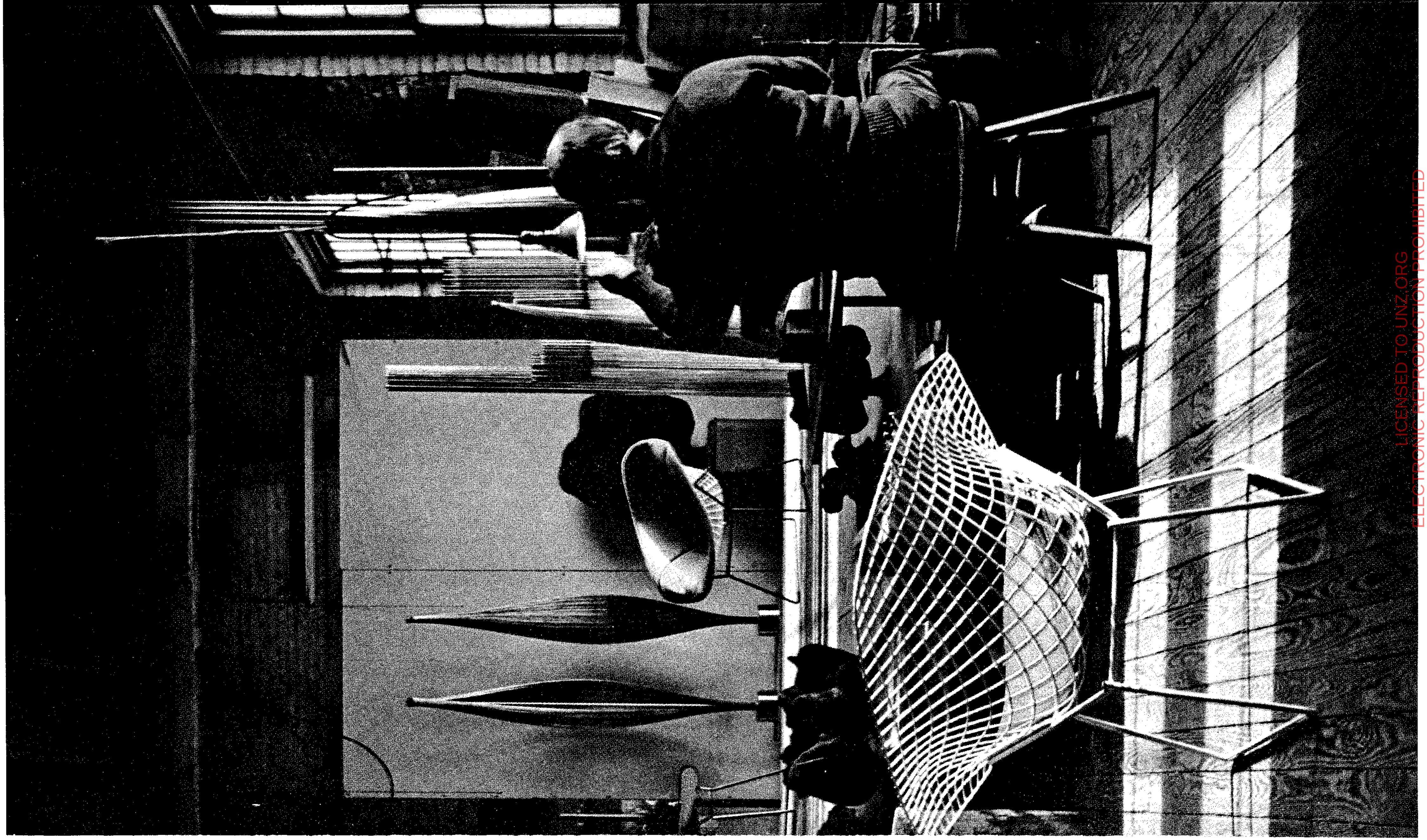
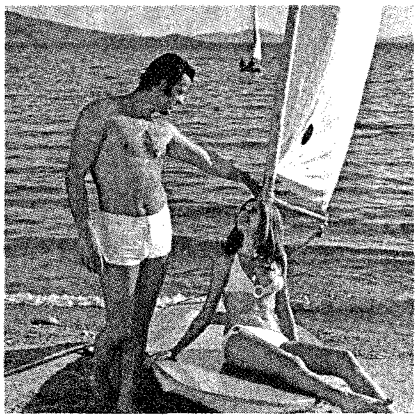


WHEN IT'S OCTOBER EVERYWHERE ELSE, IT'S STILL SUMMERTIME IN GREECE.

Long after the rest of Europe has moved indoors,
you could be sitting at a sidewalk cafe in Athens
soaking up sunlight. Sipping ouzo while the Parthenon
stands guard over the city. Sailing through unspoiled islands
on the trail of Ulysses. And enjoying the kind
of warm welcome at modern hotels and quaint tavernas
that is rare anytime, anywhere in the world.

GREECE IS NEVER OUT OF SEASON.



The sun never stops.
Neither does water-skiing,
snorkling, and
sun-worshipping in
October on Crete
and Rhodes.

The music never stops.
And the beat of *bouzoukia*
is just as irresistible in
fall as it is in mid-summer.

The good food never stops.
In *tavernas*, go into
the kitchen and choose.
Or order haute cuisine at
luxury hotels.

The antiquities never stop.
And sunset at Poseidon's
temple is just as
unforgettable in October
as it is in July.

NY-8

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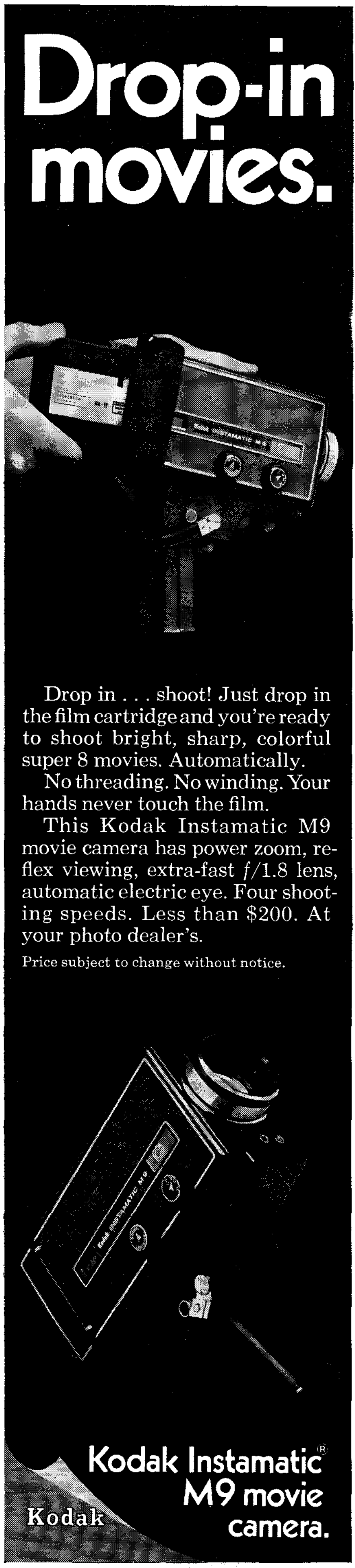

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lier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Zvenigora" (1928), a Russian film, directed by Aleksander Dovzhenko.... ¶ Aug. 20 at 2, 5:30, and 8 and Aug. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess....¶ Aug. 22 at 11:30: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell....¶ Aug. 22 at 3 and 5:30, Aug. 23 at 2 and 5:30, and Aug. 24 at 1:30: "The Docks of New York" (1928), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with George Bancroft and Betty Compson....¶ Aug. 24 at 3:30: "Ballet Mécanique" (1924) and "Rien que les Heures" (1926)....¶ Aug. 24 at 6 and Aug. 25 at 2: "Ballerina" (1937), a French film, directed by Jean Benoit-Levy. ...¶ Aug. 25 at 5:30 and Aug. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "The Ghost That Will Not Return" (1930), a Russian film, directed by Abram Room....¶ Aug. 27 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Royal Family of Broadway" (1930), with Fredric March. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Aug. 19: "Destry Rides Again" (1939), with Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart....¶ Aug. 20: "Bend of the River" (1952), with James Stewart and Arthur Kennedy....¶ Aug. 21: "Geronimo" (1962), with Chuck Connors. ...¶ Aug. 22: "The Virginian" (1929), with Gary Cooper....¶ Aug. 23: "Union Pacific" (1939), with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea....¶ Aug. 26: "The War Wagon" *(1967), with John Wayne and Kirk Douglas.* ...¶ Aug. 27: "The Man from the Alamo" (1953), with Glenn Ford and Julie Adams. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 *on the day of the showing.*)... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St.—A series of international films from the Cinémathèque Française, in Paris. Aug. 19 at 6: Kulechov's "2 Bold 2" (Russian, 1929)....¶ Aug. 19 at 9: Sen's "Bhubam Shome" (India, 1969).... ¶ Aug. 20 at 6: Shankar's "Kalpana" (India, 1948)....¶ Aug. 20 at 9: Rossellini's "India" (Italy, 1954; French titles only).... ¶ Aug. 21 at 6: Galleen's "The Student of Prague" (Germany, 1925)....¶ Aug. 21 at 9: Goldman's "Wheel of Ashes" (United States, 1970)....¶ Aug. 22 at 6: Keaton's "The General" (United States, 1927).... ¶ Aug. 22 at 9: Kamffer's "Mitclan" (Mexico, 1970)....¶ Aug. 23 at 6: Tourneur's "The Last of the Mohicans" (United States, 1921)....¶ Aug. 23 at 9: Stevens' "Annie Oakley" (United States, 1935)....¶ Aug. 24 at 6: Clair's "The Phantom of the Moulin Rouge" (France, 1924)....¶ Aug. 24 at 9: Cornell's "Like Night and Day" (Sweden, 1969)....¶ Aug. 25 at 6: Mamoulian's "Becky Sharp" (United States, 1935).... ¶ Aug. 25 at 9: Mamoulian's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (United States, 1932)....¶ Aug. 26 at 6: Gremillon's "Gardiens de Phare" (France, 1929)....¶ Aug. 26 at 9: Techine's "Pauline S'En Va" (France, 1969; no English titles)....¶ Aug. 27 at 6: Lefebvre's "The House of Light" (Canada, 1969; French titles only)....¶ Aug. 27 at 9: Flaherty's "The Land" (United States, 1941), Reynolds' "Berkeley USA" (United States, 1947), Hill's "Portrait" (United States, 1970; French titles only). (For information about tickets, call 879-5500, Ext. 656.)... **EISNER AND LUBIN AUDITORIUM,** Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.—Additional films from the Cinémathèque Française are being shown Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 4. For information about programs, call 598-3015.

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EVEN WHEN WE THINK SMALL, WE THINK BIG.

We know you're anxiously awaiting the tenth of September, just like we are.

Because that's the day we finally bring out Vega, the little car that does everything well.

In the meantime, settle back and read our modest claims, one more time.

Big for its size.

While we would feel a little guilty calling Vega enormous inside, we *can* say that it's amazingly roomy. In fact, on a person for person basis, it's just as roomy as many big cars.

Vega is also a relative giant in the power department—at least compared to other little cars. It comes standard with a 90-horsepower (80 SAE net as installed) 4-cylinder overhead-cam engine with a die-cast aluminum block. So you can boldly go forth to conquer 8-lane freeways and long steep hills.

Vega stands a stable 5½′ wide.

There are big 10-inch disc brakes up front.

And very posh front bucket seats.

We've said it before and we'll say it again: Vega is just as much car as any big car, only smaller.

Don't get us wrong: Vega is by no means a big car.

It rides on a mere 97-inch wheelbase.

And in our tests, it's getting around 25 miles per gallon with the standard engine and transmission.

Maybe best of all, Vega handles like a little car. A little sports car, not a little economy car. Of course, we can never convince you in an ad that Vega is fun to drive. You'll have to check that out for yourself.

Vega also carries a little price tag. You'll find that out when you come in to see if Vega really is fun to drive.

The start of something big.

We're not just offering a new little car. We're offering a whole new world of little cars.

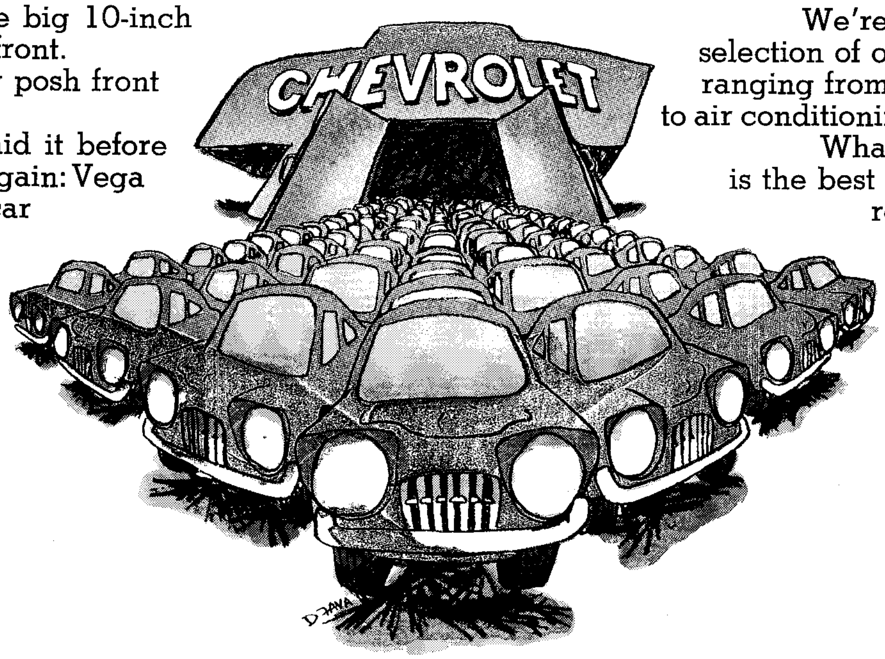
We're offering four models: coupe, sedan, wagon and panel truck.

We're offering four transmissions: 3-speed, 4-speed, fully automatic Powerglide and semi-automatic Torque-Drive.

We're offering a nice selection of other options too, ranging from power steering to air conditioning.

What we're offering is the best little car on the road.

You'll see.
September 10.



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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

VEGA
CHEVROLET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27		

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart, as a gin-soaked river-boat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of director John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt, so it’s no wonder that the captain finds her funny and irresistible. It’s a great comedy-romance. (New Yorker, B’way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 19.)

Alice’s Restaurant (1969)—Arlo Guthrie’s talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film. (Symphony, B’way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 26.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary recreation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Thalia, B’way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 21.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice (1969)—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Dyan Cannon and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage; Robert Culp and Natalie Wood are the other couple. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 25.)

The Boys in the Band—The message appears to be that the spirit of M-G-M in the forties still lives in the hearts and jokes of homosexuals. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; and Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 26.)

The Caretaker (1964)—The Harold Pinter play, expertly and entertainingly acted by Robert Shaw and Alan Bates as the brothers and Donald Pleasence in the title role. Clive Donner directed. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 25-26.)

Catch-22—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller’s novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Paramount, B’way at 61st, 247-5071.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With Merna Kennedy. (Thalia, B’way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 23.)

Cyrano de Bergerac (1950)—José Ferrer in a mediocre version of the Edmond Rostand play, directed by Michael Gordon, with Mala Powers, William Prince, and Morris Carnovsky. (Thalia, B’way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti’s excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., 674-3210; Aug. 20-26.)

Le Départ (1967)—Prankish, nose-thumbing film by Jerzy Skolimowski made in French with Jean-Pierre Léaud as a hairdresser’s assistant who wants to be a racing driver. In French. (Thalia, B’way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 25.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick’s celebrated comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Aug. 20.)

Don Quixote (1957)—A doggedly faithful version of the Cervantes classic. With Nikolai Cherkassov as the Knight. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. In Russian. (Thalia, B’way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

Don’t Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan in the affected *cinéma-vérité* film by Donn Pennebaker that features songs and put-downs. With Donovan and Joan Baez. (New Yorker, B’way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Aug. 27.)

Downhill Racer (1969)—Some exciting ski footage and a minimal story. With Robert Redford and Gene Hackman. The director, Michael Ritchie, comes up with occasional surprises in this promising début. (Embassy 72nd St., B’way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; through Aug. 25.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. Directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, and a harem. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—Joe Orton’s clever, funny, professionally outrageous play, filmed by Douglas Hickox, about four English working-class people eking out the appearances of a genteel life in a house that has been made from a deconsecrated chapel. All the while, speaking their mixture of euphemism, crime-reporter’s journalese, and pieties desperately lifted from advice columns, the characters are in the middle of acts as violent as any in “The Cenci.” Wonderfully performed by Alan Webb, Beryl Reid, Harry Andrews, Peter McEnery. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented new performers. Directed by Brian De Palma. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., 674-3210; Aug. 19.)

Hello, Dolly!—A great star (Barbra Streisand) redeems an impersonal big circus of a show. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Aug. 21.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—Max von Sydow as an obsessed painter and Liv Ullmann as his troubled wife. Ingmar Bergman, of course, and not at his best. In Swedish. (Thalia, B’way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 22.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—Tony Richardson’s movie about a runner who throws a race as an expression of his rejection of society. From Alan Sillitoe’s story. Tom Courtenay is the runner. (Thalia, B’way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 24.)

M*A*S*H—The best American war comedy since sound came in. With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Robert Altman. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker’s *cinéma-vérité* record of the 1967 Pop festival with Otis Redding, Simon & Garfunkel, the Who, and Ravi Shankar. (New Yorker, B’way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Aug. 27.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro’s refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. Directed by Michael Roemer. (Thalia, B’way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as the wounded Irish rebel stumbling through the streets of Belfast looking for refuge. Carol Reed directed, and did a fine job. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 25-26.)

The Out-of-Towners—The tribulations of a pair of innocent immigrants from Ohio to New York City, written and directed with an audience of similar innocents in mind, by Neil Simon and Arthur Hiller. Starring Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis. (Embassy 72nd St., B’way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; starting Aug. 26.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—The first film by Satyajit Ray—beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love; an extraordinary beginning in the career of a modern master. This reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village brought a new vision of India to the screen. In Bengali. (Thalia, B’way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 20.)

Patton—George C. Scott as Patton in an epic designed to satisfy those who think he was crazy and those who think he was great, but not those who don’t just want to have their prejudices greased. Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; through Aug. 20.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard’s unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B’way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 25.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954, that includes some of the high spots of the sessions. (Thalia, B’way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

Portrait of Jason (1967)—A Negro homosexual hustler talks directly to Shirley Clarke’s camera crew in this monologue film. (New Yorker, B’way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 20-26.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., 674-3210; Aug. 20-26.)

The Revolutionary—Paul Williams’ very interesting film, with Jon Voight as a radical student. The place and the time of the action are nearly here and now, but not quite; there are subtle displacements. This isn’t one of the Hollywood catchpenny films about campus unrest, not by a long chalk. (Cinema Studio, B’way at 66th, 877-4040; through Aug. 25.)

The Rise of Louis XIV—Rossellini’s fine picture about a man whom he sees as the first French king to understand the motor of the class system. It is scripted by Philippe Erlanger, very intelligently. Full of impassive long takes and shrewdly placed dissolves, the film is a witty study of the squalor and cringing that went on in the world of *luxe* and *volupté*. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go ’round in Max Ophuls’ romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the hey-day of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 20-24.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir’s legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece : a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 20-24.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Ingmar Bergman’s medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; Gunnar Björnstrand is his atheist squire. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Aug. 27.)

The Sky Above—The Mud Below (1959)—A little about the Stone Age men of New Guinea and a lot about the ordeals of the intrepid men who made the movie. The documentary techniques are crude and include some obviously staged sequences. Written and directed by Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 21.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's best American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 19.)

The Strawberry Statement—An aimless student with a good heart is somehow driven to the barricades; it is not exactly clear how, but music, scenery, and dashing camerawork are used to make it seem like a fine thing to happen. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Aug. 23.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 19.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's sad, delightful play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. With Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. Directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 24.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day—to Be Caught in the Rain?" and "Cheek to Cheek;" and it's a lovely movie. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 19.)

Volpone (1939)—Louis Jouvet is the shameless, swindling Mosca to the crafty, raucous old Volpone of the great Harry Baur, but they both seem tired, and the Ben Jonson satire is weighed down by the lavish production. The cast includes Jacqueline Delubac and Charles Dullin. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19.)

The White Sheik (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina and Leopoldo Trieste. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 20.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—An Ingmar Bergman film with many great images; Victor Sjöstrom plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Aug. 27.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's affable film of the festival last year. Though it has the look of a documentary, it makes a powerful invisible choice—no squalor shown, no trouble. Jimi Hendrix has a fine set in which he makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050.)

Z—A political thriller with a purpose. "Z" demonstrates how Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. Directed for speed and suspense by the gifted young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Aug. 25.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Z (in French).

Evergreen. 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Freedom to Love."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 25: **BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE**; and "Otley" (1969), Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.
From Aug. 26: **THE BOYS IN THE BAND**; and "A Dream of Kings," Anthony Quinn, Irene Papas.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
EASY RIDER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe," Peter Boyle.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
M*A*S*H.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CATCH-22.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Performance," Mick Jagger, James Fox.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Pound," a Robert Downey film.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Move," Elliott Gould, Paula Prentiss.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx," Gene Wilder.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Darker Than Amber," Rod Taylor, Suzy Kendall.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Bird with the Crystal Plumage," Tony Musante, Suzy Kendall.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Borsalino" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Alain Delon.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Aug. 23: **THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT.**
From Aug. 24, at 8: "Eldridge Cleaver." (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife," Richard Benjamin.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy," Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Dreams of Glass," John Denos.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 20: **PATTON.**
From Aug. 21: **HELLO, DOLLY!**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Up in the Cellar," Wes Stern, Joan Collins.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Aug. 25: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.
From Aug. 26: "The People Next Door," Eli Wallach, Julie Harris.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 25: "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (1968), "Hang 'Em High" (1968), "For a Few Dollars More" (1967), and "A Fistful of Dollars" (1967), all with Clint Eastwood.
From Aug. 26: "The Angel Levine," Zero Mostel, Harry Belafonte.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Aug. 19: **GREETINGS**; and "Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.
Aug. 20-26: **THE DAMNED**; and **PRETTY POISON.**
From Aug. 27: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE RISE OF LOUIS XIV (in French).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 19: **TOP HAT**; and **SWING TIME.**
Aug. 20-24: **LA RONDE** and **RULES OF THE GAME** (both in French).
Aug. 25-26: **THE CARETAKER**; and **ODD MAN OUT.**
From Aug. 27: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** and **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (both in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
WOODSTOCK.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The McMasters," Burl Ives, Brock Peters.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Aug. 20: **DR. STRANGELOVE.**
From Aug. 21: **HELLO, DOLLY!**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Darling Lili," Julie Andrews, Rock Hudson.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Soldier Blue," Candice Bergen.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Out of It," Barry Gordon, Jon Voight.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
M*A*S*H.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Aug. 25: "The Angel Levine," Zero Mostel, Harry Belafonte.
From Aug. 26: "Carry It On," a documentary film about Joan Baez and David Harris.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Ann and Eve," Gio Petré.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
8½ and **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** (both in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Something for Everyone," Angela Lansbury, Michael York.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5071)
CATCH-22.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 25: **THE REVOLUTIONARY.**
From Aug. 26: "The Boatniks," Robert Morse, Stefanie Powers.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon," Liza Minnelli.

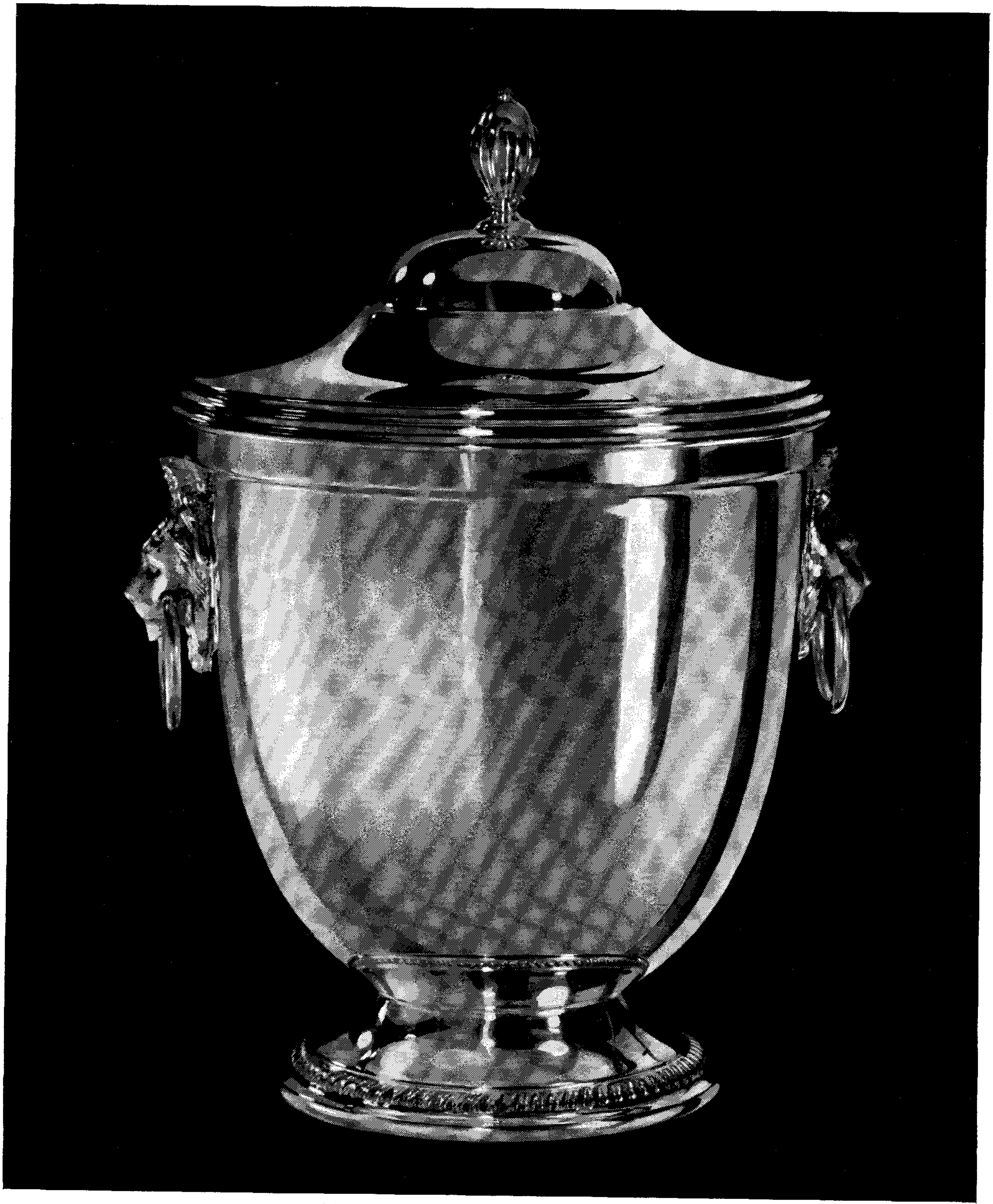
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 25: **DOWNHILL RACER**; and "Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.
From Aug. 26: **THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS**; and "The President's Analyst" (1967), James Coburn.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 19: **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN.**
Aug. 20-26: **PORTRAIT OF JASON**; and "Lonesome Cowboys" (1969), an Andy Warhol film.
From Aug. 27: **MONTEREY POP**; and **DON'T LOOK BACK.**

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 25: "The Christine Jorgensen Story," John Hansen; and "Lock Up Your Daughters" (1969), Christopher Plummer, Susannah York.
From Aug. 26: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT**; and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 19: **CYRANO DE BERGERAC**; and **VOLPONE** (in French).
Aug. 20: **PATHER PANCHALI** (in Bengali); and **THE WHITE SHEIK** (in Italian).
Aug. 21: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and **THE SKY ABOVE—THE MUD BELOW.**
Aug. 22: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish); and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966), Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorléac.
Aug. 23: **THE CIRCUS** (silent); and ten U.P.A. cartoons.
Aug. 24: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**; and **A TASTE OF HONEY.**
Aug. 25: **PIERROT LE FOU** and **LE DÉPART** (both in French).
Aug. 26: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **POINT OF ORDER!**
Aug. 27: **DON QUIXOTE** (in Russian); and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (1960; in Russian).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 25: **Z** (in French).
From Aug. 26: To be announced.



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FOR SOCIAL LIONS WHO WOULD NEVER DREAM OF SERVING A LUKEWARM DRINK.
In silverplate, 2 quarts capacity, 11 inches tall, $65.00. At finer silverware stores.

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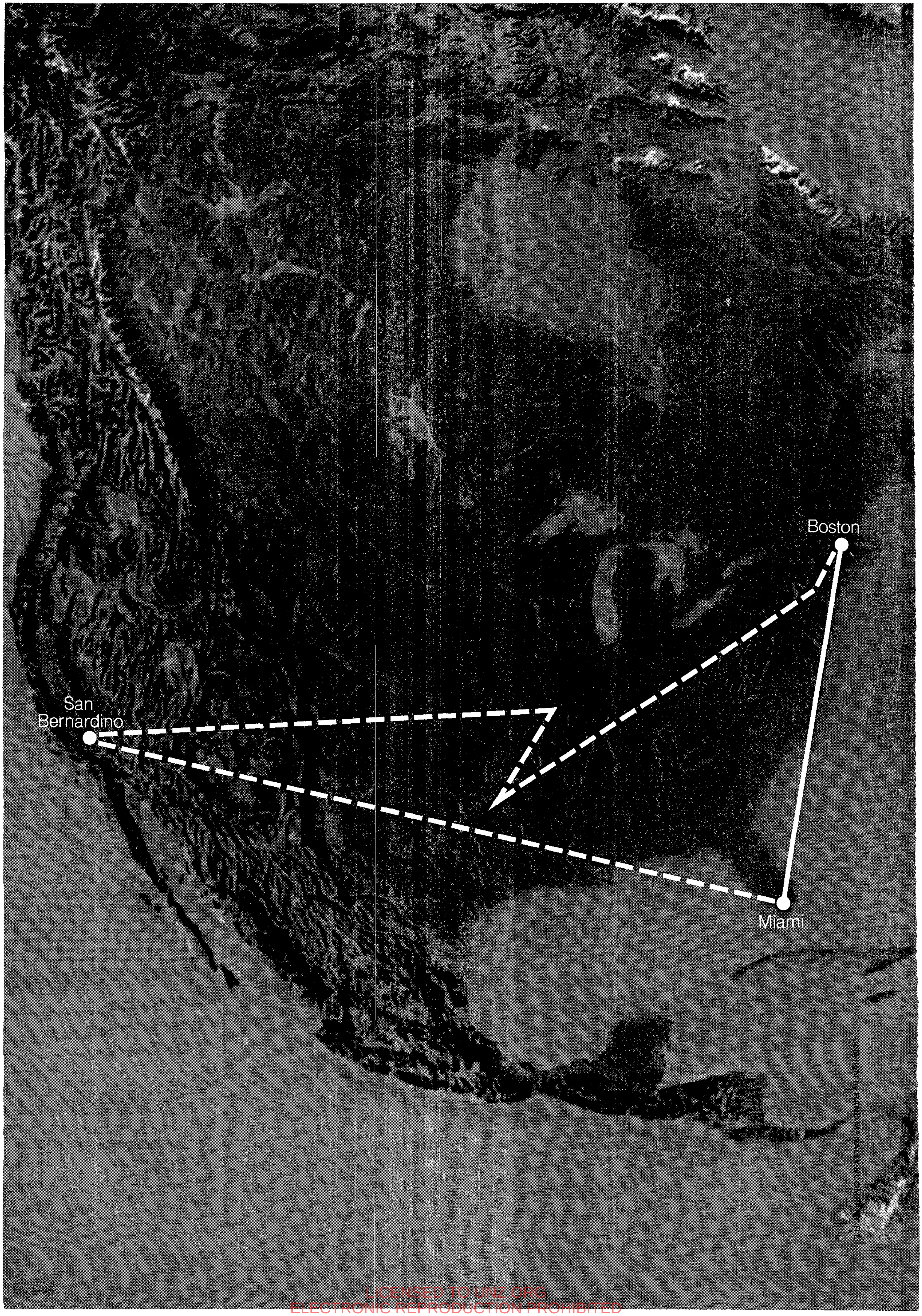
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At 100,000 miles per second,
the shortest distance between two phones may be a zigzag.

At the speed telephone signals travel, a detour isn't a delay.

Say you're calling from Boston to Miami. It's quite possible that you'll be routed through San Bernardino, California.

But you'll arrive in Miami just as fast. Or only a fraction of a second later.

Your call goes the long way for just one reason: so you won't get caught in a traffic jam the short way. (When it's an extra-busy 10 a.m. Christmas morning in Boston, it's only 7 a.m. in California.)

To know when to send you where, network traffic managers aided by computers are watch-dogging millions of calls each day.

Each of 12 regional centers in North America has its own traffic team that studies a board lit up with calls flashing to their destination.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company aren't satisfied just perfecting this overland route.

Now we're working out wider uses for the communications satellites overhead.

So the shortest distance between two phones may take you through outer space.

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Pantsuit plus—
a three-part story:
the belted coat and
pants here and newly
proportioned just-below-the-knee
skirt. Brown or black tweed of
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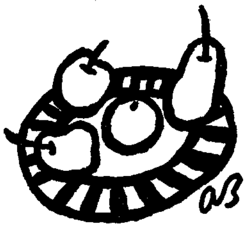
Robert Randall

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the last several months, the public's confidence in the government has been further threatened by the introduction of a form of official deception that may be altogether new in American political life. Two incidents, which represent high points in the new trend, tell a good part of the story. After President Nixon made his famous remark, at a press conference in Denver, that Charles Manson, who is on trial in California, was "guilty, directly or indirectly, of eight murders without reason," officials of his Administration issued a series of statements about the incident that ran as follows: (a) Minutes after the press conference was over, the President's press secretary, Ronald Ziegler, issued a "clarification" asserting that the President had meant to say Manson was "allegedly" guilty of the murders. When Ziegler was asked whether he was retracting the President's statement, he replied that he thought he had done so. (b) Shortly after Ziegler's statement was issued, Attorney General Mitchell, who had been at the President's side when the remark was made, told newsmen, in effect, that the remark had never been made at all. He said that he did not think the President had "made a charge or implied one." (c) That evening, the President issued a statement asserting that Ziegler's remarks earlier in the day had been "unequivocal," and adding, "The last thing I would do is prejudice the legal rights of any person in any circumstances." (d) Several days later, Mitchell said a few more words to the press on the subject, and this time he declared that as soon as the President had uttered the remark about Manson, he himself had been aware that the President had made a slip of the tongue, and the reason he had not said anything about it at the time was that "it is not the proper posture of anybody to correct the President of the United States when the President is speaking." The second incident involves a statement made by Communications Director Herbert Klein about another of the President's remarks; namely, his remark, back in April, that one objective of the American troops' mission in Cambodia was going to be the capture of COSVN, which he described as "the headquarters of the entire Communist military operation in South Vietnam." In mid-June, as the American ground operations in Cambodia were coming to a close, Klein said, "There has been a great deal of misunderstanding regarding COSVN, and I think the briefings indicated we would capture some of the headquarters areas. Some of these were found in the so-called 'The City'—this great underground complex which included their schools and signals and everything. Basically, the key part, the general staff and the radio, was never part of the plan. It would have been a longshot chance had we been able to capture them."



Ordinarily, when democratic governments try to deceive the public, they limit their deceptions to matters of which the public can have only a hazy and indirect knowledge, such as foreign wars or the activities of vast, amorphous bureaucracies. But when a government expands the field of deception to include deceptions about what its highest public officials have recently stated before the public, as Klein and Mitchell did in the incidents we have mentioned, it is invading one of the few areas in political life of which the public can have direct, first-hand knowledge. The citizen who has to rely on the reports of journalists and politicians for most of what he knows about public events can see and hear with his own eyes and ears, in his own living room, the President and other officials making public statements on television. He may doubt the truth of what the official says, but he cannot doubt that the official has said it. For this reason, a lie about a recent public statement—and particularly a televised public statement—is one of the most extreme, brazen kinds of affront that an official can offer to the public's intelligence. Such lies, far from concealing inconsistencies of policy, actually flaunt them before the public. They are based on the insulting assumption that the public can believe two contradictory things at the same time, or else that each time a policy statement is made, all previous statements on the same subject, however recent, are erased from the public's mind.

This new kind of lying, similar to the Big Lie practiced in totalitarian countries—in which the government tries to convince the public of a grossly false but self-consistent version of the facts—is nonetheless different, because it destroys all consistency, even the internal consistency of the government's position. In short, the government defies and obliterates its own word, and policy statements become unintelligible as well as untruthful. When this happens, the points of certainty that might serve as a common basis for constructive discussion are lost, and the kind of rational public debate that is essential to the functioning of a democracy becomes impossible.

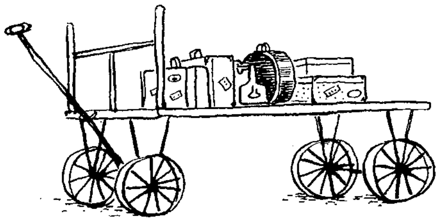
THE day after the Reverend Daniel J. Berrigan was arrested by F.B.I. agents on Block Island and taken back to the mainland to begin serving a prison sentence, along with his brother the Reverend Philip Berrigan and several other Catholics, for burning draft records, this letter arrived:

"The F.B.I. agents were smart to pose as bird-watchers when they surrounded the house where Father Berrigan was hiding out, because I believe you can go just about anywhere you want on Block Island without attracting notice if you have a pair of binoculars strung around your neck. It's a famous birding place, and it was on Block Island, some years ago, while I was spending a month there with my wife and children, that I first got interested in birds. The weather was terrible, the house I had rented was too small for us, and some personal things were bothering me a good deal at the time, so I took to saying that I was going out bird-watching, and I would go for long walks, past 'No Trespassing' signs, on dirt roads, through blackberry marshes, under cliffs, and along beaches that I would never have seen otherwise. At that time, I couldn't tell a tern from a seagull, but I'll never forget the moment, one foggy morning, when I climbed around a rocky point into a little cove and suddenly saw, flashing in a weak sun, the crazy patterns of maybe sixty or seventy ruddy turnstones in flight. Peterson's 'Field Guide to the Birds' says, 'In breeding plumage with its russet-red back and fantastic black face and breast markings, it is handsome enough, but when the bird flies the real revelation occurs.' That's when white bars on the wings and tail are added to the harlequin pattern. Although I had never seen ruddy turnstones before, I had no trouble identifying them in Peterson. And, just to make my day complete, they even settled down on the pebbly beach and looked for food by turning some stones. It was what bird-watchers call a 'life first' for me, and it still makes me happy to think about those wild, humorous birds.

"Block Island gets a lot of strays, and one day while we were walking along the sandbar that runs out past the abandoned Coast Guard station on the north end of the island, my six-year-old daughter came running to say that she'd found a hurt penguin. The bird did look sort of like a penguin, standing erect about a foot tall, with a black back and a white breast, but his beak was more like a duck's, and my wife and I agreed that he couldn't be a penguin. His wing was apparently broken, and he was on a little dune staring bleakly out to sea. The kids insisted that we had to save him if we could, so I wrapped him up in a sweater and we took him back to the car and set out to try and find somebody who would know what to do with him. A boy in a bait shop near the ferryboat dock said that the manager of the local power-and-light company knew a lot about birds. We bought some fish scraps to feed the mysterious bird and went off in search of the power-and-light man's house. His wife said that he had gone to New London for the day and wouldn't be back until late. She said that she didn't know anything about birds, and a mean-looking German shepherd in her yard barked at us incessantly. Our bird wouldn't eat the fish scraps, wouldn't drink water, and was obviously getting weaker and sicker all the time. We took him back to our rented house and put him in a cardboard box on the porch while we tried to figure out from the 'Field Guide' what he was. I finally decided that he was a common murre—a bird of the open sea, I learned, that breeds from the Arctic south only about as far as Nova Scotia but is sometimes blown into New England waters by storms out of the northeast. Whatever he was, the alien bird was clearly done for, and I told the kids it would be better to take him back to the shore and let him at least be in a place he could recognize. We drove him to a rocky beach that we never swam at, and there we built a little circle of rocks and set him down in it very carefully, with his head to the sea. That was the last we saw of him. The next day, when we came back, we found the circle of rocks, but the bird was gone. The kids asked me if maybe he had got better and been able to fly away. Somebody had once told me that what usually happens to a hurt bird on the shore is that he is pecked to pieces and eaten by the gulls; what I told the kids was that it would have taken a miracle for that bird to fly again but that I just didn't know what had become of him."

Fighting Back

ONE sunny Monday morning recently, we made our way uptown and dropped in at Fight Back—known until last summer as the Harlem Unemployment Center—to see how Timothy J. Cooney, an old friend of ours, was doing. We hadn't heard from him since February, 1968, when we read that he had resigned as assistant administrator of the Housing Development Administration, a position that paid him twenty-five thousand dollars a year, to take the unsalaried position of assistant to James Haughton, the director of the Unemployment Center's Manhattan office. Mr. Haughton founded what is now Fight Back more than four years ago to lobby for new housing in minority-group communities and to get construction jobs for young blacks and Puerto Ricans. Mr. Haughton is black, and Mr. Cooney is white—one of a diminishing handful of white men still active in the front lines of the black struggle.



Fight Back occupies a drab storefront squeezed between a meat market and a beauty parlor on the east side of Fifth Avenue just above 125th Street, and when we arrived, at about ten, Mr. Cooney was the only person there. He was sitting behind one of three small desks at the far end of the room, and he was talking on the phone. When he saw us, he beckoned us in and whispered, "It's Joan," meaning that he was talking to his wife—Joan Cooney, the president of the Children's Television Workshop, which produces "Sesame Street." He motioned us to a folding chair at one side of his desk. Mr. Cooney, who is forty, was dressed in dark trousers and a well-ironed white shirt, open at the collar. His face looked serene, even detached—at odds, we thought, with his manner of speaking, which was urgent. All three desks were littered with papers, and most of the floor space was taken up with unfolded folding chairs. On the walls were tacked newspaper clippings and cards on which descriptions of job openings had been typed.

Mr. Cooney hung up, and as we were saying hello, a young man came in and walked up to Mr. Cooney's desk. He pushed up the left sleeve of his jacket, revealing a glistening gold wristwatch, and asked Mr. Cooney whether he would like to buy it. "I need the money so much I'll take three dollars," he said.

"Sorry," Mr. Cooney said, making what we took to be a standard answer. "I have one of my own."

The young man turned to walk out, looking quite downcast, and Mr. Cooney called to him, "Are you interested in construction work?"

The young man brightened. "Sure," he said, and Mr. Cooney told him to come back the following afternoon.

"That's the action here," Cooney said when the young man had left.

We asked him what had impelled him to give up his important and lucrative job with the H.D.A. to come uptown and do what he was doing.

"Am I on the right train for the Sixty-third Street Y?"

• •

"It was simple," he said. "Jim Haughton was picketing my office late in 1967, in a drive for construction jobs, and I got to talking with him. He was the first black man I'd ever met who had a real feeling for the potential power of a housing public-works program to put black and Puerto Rican people to work. I'd always been interested in that idea. So I said to Jim, 'You know, you're going to be picketing our office from here to eternity and you're not going to get anywhere unless we have a massive housing program.' Just saying that to him made me realize that the H.D.A. wasn't building any housing. And that we weren't building housing because we weren't getting any money out of Washington. A couple of weeks later, I called Jim up and talked with him about forming a lobby group and going down to Washington to raise some hell. I discussed with my wife the idea of taking a year or so off and really throwing myself into the lobbying effort. We had a little money saved. So I quit my job and started working up here."

"How successful has the effort been so far?" we asked.

"Not very," he said.

"Why?" we asked.

"Because at the time I quit I had high hopes that we could get a massive housing bill out of Washington," he replied. "Now we find that Mr. Nixon is not going to put any money at all into housing, and the city can't go it alone. Even the minimal housing we were doing in the city is coming to a halt."

"And what are you doing here at Fight Back while you wait for something big to break?" we asked.

"I'm working hardest now at making sure that any building that goes up in New York City has an on-the-job training program for blacks and Puerto Ricans."

We asked him to tell us how Fight Back goes about arranging for such programs.

"We approach the Board of Education, for instance, and we say, 'You're going to put up an educational park in the Bronx, the J. F. K. Educational Park. We want on-the-job training at that site.' They say, 'Well, what does the community want?' We go out and meet with the community, and it agrees with us. We go back to the Board of Education, and say, 'J. F. K. doesn't go up unless there's on-the-job training. We'll mobilize the community to see that we get it.' So, with that in the pipeline, we meet with men from Gimbels, which is building its new store at Eighty-sixth and Lex, and we say the same thing to them. If they don't comply, then we picket or sit in or bring legal action to stop the building. We never deal with the unions, because we don't have enough muscle. Besides, if we picketed a union we would only be strengthening the white leadership. If a whole group of blacks were to start yelling that such-and-such a union discriminated, then the average white member would only feel quite happy that his union leadership was taking good care of him."

A young man in heavy work clothes entered, handed Mr. Cooney a ten-dollar bill, and went out again. Mr. Cooney scribbled something on a piece of paper, stapled it to the bill, and impaled the paper on a metal spike.

"What's that for?" we asked.

"Oh, that's his contribution," Mr. Cooney said. "All the brothers who are placed on jobs pay monthly dues of five dollars, and make a contribution beyond that if they can afford it. From that, we get maybe two hundred and fifty dollars a week—to pay the rent and the telephone and light bills, and buy stationery and things like that. Neither Jim nor I get a salary. We both depend on our good wives."

The phone rang, and Mr. Cooney answered it. His end of the conversation went like this: "Oh, yes, Doctor. . . . Well, we're going to get him a job. . . . Are you going to start him on methadone today? . . . So you want a letter from me saying where he is working. . . . O.K., tell him to come down here."

Hanging up, he shook his head. "It's that methadone," he said. "You can't get on methadone unless you're working, and they won't give you a job unless you're on methadone."

"What are some of the personal satisfactions that you get from being at Fight Back?" we asked.

"The biggest satisfaction is when

a guy walks in who says he has been pushing a cart in the garment center for take-home pay of sixty bucks a week, and then two weeks later he comes back with his first paycheck as a metal lather, and he's beaming. It's a great feeling to see a guy who was down-and-out, not making it, suddenly hook into construction work. And yet the realization that not enough is being done is always there, sapping the enjoyment that you get out of the day-to-day work. Anybody who can be cheerful about society today just doesn't know what is going on. I used to be angry, but I'm not so angry now, because I'm beginning to look upon America as a mental patient. I consider myself sane, and I think that looking upon America as a mental patient has helped me considerably in terms of not just outyelling the other side but trying to help the patient realize that he is losing his children in a faraway country and choking to death on polluted air. You can't have all our college graduates and fine minds designing, producing, and pushing deodorants and expect to have enough manpower and brainpower left to clean up the air, educate the children, and rebuild the slums."

Playground

WE wandered into the Adventure Playground in Central Park one morning last week, and came out with the following item of news: children in New York (and, by extension, elsewhere) still have fun. The Adventure Playground, near Sixty-seventh Street and Central Park West, is a commendable place. For children, it is a good place to run under the sprinkler, make piles of sand, climb up and slide down, and chase other children. For post-childhood types, like us, it is a good place to spend an hour forgetting all about the Northeastern Power Grid.

Over in one corner of the playground, a pretty young woman with a healthy tan and a wide smile was reading stories to a dozen tots who were sitting at her feet. We found a spot on a bench a discreet distance away and listened in. The story was about a troll and three goats, and the young woman held up the book so the children could see that the troll had a big red face. The children gaped at the picture, and several said "Ooh!" in shivery voices.

After the last story, which was about circus animals, we introduced ourself to the young woman, whose name is Mrs. Kitty Ross, and who is one of about thirty storytellers employed by the New York Public Library to read to children in the parks.

"How did you happen to become a storyteller?" we asked.

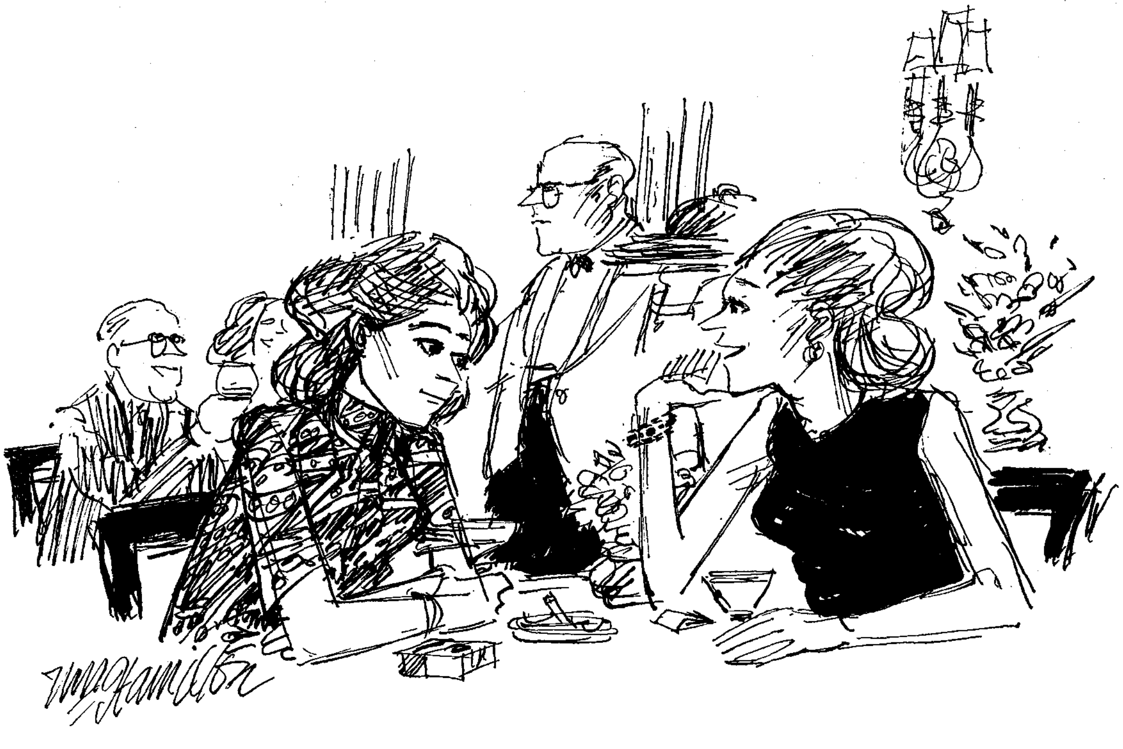
"I tried teaching for a while, in Parkersburg, West Virginia, where I grew up, but I didn't like the formal atmosphere," she said. "I took a Master's degree in library science at Columbia, and while I was there I took the course in storytelling. The course covered folklore and the origin of fairy tales, and the final exam was to tell a story. The head of the course was also the head of Children's Services for the Public Library, and I went to work there. Until last year, when I got married, I was the assistant storytelling specialist, and I still tell stories when I can. It's such a great job. It's fantastic."

"Are the children ever skeptical about the stories?" we asked.

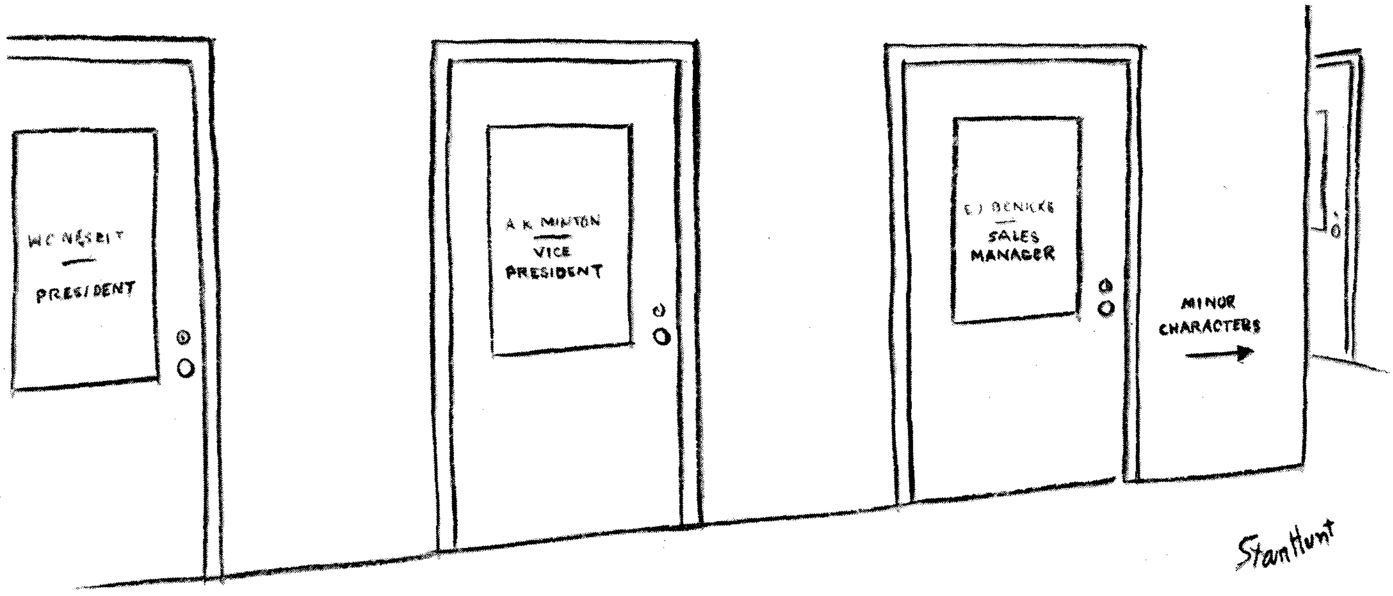
"Oh, no," said Mrs. Ross. "The stories are full of magic and impossible things, and the more magical and impossible they are, the better the children like them. To them, a troll is just one of the things that exist."

After Mrs. Ross left for her next storytelling appointment, a lady in a blue smock with a badge on it that said "Sylvia Parker—Rec Director" joined us and offered to show us around. Mrs. Parker works for the Committee for a Creative Playground, a group of local mothers that, in 1966, enlisted the coöperation of the Parks Department and the financial support of the Estée and Joseph Lauder Foundation in renewing the playground. Mrs. Parker called our attention to a sort of Mayan pyramid with a wide slide on it, a split-level tree house, and a great expanse of sand, all of which were covered with small, cheerful children of various colors. "The playground is built so the kids will do a lot of climbing," said Mrs. Parker. "It's great fun when the kids are running after each other. They can climb, go through holes, come back down, and go back up."

Nearly at the top of another slide, a kind of stone wigwam that is approached by a ladder inside, a very tiny boy seemed to be having trouble going back up. "I can't," he said, gripping the ladder. His eyes began to fill with tears, and we glanced at Mrs. Parker. She gave us a reassuring smile. "Give him a hand," she said to a slightly less tiny boy. The slightly less tiny boy gave the very tiny boy a boost, and then turned to us and said in a high, serious voice, "Sometimes it's hard for the little kids to get up." As for the very tiny boy, he was by this time sliding down the slide with an expression of joy on his face. He had



"Emeralds! Aren't they divine? Jack gave them to me to shut up about Women's Lib."



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evidently quite forgotten his discomfort of a moment before. Admirable.

Occurrence

Zorro David, who figured in a bizarre occurrence a week or so ago, is a Filipino artist. He is also a—Well, it is all explained in a leaflet he handed us when we met him. The leaflet said:

> New York Coliseum
> International Art Show Competition
>
> Dear Sir:
>
> I am Zorro David, Filipino, citizen of America and an actor-singer. I co-starred with Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando in John Huston's "Reflections in a Golden Eye."
>
> May I present to you my latest work of art "New and *the* Now Art." I call this art "Match the Match." The ideas are to create arts out of something within our reach and environment. I have chosen this material to use not to produce fire to burn but to add fire to the history of art. It was done with unique technique of executions. Sensitive approach is needed to make this exquisite work of art. The matches are painted individually in different colors twisted, bent, soaked, dipped, sprayed, diffused, and glued to the canvas to achieve different forms and illusions.
>
> I hope you would like my work and surely I would like to hear from you soon for I could use your help badly. I thank you so very much.
>
> Respectfully yours,
> Zorro David

Mr. David constructs collages out of paper matches. He was invited to show his work at the New York International Art Show, at the Coliseum, and two of his creations were entered in the show's Da Vinci Open Art Competition. Mr. David had a hunch that his work might run into trouble with the city's fire regulations, so, some days before the show opened, he visited the offices of Kantburn Products, Co., and had his pictures flameproofed. The Kantburn people gave him the following certificate:

> Kantburn Products, Co.
> Flame Proofing and Botanical Chemists
> 257 West 19th Street New York 11, N.Y.
>
> *Flameproof Certificate*
>
> City of New York
> County of New York } ss:
> State of New York
>
> We the Kantburn Products, Co., being duly sworn, depose and say, that we are located at 257 West 19th Street, Borough of Manhattan, City of New York; that the
>
> 9 Pictures of Matchsticks — Intl'l Art Exhibit Booth-507-9
>
> USED FOR ARTISTIC ENHANCEMENT, at the premises of
>
> Zorro David New York Coliseum
> 140 East 46th Street, 2M
> New York, N.Y. 10017
>
> have been flameproofed by us on July 29th, 1970 with the approved flameproofing compound (Calendar No. 265-41SM) and the warranted period of effectiveness is Guaranteed for Duration of Show
>
> FROM THE DATE BELOW, in accordance with the Rules of the Board of Standards & Appeals (Calendar No. 294-40SR.) and the Section (C19-161.1) of the Administrative Code of the City of New York
>
> Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of July 1970
>
> Kantburn Products, Co.
> Botanical Industries Headquarters
> Max M. Schaefer By O. Kant
> NOTARY PUBLIC

Then came the bizarre incident. The day before the show opened, Mr. David arrived at the Coliseum to inspect his pictures. They were not there. They had been confiscated by the Fire Department. Mr. David called us on the telephone and asked us to come right over. We couldn't come right over, but we managed to get there at the end of the day. To our relief, the pictures had been restored. Mr. David, a mightily relieved man, told us, "Everyone has been so concerned! This is the first time in the history of art that anyone has worked in matches. It is the only new thing in the show. Before, people only used matches to build little houses. They claimed my art was flammable. They got one of the matches out of my pictures and ignited it. It burned. Of course it burned! Anything will burn if you know how to set it on fire. These pictures have been fire-retarded, soaked in polymer, soaked in every plastic. I was frantic! I am very proud of my resource in my art. I had invited everyone to come see my pictures—Mr. and Mrs. Firestone, Julie Harris. There was every commotion from the other artists. They said, 'My wooden sculpture will burn. My paints and canvas will burn, too. You had better confiscate everything in this show.' I said, 'Yes, they will burn if you *make* them burn. But if you leave them alone, they will not burn.' Finally, the director talked to the Fire Department. Reason prevailed! Have you ever noticed the flexibility, the beauty of the match? You can play around with it as you would with clay. I have always been an artist, and I am also one of the top hairdressers in the world. Seventy-five dollars an hour! I created the beehive hairdo. I created the new romantic hairdos. Every dream that a hairdresser dreams I have realized. But then I thought about my works of art. They are beautiful, yes. But as soon as they shampoo, it is gone. So I discovered matches. And now they have restored to me my pictures. It is everything I have ever wanted to achieve."

TAKING STOCK

ASHER'S wife is washing Asher's socks in the kitchen sink and weeping prodigally. Asher watches. He is forty and marking time; he believes that in a number of respects his life is repeating itself. He pays attention to the great, submerged tangle of black socks, mid-calf length; his wife's red, vehement face; her tears dropping at intervals into the murky water. He thinks: My socks are washed in her tears. What a heavy responsibility!

Asher gets a letter from his mother-in-law, who was born in Italy. She encloses a certificate for five shares of the capital stock of the Ocean Floating Safe Company, purchased in 1920 for a hundred dollars. Asher is supposed to find out whether she's a millionaire. He dwells on the vignette: an ocean liner going down, pitching lifeboats loaded with survivors, people in the water, ships steaming to the rescue, a number of cylindrical objects bobbing on the waves—presumably floating safes.

Asher gets a letter from his mother. It goes on and on. Asher disapproves of the punctuation—too many dashes. He folds the letter and puts it back in its envelope.

Asher lies on his back, hands prayerfully joined on his breastbone, like an effigy. The phone rings. It's his father. "You will have nocturnal emissions if you sleep on your back," he tells Asher.

Asher stands at midday at the threshold of his stepdaughter's room. She is seventeen and wants to be known as Lacy Lightning. The room, like a midden, is littered with beads and small seashells, which she strings. On the windowsill, by the head of her bed, is a pot of baby's tears she has neglected to water; three alarm clocks, which cannot wake her; pills for her slight anemia, which she insists she takes, but the bottles are full; and a box of Familia—she's a vegetarian except for tuna fish and salami.

"Why are you standing there looking at me?" she says.

"I'm not looking at you. I didn't know you were here."

"Then what are you doing?"

"Taking stock."

"Again?"

Asher advances, loving, regretful. Crunch, crunch.

"You're stepping on my shells," she says.

Asher washes his hair in the stall shower. The scent of the shampoo calls to mind seven cakes of soap modelled in the forms of the Seven Dwarfs. Asher briefly ponders the passage of life, mainly his. He quotes Wittgenstein, without conviction: "The solution of the problem of life is seen in the vanishing of the problem." His stepson flattens his nose against the shower door. It is Father's Day at Asher's old school, where his stepson is a third-former and a substitute defensive end. "Don't tell any of the coaches you're related to me," his stepson says. "Pretend you don't know me. Don't hit me on the top of the helmet if you walk behind the bench. If you see any of my teachers, don't ask them if I'm contributing to class discussions. Don't reminisce about your playing days."

Asher regards the form covered by blankets on the other side of his bed. Almost certainly, he thinks, this is my wife, and if I were to rip off the covers she would appear much as she was when we went to bed. But more time might have passed, and she could be greatly aged; or someone else might be lying there; or there might be a pile of rocks.

The doorbell rings. Asher answers it. It's Chas Taylor, Asher's wife's first husband, who's supposed to be an alcoholic. "Your raincoat buttons up the wrong side," Asher says disapprovingly. Chas sways gently, like an underwater weed. "Doesn't that raincoat belong to my wife?" Asher asks. Chas goes into the kitchen and turns on the kettle, putting his weight on the handle.

"You won't save thirty seconds that way," Asher says.

"This is *my* life you're talking about," Chas says.

Asher gets a letter from his mother. He notes that her handwriting has got larger recently and resembles the smoke that poured out of the steamboats and locomotives he drew as a child.

Asher lies on his side, knees drawn up, hands folded thoughtfully beneath his chin. The phone rings. It's his father. "If you sleep in that position, it will lead to curvature of the spine," he tells Asher.

Asher's wife says, "What would you say if you pulled the covers off and found a pile of rocks? 'Oh, a pile of rocks'?"

ASHER learns by chance that Chas is staying with them, sleeping on the living-room couch, wrapped in a sheet, embracing the dog. How long has he been here, Asher wonders. A week? Two weeks? A month?

According to Asher's wife, every morning after the kids have left for school and before Asher gets up, Chas drapes himself in his sheet and goes into one of the kids' rooms, emerging after Asher has left for the office.

"What does he do in there?" Asher asks his wife.

"He minds his own business," she replies.

When Asher comes home, Chas has already had his dinner and is concealed. While Asher is in the bedroom reading, Chas comes out to do the dishes and walk the dog. "Does he know that if he hums to him it will help him go to the bathroom?" Asher has inquired.

Sometimes Asher hears Chas conjugating irregular French verbs with his son; or, just before Asher goes to sleep, he hears, more faintly, organ chords—Chas and his daughter are watching television.

Asher often finds crossword puzzles lying about that Chas has started and given up on. Asher finishes them for him.

Asher once came across Chas's damp footprints, and followed them from the hall bathroom to his stepson's room. Asher's wife found Asher kneeling in the hall. "Are you tracking him down?" she asked.

"Get a load of this," Asher said. "He's barely five-eight and these prints have got to be five feet apart. He was running!"

"He must have heard you coming," Asher's wife said.

Asher awakens his wife. "If he's an alcoholic why doesn't he go out and get drunk?" he says.

"You're not being constructive," she says. "He wants so much to be part of the family."

"Skulking about in his goddam sheet?"

"He's trying to respect your privacy. You should see him flitting through the apartment, his sheet streaming behind him, crying, 'Who am I?' "

"Who is he? Seneca?"

"He says he's the West Wind."

Asher's wife takes Asher to a screening to which she has been invited. After the movie has been on a while, Asher realizes that he had gone with one of the actresses fifteen years ago. "She has changed," he says to himself. "If our roles were reversed, would she recognize me?" The actress takes off her clothes, even revealing what Asher's father used to speak of to Asher as the tropical regions. Her body is a mystery to Asher. Had he ever seen her undressed? Had he slept with her? Did anything ever happen? Does she remember who I was?

Asher awakens his wife. "Did Chas Taylor go to the screening?" he asks.

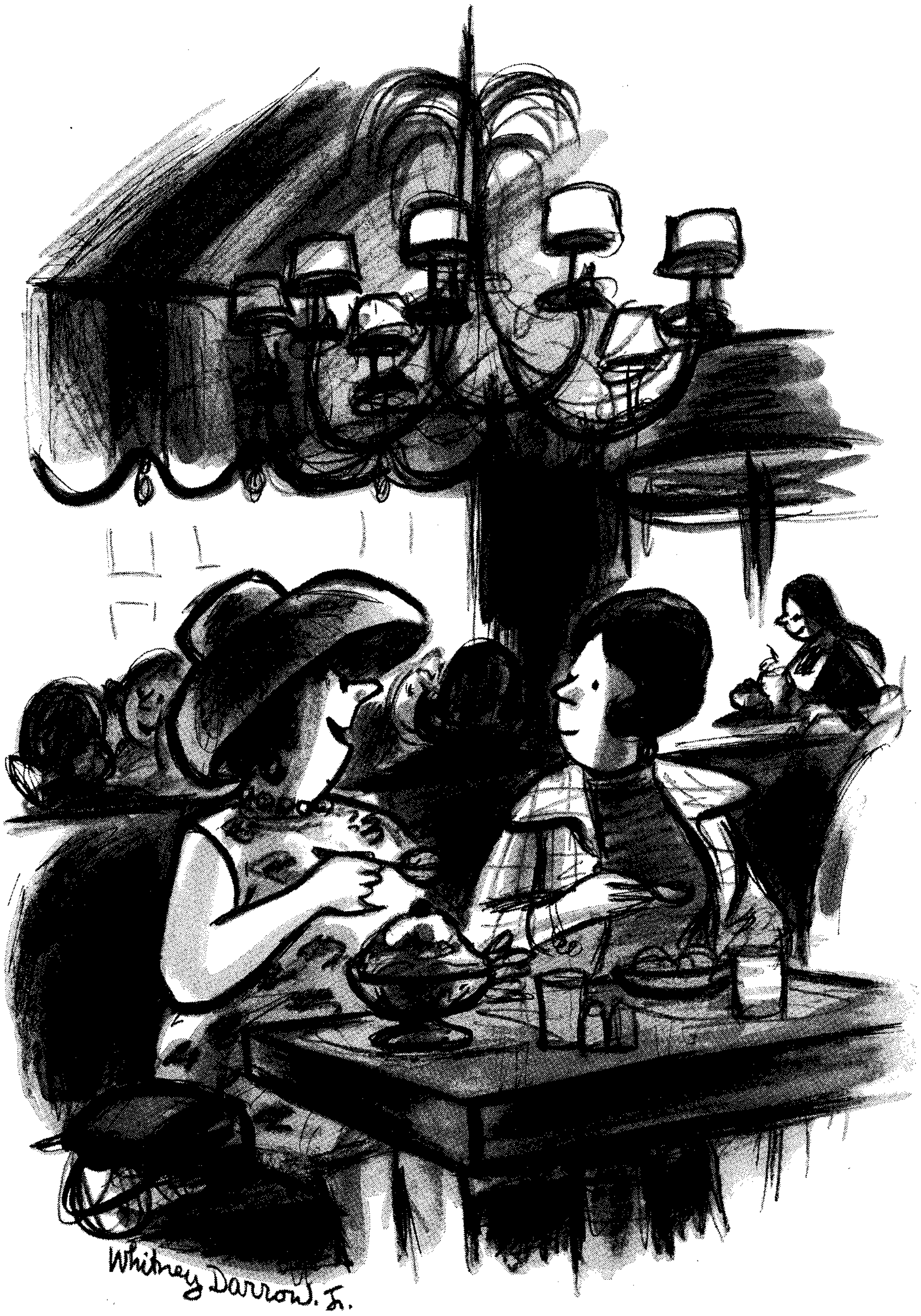
"I gave them his name," she says. "He didn't want to be left out."

Asher gets out of bed and gropes his way down the dark hall. The phone rings. It's his father. "Always swing your arms confidently when you walk," he tells Asher.

"You have no right to spy on my past," Asher shouts at the form on the couch. When his eyes become accustomed to the dark, he sees that Chas isn't there, and that the couch is empty, except for the dog and a folded sheet. "Oh, the dog and a folded sheet," Asher says.

With the help of private detectives, Asher finds his stepdaughter in a motel on Hollywood Boulevard, which is faced with what appears to be artificial stone. She is sitting cross-legged on one of the twin beds, picking up beads with her beading needle and listening to Led Zeppelin on the portable stereo she lugged across country. Asher takes off his shoes and lies on the empty bed. "Do you like this?" she says, holding up a string of beads. "Orange, orange, violet, orange, orange, violet, orange, orange, violet, violet, violet, orange, orange, violet—"

Asher gets a letter from his mother-in-law. She encloses a certificate for thirty shares of the capital stock of the Paesano Hydraulic Power Company, purchased in 1923 for ninety dollars, and a prospectus describing its system for developing power by tidal movement. Another killing! Asher reads: "*Soggiogare gli oceani indomiti e ribelli ai bisogni dell'uomo è un prodigio di meravigliosa bellezza*—" Asher breaks into song. "—*un prodigio che esalta la potenza umana, un prodigio che onora di nuova gloria l'umana famiglia. . . .*" Tears are streaming down his cheeks.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Lucky me! I'm wearing my electro-thermodynamic reducing belt."

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ASHER and his wife go to a restaurant on an island in the Gulf. There has been nearly five inches of rain that day, and the parking lot is underwater. The restaurant windows are ablaze with light, and as they wade toward the steps that lead up to the entrance they can make out the diners seated by the windows, who are inclined toward each other at almost identical angles and not speaking. All are over seventy. A middle-aged woman with a blond pageboy is playing an electric organ in an anteroom furnished with wicker armchairs, where couples waiting for tables are reading *National Geographic* and *Audubon*. Asher looks over the organist's shoulder. Her piece is "The Road to the Isles—A Tramping Song." A smiling woman in a dress printed with innumerable violets approaches Asher and asks if he has a reservation. He says that he hasn't, that he didn't know one was needed. She says she's sorry; they are all full up; perhaps he would like to make a reservation for another night. Asher says he's sorry; he doesn't know.

"The theme and pattern of my life is that all of it has happened to me," Asher tells his wife as they drive off. "It has no more—and no less—necessity than may be demonstrated by the fact that it is *my* head that is attached to *my* body."

In the rearview mirror, Asher notices that the restaurant seems to be floating.

"That's the trouble," Asher's wife says.

"What is?"

"Your life. None of it has happened to anyone else." —GILBERT ROGIN

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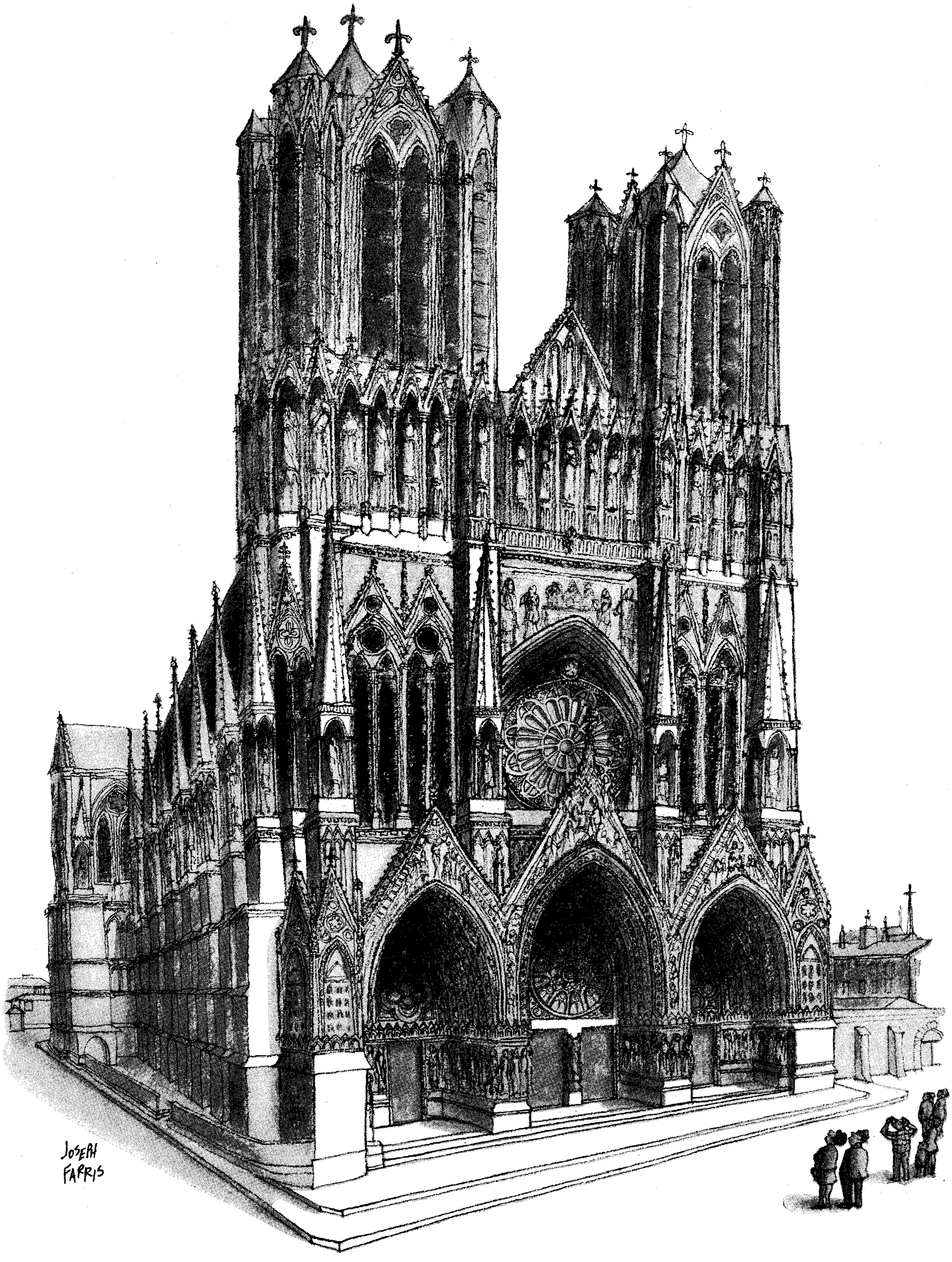
DIRECT FLIGHTS FROM ROME

From 31 May to 26 September daylight fading time is in force in Italy.
—*This Week in Rome.*

For air-minded romantics.


JOSEPH
FARRIS

"God must have been very pleased."

FEAR

Fear
there is
fear in fear the name the blue and green walls
falling of and numbers fear the veins that
when they were opened fear flowed from and
these forms it took a ring a ring a ring
a bit of grass-green swan's down gliding on
fear into fear and the hatred and something
in everything and it is my death's
disciple leg and fear no he would not
have back those lives again and their fear as
he feared he would say but he feared more he
did not fear more he did fear more
in everything it is there a long time
as I was and it is within those
blue and green walls that the actual
verification has and in fact will
take the form of a ring a ring a ring
took I should say the figure in the hall
of the glass giants the third exhibition
on the right is fear I am I fear and
the rain falling fear red fear yellow fear
blue and green for their depth etcetera
fear etcetera water fire earth air
etcetera in everything made of
human agency or divine fear is
in the answer also and shall pierce thy
bosom too fear three gathered together
four five etcetera the brightest day
the longest day its own fear the light
itself the nine village tailors fear
their thread if not their needles if not
their needles in everything and it is
here this is New York and aside from that
fear which under another name in
every stone Abraham is buried it
is fear the infant's lovely face the
grass-green alleys oh at about the third
hour of the night it being in those parts
still light there came fear my loving fear
in everything it is next the baker the
candlestick maker if you know what I
answer at that point and fear the little
cobbler his last is one fear and there is
fear in all shoes in the shoe line the clothes
line any clothes the blood line any in
everything it is the third button
the book books fear the bottle and what it
contains everything a life death the spirit
staring inward on nothing there and
the sunken vessel the path through the shadow
the shadow of me me or if I am not
suddenly fear coming from the west
singing the great song there was no need
fear no crying and others would sift
the salt in silence in fear the house
where I am familiar in all your
former lives remembered your parents
fear and fear theirs of your parents by
your parents and for your parents shall not
perish from this deciding everything
and it is deciding strike out Mr
Mrs Miss I am alone little stones
fear forgetting forgets remembering
it is my loving fear the mouth of my
seeing fear I am awake I am not
awake and fear no bones like my own
brother fear my death's sister and high on
the cliff face the small arched door from which
a man could fear or be in the winking
of an eye the tapping of the second
finger of the left hand the wind itself
fear I am alone forever I am
fear I am alone I fear I am
not alone couldn't tell your breath from fear
for it is your breath I do it and I'm
supposed to explain it too I fear I
completed my fear in everything there is
fear and I would speak for myself but fear
says logic follows but I advance in
everything and so discover
geography history law comedy
fear law poetry major prophets
minor prophets that pass in the night
it is a mother and a guiding light
moving across fear before which they burn
in rows in red glass bleeding upward their
hearts smoke in the gusts on earth as it is
in heaven with the sentence beginning
before the heavens were or the earth
had out of fear been called and any began
to be fear the bird feather by feather
note by note eye by eye pierced he is my
neighbor in the uttermost parts of aye
and shall I couple heaven when the fear
shall fear and those who walked in fear shall see
fear their very form and being for
their eyes shall be opened it was going
on in everything and I forgot but if you
stand here you can see fear the new building
starting to rise from which our children
will fear the stilted dogs the insects
who do not exist the dead burning
as candles oh dark flames cold lights in
everything without you the ship coming
in and a long way that I would never
traverse before fear had followed that
scent faster than a mortal bearing fear
I'm telling you I'm asking you I'm dying
I'm here today this is New York I'm more
than any one person or two persons
can stand fear the way down in everything
the way up is the same fear the next place
the next I said fear come on you it's you
I'm addressing get into line you're going
never fear there is a hair hanging by
everything it is the edges of things
the light of things do you see nothing
in them burning and the long crying
didn't you hear that either I mean
you again fear it's a strange name not
for a stranger ma'am he said lying I
mean there is you fear me fear but you
must not imagine fear through which the present
moves like a star that I or that
you either clearly and from the beginning
could ever again because from the beginning
there is fear in everything and it is
me and always was in everything it
is me

—W. S. Merwin

THE GREEN TORSO

"THEN there's Hilldrop Crescent," mused Mr. Partridge, who had been expatiating on northern London's richness in murders. "The Crippens. She was Belle Elmore, a variety artist—but of course you know that. Nothing like being murdered to keep your memory green." He saddened his voice. "But the people in entertainment who don't get murdered, nobody remembers them. When one grows old one becomes a compendium of forgotten artists. God knows, it's no pleasure being a creaking octogenarian, but I sometimes feel a positive obligation to stay alive because of these poor quaint ghosts who will vanish with me."

Ronald Pim wrote down "creaking octogenarian"—but unobtrusively. Though Mr. Partridge's replying letter had shown a prompt readiness to be interviewed, his manner now implied that he was putting up with an indignity.

"Have you never thought of writing—"

While Ronald was hesitating between "your memoirs" and "your autobiography," Mr. Partridge had decided to go on. "There was a fellow at the Coliseum who bicycled round and round. You mightn't think there was much in that. There was everything. He wore a rusty black suit, his face was dead white, his bicycle was ruinous. He rode it round and round, very slowly, in smaller and smaller circles. When it seemed that it was bound to fall inward, he would twitch it upright and go circling on with an expression of fixed despair. At the end of his turn he would ride off into the wings. And the rear tire would come loose and thwack his bottom. All gone. All gone."

"I've heard about him," exclaimed Ronald Pim. "From my grandmother. His name was O'Donoghue."

"It was nothing of the sort," said Mr. Partridge furiously. After a pause he resumed with arrogant patience. "Then there was Vera Valetta. She was in pantomime—a Principal Boy. She wore a top hat tilted over one eye and sang patriotic songs. She weighed twelve stone, she had a tiny waist, splendid legs. A regular Edward VII type. Then she vanished into the Midlands and when she came back she did the Widow Twanky line for a year or two. But her weight got too much for her, her splendid legs ulcerated; finally one of them had to be cut off."

"Poor thing!"

"Ha-ha-ha! That wasn't the end of it. She had it embalmed, kept it in her bedroom. And during the blitz—she lived on into the blitz—when she was carried down to the shelter the leg had to be brought too."

He looked at his watch and remarked that it was time for his bread and milk.

AFTER leaving the ground-floor flat in Canonbury, Ronald could not disabuse himself of the notion that Mr. Partridge, preserving more than a memory of Vera Valetta, kept her leg in a drawer of his desk and gnawed at it when alone. Such fancies are best shaken off by exercise. He would make his way back to Paddington on foot. He knew his way about London.

When he began working as a draftsman in the firm of Loudon & Johnston, Architects and Structural Engineers, Ronald lived with his mother in Tonbridge and commuted. While his fellow-travellers were reading their daily papers he stared out at the stratification of the landscape: the fields and orchards yielding to ruralized housing estates, the first urban phenomenon of cemeteries, remnants of stately Victorian domesticity holding out like redoubts among factories and shopping centers; then the sudden darkening and densification of the older London, brandishing nineteenth-century church spires, clutching a single pear or apple tree in a back garden; then the postwar territory of bombed sites and Bauhaus blocks of flats and the spaced-out glassy towers of commercial skyscrapers, rising here, risen there, some of particular interest since they were the achievements of Loudon & Johnston. Persisting among them, huddled together, low on the ground, were the original streets and terraces of artisans' dwellings, brick-built, with their erected hackle of chimneys and crooked chimney pots. As these became daily more familiar to him they simultaneously became more remote. It was as though they were the vestigial fauna of London, wearing the protective coloration of their native clay and soon to be wiped out. And then he saw the cranes along the river and the ugly majesty of Tower Bridge.

His mother died. He moved to London. The firm, esteeming him as a reliable worker, pitying him too for his facial deformity, and judging he could not say boo to a goose, found lodgings for him in Paddington with a Mrs. Palmer, the widow of one of their lorry drivers. When Palmer's workmate, who kept a friendly eye on the widow, asked what the new lodger was like, she replied that you couldn't wish for anyone quieter—a bit of an old maid, in fact; but with a horrible birthmark like that it wasn't to be wondered at if he kept himself to himself.

The birthmark was a port-wine stain, covering Ronald Pim's right cheek and extending over both his eyes, so that he seemed to be peering out through the eyeholes of a mask. It was his mother's sighs that first made him aware of it; they imposed a sense of guilt on him which he could not shake off, even when his school friends (at that time he could still make friends quite easily) countered it with cheerful ribaldry, pretending that they could foretell the weather by his change of hue, calling him Old

"A toast to all of you out there who have never been toasted before."

Port and Starboard and supposing that when he was older he would be put to use as a traffic signal. By the time his mother died, he had given up all thought of friends. He was a monstrosity. He must keep out of people's way and any friendliness surviving in him be given to things.

But London was too large to notice him; he could make a friend of London. He bought books about it: about the City and its churches, about the Thames and its bridges, about Westminster and Mayfair and Old Chelsea. He bought them in second-hand shops and off barrows, read them attentively, did as they bid—unless what they bade him admire had been done away with by war or progress or the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. But it was a stranger's London they told of. He did not care to be reminded that he was a stranger there himself. It was only from Victorian compilations, proudly expatiating on the sewage system, the docks and the vast quantities of merchandise they handled, the improvements in public lighting, Guy's Hospital, the Blackwall Tunnel, Spurgeon's Tabernacle, that he got a sense of reality, of an intricate metropolitan existence, of a population who lived and worked and had their vivid present in that obscure past, and had an inherited past of their own. "As black as old Newgate," he heard a woman at a bus stop say. She had not the smallest idea what she was talking about, and London spoke through her. He went on collecting books, and from time to time some chance dull fact—the acreage of a cattle market, the statistics of a fever hospital—would drop a seed in his mind. But the books had all the same failing: they left off where his curiosity began. The darkening and densification he had looked down on from the railway track, the agglutination of what had once been outskirts—parishes, villages, hamlets—into that enormous, close-packed region encircling the London of the guidebooks and the histories, they dismissed as "The East End," "South of the River," "North of the Terminuses."

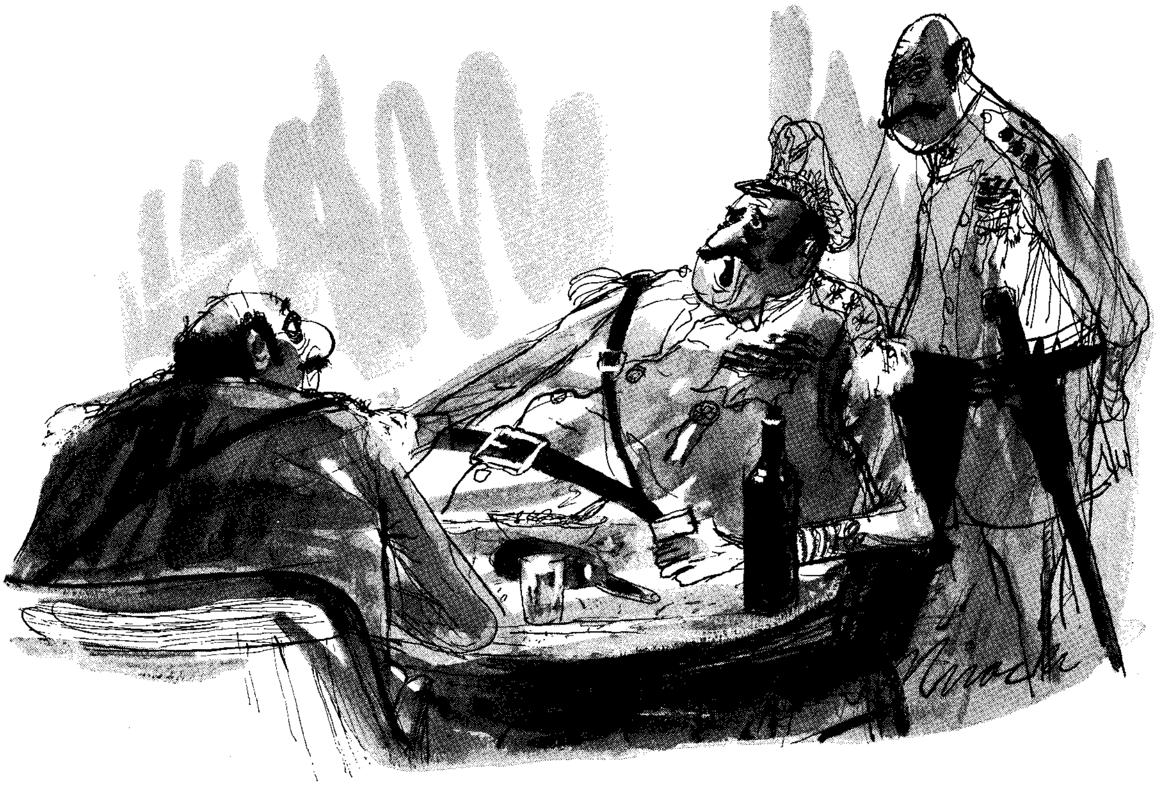
There was nothing for it but to go and see for himself.

Place names remained, and some of them, like Balham and Tooting, were laughable and some, like Isle of Dogs, were alarming. The sinister names, though, were those of districts so featureless—not even distinguished by a prison or a legend of violence—and so numerous that one did not know where they were, whether they lay north or south of the river: Homerton, Kingsland, Dalston, Newington, Stockwell, Plaistow, Walworth, Old Ford. The London Atlas knew them and recorded, in brown, every Ada Street, Albert Street, Dahomey Road, Bateman's Road, Railway Terrace, Chapel Lane, Gunn Square, Blackadder's Rents of their intricate, compressed intestines. And in the evenings he laid the Atlas open beside his supper tray and tried to memorize a route. He was afraid to carry the Atlas with him; it would proclaim him a stranger, and his face was proclamatory enough.

Sunday morning—the earlier the better, when there were only a few communicants abroad—was the best time to set out. Mrs. Palmer, requested to prepare egg sandwiches and a thermos of tea the night before, decided Mr. Pim had got religion. So in a way he had: a missionary's call to go forth and reclaim some portion of the unknown, to ascertain something in the physiognomy of De Beauvoir Town which distinguished it from Kentish Town or Camden Town. Whenever possible, he travelled by subway. A subway has more anonymity, and provides a purer first impression. It was exciting to surface and look round on the unforetellable aspect of a familiar name—the statue of a good public character, perhaps, a sideways view of a churchyard's greenery, a street market in full swing. Street markets released him from his self-consciousness. The venders saw him as a buyer; the buyers were absorbed in buying.

What could be eaten off a barrow was part of a distinguishing physiognomy. Deptford and New Cross excelled at cockles in spiced vinegar. The same day he made the cockle discovery, standing in the sun with a brisk up-river wind flapping the paper-moss flounces on the barrows, he went homeward along the south bank. The bells of St. Paul's and the City churches were ringing for evensong and the sound came airily across the water. It was as much part of a locality as the cockles, and that day he felt he knew London as a friend.

IF he had had the moral courage to say boo to his circumstances he would have left his lodgings in Paddington and moved to southeast London. It had a charm for him because of those staring journeys during which it became familiar yet kept the poetry of being unvisited. But he did not want to hurt Mrs. Palmer's feelings; he would be sorry to give up his evening strolls



"I'll never live it down! Ousted in a *bloodless* *coup!"*

• •

along the Regent's Canal; there is much to be said for living in a place which casts no spell over you and does you no harm. The spell of continuity had been cast; he did not uproot. The London Atlas was laid open on the same table, the thermos and the egg sandwiches, always tasting just the same, were placed beside it, though now Mrs. Palmer had given up the hypothesis that his Sunday outings were devotional. The state of his shoes when he got back was not compatible. Mud, yes; but not fish scales.

Mrs. Palmer was a Londoner but nothing to Ronald's purpose. Like the books which left off where his curiosity began, she was restricted: in her case, to the Royal Family. But one evening when he looked up from the Atlas and noticed that she seemed to be taking an interest in it, he asked her if she knew anything about Hoxton. "Hoxton, Mr. Pim? You aren't thinking of going there, surely?"

It had been a mistake to invoke her. She had never been to Hoxton, could not conceive wishing to go there, had nothing to contribute to the subject. But her repudiation of it dogged his explorings. He could find no physiognomy, no whet, no clue. He walked about aimlessly, eyed by dirty windows, startled by bursts of music from transistors. Because he could make nothing of Hoxton he began to feel he had no right to be there, and avoided going there again. His purpose to explore northeast London remained, but an element of duty had come into it; he knew in his heart he was not enjoying himself, and that, if it had not been for Pentonville and one or two burial grounds and the Bedlamite assertion of pre-London in the Hackney Marsh, he might as well have studied it in the Atlas. It was like traversing an index to a book he would never be able to read. And there was so much of it. Beyond the Hackney Marsh it began again and floundered on, the vestigial fauna which would be exterminated under new housing estates, new factories, towers and boulevards. He could never learn it all and what he had learned was continually being filched from him. A row of small neighborhood shops vanished behind a hoarding and a notice appeared that a bingo hall would be opening shortly; the composure of a once genteel little square was put out of countenance by an eight-story office block. Realizing that he must submit his ambition to his limitations, he turned back to the London south of the Thames. He felt he knew that pretty well till Stevenson, who worked in the same room as he, exclaimed, "Do you mean to say you've never been to The Oval?"

The inquiry (it was made on his thirty-fourth birthday) was not quite so demolishing as it would have been a few years earlier. Ronald had already formed a new ambition.

It began during a conversation with a flower seller outside Kensal Green Cemetery, in the course of which the flower seller remarked that London was not what it was. Ronald was about to reply that he supposed not when the flower seller continued, "You should hear my great-grandfather talk about it in the old days. Why, when he was a kid he used to be taken to Clapton Downs to smell the sea air. And gorged himself for sixpence in the strawberry gardens in East Ham. Cockfighting, donkey races, girls chucking themselves off the bridges—London was more like London then."

"How old is your great-grandfather?"

"Nearer a hundred than ninety. He was a street hawker, used to sell groundsel for canaries, and wild flowers, and bulrushes. Fetched it in from Essex, mostly. He'd walk twenty miles before breakfast and think nothing of it. But he's retired now. His legs are as good as ever but his sight isn't what it was."

"Does he live with you?"

"Wouldn't hear of it. He's got a room off the Whitechapel Road and does everything for himself, shopping and all. You ought to meet him."

THE room off the Whitechapel Road glowed with ornaments: fairground vases, statuettes on brackets, plumes of dyed pampas grass, tinny trophies of immortelles, souvenirs of two wars. The old man was himself like a trophy of immortelles. His bald head, his paled blue eyes, his lively cheeks had a tinning of old age on them. His talk was a practiced recital, glowing with violence, exploits, and wonders. He despised the present world because nobody with any cleverness was left in it. That evening, Ronald put a sheet of paper into his typewriter, headed it "A London Character," and described the visit. It came easily to him. Casting about for another London character, he remembered the limping woman who walked by the Regent's Canal. In the past he had eluded conversation with her; now when he wanted it, she wasn't there. But she reappeared, and her absence supplied a pretext. "I haven't seen you here lately." She explained that she had been watching a family of owls who had their nest in the goods yard of Paddington Station. She answered his astonishment by telling him that birds of prey resorted to goods yards for the rats and mice they found there. If she had gone there to find her own provision, she could not have been more matter-of-fact. This London character also lived alone. She worked as a dressmaker and had been watching birds for many years. Some of her identifications had been reported in an ornithological journal.

She also went into the typewriter. She was not so easy to write about, for she had not polished her material, but he got her down in the end. Talking to a woman at dusk, listening to the nonagenarian whose sight wasn't what it used to be had emboldened him to search for more London characters. He discovered that people with something to tell resembled people with something to sell, and that in such a traffic his birthmark could be discounted. When he had finished half a dozen articles, he began to think of seeing them in print. There was a Miss Ewing, Typist & Literary Agent, whose window placard he saw on his way to work. It was an effort to ring her bell, a greater effort to remain on her doorstep. After administering the first shock and seeing how bravely she fixed her hare's eyes on his face, he felt as if she were some small animal he was trying to persuade into a sense of security. It struck him she could not do a great deal of business. Her room was shabby and "The Mill on the Floss" lay open beside her typewriter. To read his articles—the term she used was "to glance over them"—she put on a pair of large spectacles.

Still wearing the spectacles, she told him that she thought she could place his articles in provincial papers—there was, for instance, the *Clackmannan Messenger*, a religious weekly, which liked to put in something about London from time to time—but that first of all the articles must be retyped, with shorter paragraphs and double spacing. She offered to show him how, but he said he would rather she did it. The *Clackmannan Messenger* was a comedown. He had hoped for the *Spectator*. Meanwhile Miss Ewing was saying how much she liked his sketches, especially the retired groundsel seller. "You must write about more queer people like that."

"If I can find them."

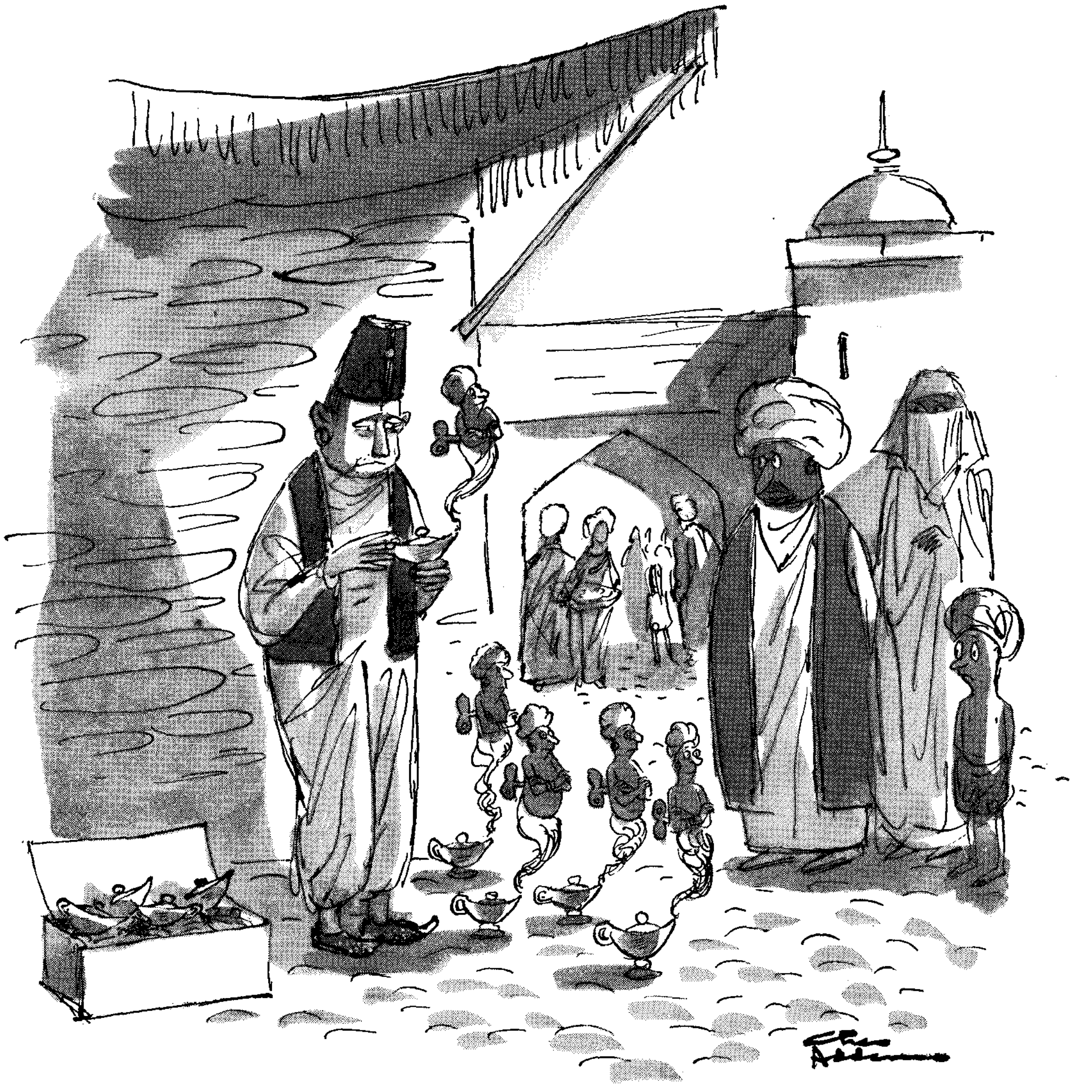
"What about Waterloo Station? I'm sure you'd find that a happy hunting ground."

"Waterloo Station?"

"Yes. Where the vagrants and down-and-outs spend the night. You must go there. I'm sure you'd find just the material you want. Some of them have had most interesting lives, you know."

He thanked her and left her—a man charged with a new destiny.

BUT at the time, he was piqued at learning that Waterloo Station, like The Oval, was an aspect of the London across the river which other people knew about and he did not, and decided that he would find his own routes to London characters. In any case, it was the end of July, his fortnight's holiday was due, and he was, as usual, going to stay with his sister Mattie. This year it was not quite as usual: Mattie had rented a furnished bungalow in Radnorshire, so that the children could have some pony riding. The bookshelf over his bed held several volumes by Arthur Machen—as he understood, a Welsh author. But mixed with evocations of Gwent and Caerleon there were evocations of Pentonville and Clerkenwell and Barnsbury, recalled with the same plangent *hwl*, that lift and lilt of the preacher's voice. Machen, young and solitary, had explored where he, Ronald Pim, had explored; and with a wider experience of unknowable London, for Machen had penetrated to Acton. Unfortunately, Machen was dead. There must be others of his kind, solitary dedicated Londoners: not many of them left but still some; more hermetical than the goods-yard owls but still tak-



"WHAT'S YOUR NAME, YOU SWEET LITTLE DOGGIE?"
"RAGS."

ing their silent flights. He hurried back to London and spent the remainder of his holiday in bookshops and public libraries, pulling out volume after volume from cases labelled "Autobiographies," "Reminiscences," "Miscellanies." In a bound-up volume of the London *Mercury* for 1931 he found Mr. Partridge, picking holes in Norman Douglas's "London Street Games," and from the Postal Directory discovered he was still alive, with an address in north London. He had the letter to Mr. Partridge in his pocket on the night he went to Waterloo Station, but it was not posted till late next day—for everything had been scattered out of his head by the horrible solicitations of an old woman who pawed at his fly and said she would be a mother to him. Two nights later, drawn back against his will to that limbo of no departures, he met Marco Brown.

It was the austerity of a musical note, piercing the mumbling and shuffling and coughing as if it were the only valid existence there, which announced him. A guitar; a desultory hand plucking a chord; another chord; a swift flourish; then silence. "It's that Marco and his lot," a voice said. The fitful disembodied music continued, went farther away, returned. The guitar player was walking about. A ringleted golden head moved briefly into a shaft of light, seeming to float in the air. Ronald held out his cigarette case to a man close by him. "Is that Marco?"

The man took a cigarette, stuffed it into a pocket, pointed to his ears. He was deaf. The guitar player struck up more purposefully, playing a tune. People began to hum. Then a tattered high tenor voice took up the tune, wavered, broke off, began again in another key. The guitar player shifted to the singer's key and coaxed him along, thrumming on the strings to fill up where the singer's breath failed. Shouts encouraged them, hands clapped the rhythm. Skirting round sitters and sleepers, Ronald edged his way toward the music. The singer gasped for breath, the guitar thrummed like an animal growling. With a screech the singer hurled himself into another verse and another key, and the guitar hunted him on, and the handclaps closed round him. Willy-nilly, Ronald, standing behind the guitar player, began to clap too. The player turned and took a quick look at him, the ringlets swaying like a curtain. With the movement there was a waft of some very sophisticated perfume. Jesus, thought Ronald—a Jesus by Leonardo; for though it was so dusky and the face only momentarily seen, the identification was compulsive: the golden ringlets and the smooth cheeks, the vaguely smiling mouth and the narrow oval of the chin. Jesus amid his disciples, ministering to the poor and outcast.

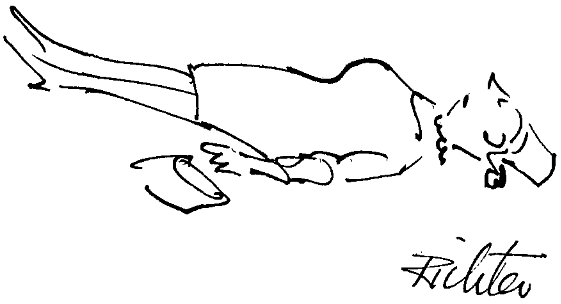
The guitar finished off the singer with a loud twanging chord; a last trickle of song came from the open mouth. "Lovely job, man, lovely job," said a disciple, and another said something about ought to be in opera. Jesus was already walking away, laughing and talking as he went. No doubt Jesus among the outcasts also cracked blue jokes. Farther away other voices were gathering. Jesus noosed "Star of the Sea" from the baying medley of tunes, shook it into a quicker measure, syncopated it, commanded it into a chorus, heartfelt and appalling. And again he moved away, and the chorus disintegrated and collapsed.

The first daylight drifted in. It was possible to study the sleeping shapes, clotted together like the debris on a beach after a storm. They slept more resolutely now, as if they knew less time was left to them. A feeling far beyond pity overwhelmed Ronald. His mind had no words left in it. He had lost all curiosity, all interest; he was dragged into a stony assent. The guitar player was at it again—distant, a mosquito noise. Why sting these unfortunates into wakefulness and fever and personality? Let be, let be! He was still standing there when the guitar suddenly twanged at his elbow. He realized that he was being played at. "Why do you come here?" he demanded.

"To give them a chance to show off. It's what we all want, isn't it?" The voice was cool and rational. "Come and have breakfast," it continued.

BREAKFASTING with Marco and the disciples, swallowing the all-night café's hot sweet coffee and violently flavored meat pies, Ronald was in a stupor of excitement. These were the new young, the inaccessible teen-agers, whom magistrates scolded, whom journalists wrote up, whom traders toadied and dope-pedlars beset, whom social experts accounted for, whom everyone was incited to gape at, reprobate, romanticize, whom no one could bring to heel. And here he sat, being talked to as an equal by those who were half his age and did not know his name. Inattentively, he heard himself inviting them to visit him that evening. Unbelievingly, he heard them one and all accepting the invitation, Marco adding, "I can only eat coarse food." He spent his luncheon break buying salami and beer and pickled onions and chocolate biscuits and wondering if he could raise enough chairs for the disciples. He had forgotten to count them.

They came at half past ten, when he had given up hope and could not look Mrs. Palmer in the face. The disciples were not so many as he supposed—a



bearded pair who said, "We are Ginger and Pickles," a stocky, red-faced youth with a disproportionately large head and a crewcut (all the others had flowing locks) who didn't speak and was addressed as Stewart, an extremely thin youth wearing a voluminous poncho, and Jessamy, who was from the Midlands and had brought his pet grass snake in a little hamper. Marco's first words were to demand a saucerful of milk for it. The snake was poured out of its hamper. It seemed languid, and everyone looked at it with concern. Marco began to talk about the difficulty of keeping snakes in artificial conditions: Jessamy's basement was damp.

"I got it a sunray lamp," Jessamy said.

"You ought to get it some rocks—and some heather," said Marco. "If you bought some potted heather and arranged the rocks round the pots, with crevices for it to wriggle through, and made it a bathing pool—a large shallow baking tin would do—and ran a constant small trickle of water into it by a pipe from the tap—snakes must have fresh water to bathe in, they are exceedingly cleanly—and had a large bath towel, a gigantic bath towel, to absorb the overflow, your snake would be happier. You could bring down a load of its native rocks from the Pennines."

"Yes, that's all very fine, man, but how am I to practice my ballet steps with rocks all over the floor?"

"You could practice arm movements. Classical Indian dancing concentrates on control of the arm from shoulder to fingertip. I know a waiter in an Indian restaurant who would be delighted to give you lessons. You could learn some of the ragas at the same time. We are all much too insular."

Not once did Marco's vaguely smiling mouth distort itself in a laugh. His voice remained at the same pitch, he showed no elation at his inventiveness, his unanswerable logic, his encyclopedic capacity to discourse on any question and know something unexpected about every subject. He had not an atom of brag or an atom of modesty. It was as though some divine computer were speaking. Or was he more like a snake charmer, at whose piping cobras rose out of earthen vessels and showed their undulating paces? For it had to be admitted that, with the exception of the youth in the poncho, Marco's disciples were an unoriginating lot and depended on him for their animation. Only the snake remained indifferent. Only the youth in the poncho was spontaneously dissident and gave a flashing tirade in favor of insularity, during the course of which he made use of half a dozen foreign languages and wanted the nationalists of the world to unite. He was in an anguish of disagreement with everybody, especially Marco, and his pop eyes besought Marco's attention. Marco's attention was as selective and compelling as his guitar playing. Remembering those words "a chance to show off," and habitually aware that his only social hope was to lurk behind his birthmark, Ronald nevertheless began to show off: not the *Clackmannan Messenger*, which would never do in this gathering, but his knowledge of London. Marco listened absorbedly, thrummed him on when he faltered, and at the close told him of three things he must on no account miss, all within a five-minute walk, and exactly how to get to them. One was in a bakery, and he must buy a doughcake (the baker's specialty) and lead the conversation round to healing wells. "It's not enough to trudge along pavements. Use your intuition, snuff the air, and whenever instinct tells you there's something particular, go into the nearest shabby shop and get talking. And always look into shopwindows. That's how Stewart found his peruke. It was in a greengrocer's, with a cat sleeping on it."

"That's right," said the red-faced youth, speaking almost for the first time. "Just what I wanted. I'm a sociologist."

ABOUT two in the morning, the snake was returned to its hamper and the party left, saying they would come again on Monday.

Severed from Marco's spell, Ronald did not feel sanguine about his powers to develop conversations with shopkeepers, and did nothing about this; but on his way back from Mr. Partridge he remembered about looking into shopwindows. It was surprising how many of them contained displays of wallpaper. One would think a fever of redecoration was sweeping through the London north of the terminuses if so much of the wallpaper had not been flyblown. In Camden Town he paused by a trayful of books outside a second-hand furniture shop. Among the paperbacks were some solid, dingy volumes; they were devotional and entomological, mainly, and he was just walking on when Layard's "Nineveh" caught his eye. He had heard young Loudon praise it. He carried it into the shop. In the shop's recesses, among washstands, horn gramophones, and rolls of linoleum, he saw the swell of a green bosom. It was a dressmaker's dummy, armless, decapitated, breastless—but not bosomless; a massive uninflected protuberance expanded above a trim waist. Below the waist the swelling hips were cut short at their maximum extension and mounted on a short pedestal, stained to imitate mahogany. The green cloth covering, a triumph of tailoring, fitted the torso as a plum skin fits a plum.

It would be the making of his party on Monday.

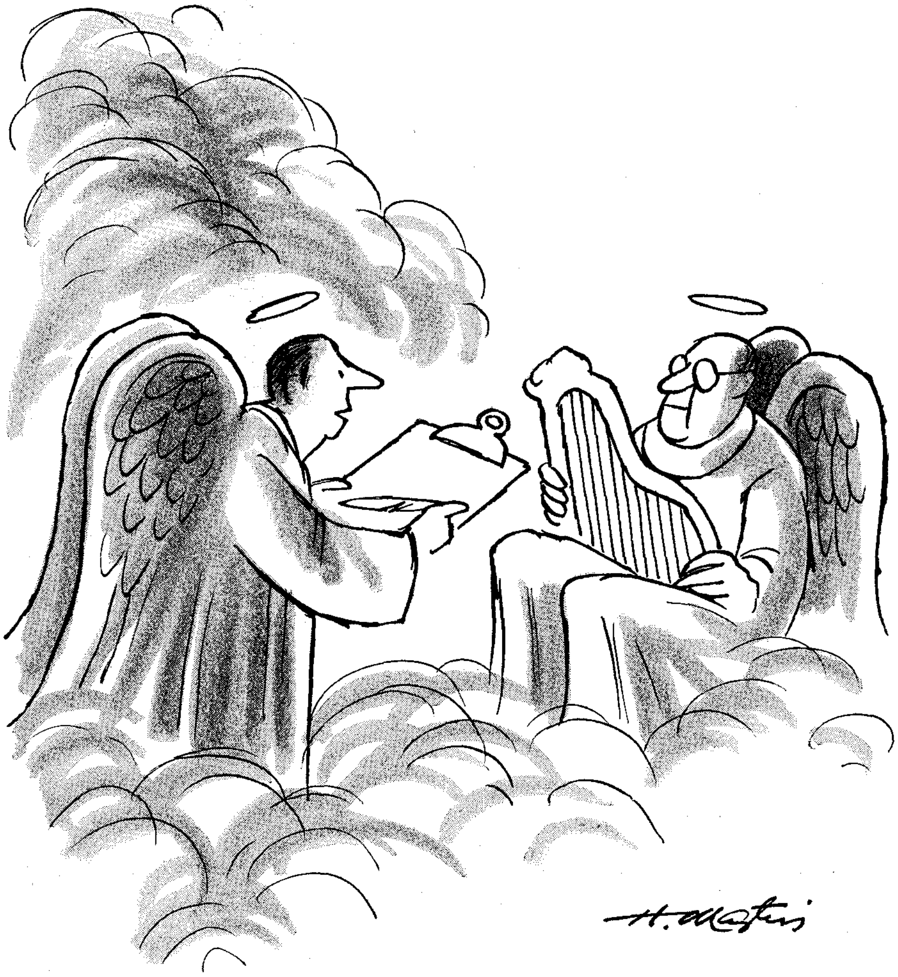
He carried it off, wrapped in newspapers. Though it was lighter than he expected, it proved an awkward load. The unyielding waist slipped back and forth under his arm, the pedestal bruised his hip, the newspaper fluttered and came unwrapped. Because of its rigidity, the dummy seemed larger than any normal woman could be. It was as though he were committing rape on a respectable giantess. He finished the journey by taxi.

Yet when he unwrapped it the absurdity of his purchase was forgotten. It was an inspired purchase; in one bound he had matched Marco's bland extravagance; though they should never meet again, he would have left his impression on that sweet-scented Jesus by Leonardo. Even the humblest love has savagery in it. Ronald fastened his being on the moment when he would smite astonishment into Marco as one drives in a nail.

Monday evening. Two nights from this.

For the present, the dummy had better be kept from Mrs. Palmer. This, like conveying the dummy through Camden Town, was not so easy as he expected. The same difficulty confronted him which had confronted Mr. Partridge's murderers in their hour of triumph. The wardrobe had not sufficient depth to contain her. The bed was a divan; she could not go under the bed. There was no coal cellar at his disposal. Should he make a firm parcel of her and deposit her at the Left Luggage office at Paddington Station? In the end, it seemed best to wrap her in brown paper and hoist her on top of the bookcase. It had a projecting Edwardian cornice and he knew by experience that no one dusted up there.

Twice he started from his half sleep, thinking he heard rats devouring her. Recollecting that Mrs. Palmer's cat slept on the landing, he opened his door, and later on he felt the cat walking on his bed and hollowing a place beside him. It was after that, somewhere in the timelessness of deep sleep, that he had the dream. Monday had come. Marco and the disciples and many other disciples had arrived and were dispersing themselves about the room on a dreamlike assortment of chairs, stools, sofas, and poppyhead pews. They were all glittering in fancy dress, and he himself was in a very fine dressing gown with Turkish slippers turning up at the toe. Jessamy had brought his snake in a registered envelope. It was dying, and shrunken to the size of a worm. Everyone was in high spirits; Marco played on a harp. But Ronald knew that something was wrong. His anguish swelled like a boil. He realized he had forgotten the dummy. Rising in the air, he took the parcel from the top of the bookcase and, hovering, unwrapped it, saying to himself, "If this were a dream I should find a mincing machine." But the dummy was there, and gently descending he put her in the middle of the table, pressing the pedestal into a wedding cake. Marco stared at her. His lips parted; color came into his cheeks. Slowly, he handed the harp to Ronald. Then he began to pass his hands over her, and stroked her and took her into his arms and nuzzled his head against her bosom. His veiling ringlets spread over her truncated neck, her straight back. The little knob which served to lift her by rose above his caresses. Rearing his face from her green cloth bosom, he said, "This is the only woman I could love." The disciples began to clap. The clapping swelled into thunder, turned into the cat purring. It pressed itself more closely into his warmth, yawned, and was asleep again.



"Are you (a) contented, (b) happy, (c) very happy, (d) wildly happy, (e) deliriously happy?"

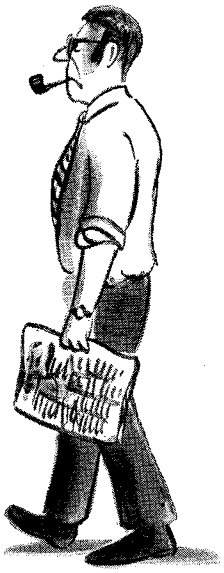
IT had been a rather upsetting dream and he was glad it could all be put down to the cat; even so, it resulted in his feeling out of temper with the dummy and suspecting he had made a fool of himself. Besides, what would he do with her afterward? She could not stay permanently on top of the bookcase, ousting the rolls of cartridge paper and tracing paper he kept there. He would have to explain her to Mrs. Palmer. And what explanation could he make? That he was housing her for a friend? On Monday evening, when he had completed his secret preparations, he fetched her down, unwrapped her, and placed her on the table as a centerpiece to the bottles and sausage rolls and pickled herrings and figs and doughnuts. Standing back to judge the effect, he forgot his doubts and his upsetting dream. Her stately bearing, her Edwardian contours, her assumption of the glories that were Greece, her ludicrous respectability could not fail to astonish and delight.

After the party was over, he would give her to Marco.

He sat down to wait, jumping up at intervals to alter this or improve that. It was certainly a good stroke to put the bowl of figs in front of her—an offering to a goddess. Their smolder of purple and obsidian green, their ripened curves ending in a little knob, corroborated her to perfection. It was past one in the morning. He wound his watch and went on waiting. On this occasion he was not impatient, for he was not fretting in the constraint of anxiety. All would go well. Wherever Marco was, all must go well.

His bell rang. He opened the street door on a single figure. It was Stewart's. "Come along in."

Stewart came in. He could not be



offered a cigarette; he was smoking already.

"What a hot night," said Ronald, making conversation. "Sultry, really. Do sit down."

Stewart sat down. He said, "I thought I'd come along and tell you they aren't coming."

"Why, what has happened? Is anything wrong?"

They might have been drinking; they were certainly conspicuous. They were the sort of young men who lend themselves to arrest.

"Why should anything be wrong?" Stewart said. "It's just the usual. Marco's got a better invitation. Mary Brewster—she's on television—said why didn't we all go to Southend and bathe. So they all climbed in—she's got a huge car—and went. Except me. I can't swim." After a pause he added, "My head's too heavy. I sink."

As though his head were too heavy now, he sank it in his hands.

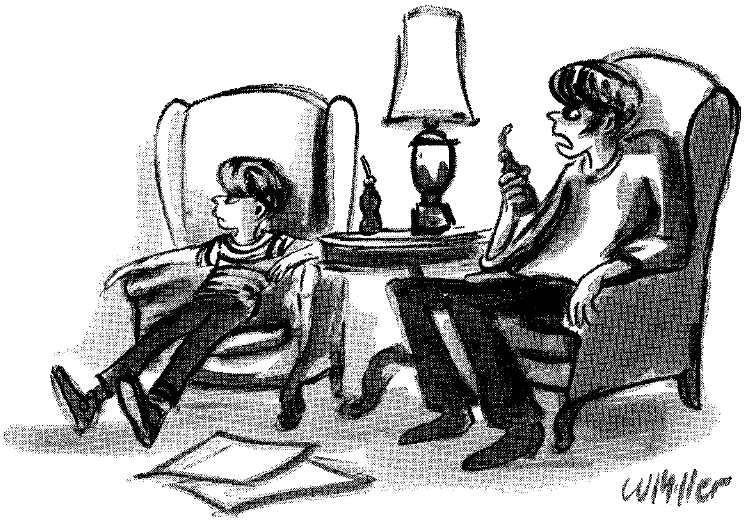
"So Marco asked you to come and tell me."

"God's teeth, no! He's got no use for that sort of thing." Stewart rolled his head between his hands. His fingers delved in his bristling hair. Dandruff flew out. "All Marco cares for is a chance to show off. And new suckers to show off to. That's why he was prancing about at Waterloo, making those poor devils sing their guts out. That's why he picked on you."

"There's no reason why I should believe this," Ronald said to himself.

Stewart, his head still between his hands, went on. "And you're lucky he's dropped you so soon, or he'd have been up to his usual games with you, needling you, driving you to the bin. He calls it his *droit du seigneur*—he says he's taking revenge on society. Now he's finished Ginger and Pickles. They aren't together anymore. You're lucky to be dropped, I can tell you. Anyway, you were due to be dropped. He wasn't off your doorstep last week before he was calling you Auntie Bus Routes."

"He's been slighted," Ronald said to himself. "All this is rancor, nothing but rancor." He said aloud, "Well, I hope he's enjoying himself at Southend."



"He thinks he knows it all since he grew sideburns."

"Don't worry about that. He's enjoying himself all right, being the life and soul of the party. *Do you know, he's almost as old as you are?*" The fury of the last sentence jerked Stewart's head out of his hands. He stared at the room. "What's that object on the table?"

"A dressmaker's dummy. I thought it would amuse Marco."

"So you bought it?—like I bought that bloody wig."

Coldly picturing how Stewart must have postured in it, his eyes imploring Marco for a crumb of attention, Ronald said, "Well, since you're here, you'd better have something to eat. Do you like figs?"

They ate in silence and ate a great deal. Each felt a painful intimacy growing between them and hoped it would not endure. The green torso presided over the unwilled sacrament.

"Well, Stewart, you'd better be leaving. I've got to go out and get rid of this thing."

"What are you going to do with her?"

"Throw it in the canal."

Stewart said he would come too, to watch out for the spivs. "You carry her, though. You look more respectable than I do. Aren't you going to wrap her up?"

"No."

The street lamps projected their shadows, lost them, fastened them to their heels as they walked side by side. Stewart observed that it was like a funeral. Ronald made no reply. There was no one about. The hands of the clock on the public house at the corner pointed to twenty minutes to three. Autumn comes early to London. Dead leaves scuffled on the pavement—a sharp sound in the languid August night. They turned a corner and the canal extended before them. A vapor from its long tunnel attended it, curling and writhing on the surface of the water. Ronald took a grip on the dummy's waist and hurled it into the canal with all his force. There was a loud splash and it vanished. A moment later it bobbed up, sidled in the propelling ripples of its impact, heeled over, righted itself, bobbed majestically onward. They saw it heel over again, more slowly this time. The water was seeping through its cloth hide into its basketwork structure. It rolled lopsidedly, sank lower, turned turtle. Only the wooden pedestal remained in sight, with a few bubbles rising around it. Ronald had started to walk away. He walked faster and faster, and Stewart realized that there was no hope of catching up with him.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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Bijou Theater officials voluntarily closed down the X-rated movie, "Without a Stitch" last night on the heels of public outcries. . . .

"We're pulling the picture out tonight for the time being to cooperate," Sivirsky said. . . .

The Bijou has replaced "Without a Stitch" with two other features, entitled, "Indecent Desires" and "Tuck Me In" for today, a theater spokesman said.

—*Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

With a chuckle.

PROFILES

THE MEDDLERS

IT is hard to say just how many political prisoners there are in the world. Nearly every country has people in its jails who in any other country would not be considered criminals. Spain is thought to have several hundred in custody today, among them one hundred and thirty-two Jehovah's Witnesses, who, being intransigently opposed to military service, have spent much of their adult lives behind bars; when one of them finishes a sentence for refusing to bear arms, he is at once called up again, and when he balks once more, he is clapped back into prison—each time for a longer term. Twelve hundred of the Greeks who were rounded up by their government during the 1967 colonels' coup remain in jail. There may be as many as several thousand political prisoners in Ethiopia. In Indonesia, a hundred thousand is probably a conservative figure. In Russia—who knows? On Taiwan, where Nationalist China itself has four thousand such prisoners, it no doubt would be argued that everyone in mainland China is a political prisoner.

Altogether—not even counting China—there are at least a quarter of a million individuals in jail today principally because of their beliefs. To persuade their governments to set them free, or, at least, to give them a fair trial, or, failing that, to ameliorate their conditions of servitude—to persuade these governments, at the very minimum, to remember that their prisoners exist and that the rest of the world knows about them—is the aim of a London-based organization called Amnesty International. It is not well known in the United States. It is much better known in, for instance, central Africa. Not long after being released from a Ugandan prison, Rajat Neogy, the editor of the African magazine *Transition*, wrote to the New York *Times*, "The political prisoner's greatest fear is of being forgotten. His gratitude to anybody or any organization that keeps him alive in the outside world is humble and boundless. When Amnesty International in Britain declared me a 'prisoner of conscience,' our underground grapevine was seething with excitement. It meant Uganda's detention laws had been brought to world attention, and for some detainees who have been imprisoned for over three years it was like breathing new air." A barrister imprisoned in Kenya not long ago remarked, "Friends suddenly disappear when one is in my kind of trouble." Amnesty, as the organization calls itself for short, sticks around. Since it was founded, in 1961, it has had a hand in the release or the relief of some twenty-five hundred prisoners, including the five hundred Greeks soon to be set free by the Greek junta. Individuals rescued have included B. P. Koirala, the only democratically elected Prime Minister of Nepal; Pat Arrowsmith, an English woman author who once went all the way to a United States airbase at Ubon, Thailand, to protest against the war in Vietnam and was imprisoned in London for picketing the branch office of an American defense supplier; the late Josef Cardinal Beran, of Czechoslovakia; the Nigerian playwright Wole Soyinka; and Captain Howard Levy, of the United States Army, the dermatologist who wouldn't train Green Berets.

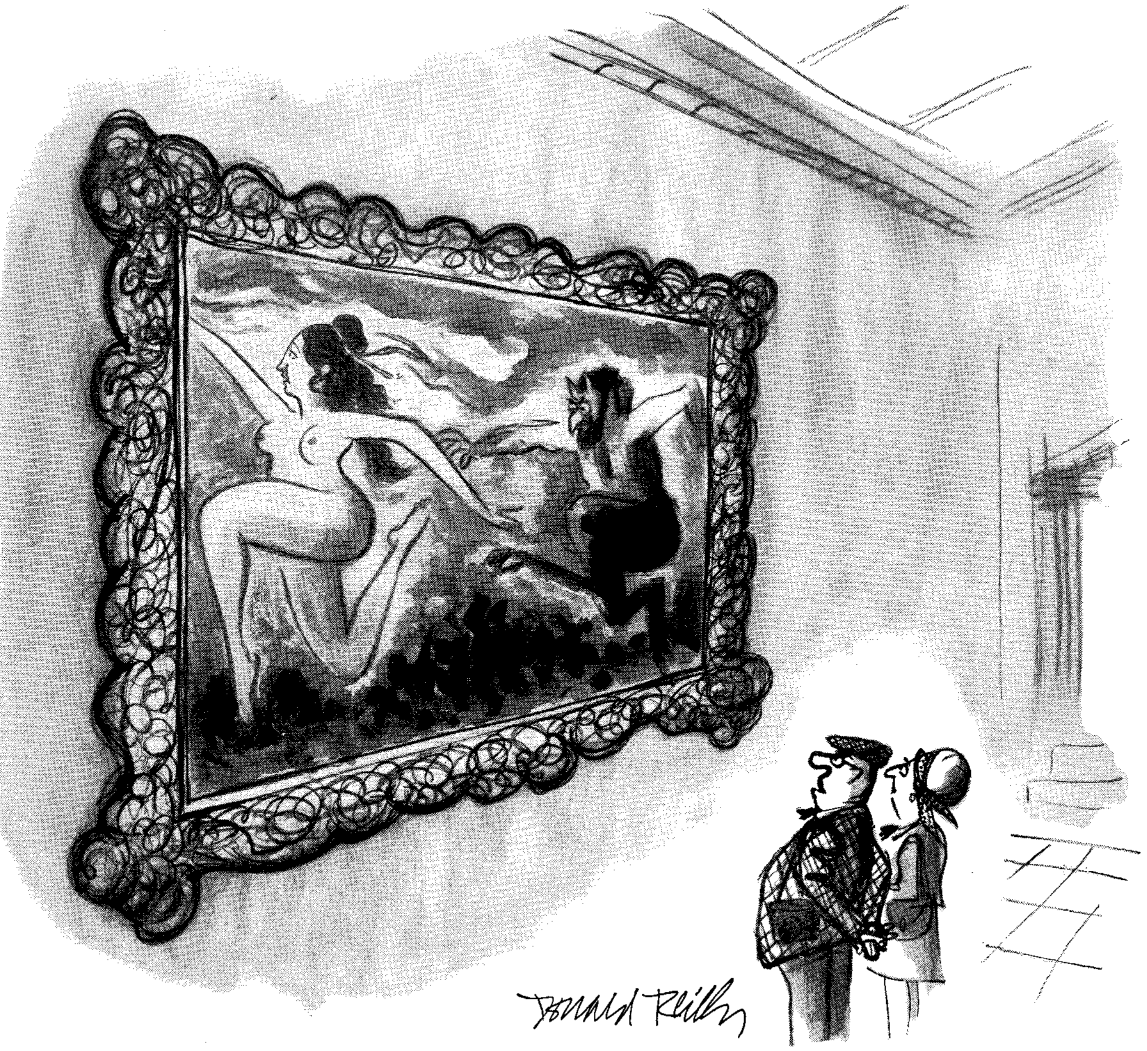
This past May, Amnesty was pleased to learn of the release from detention in Portugal of Dr. Telo de Mascarenhas, a seventy-year-old lawyer and editor who was born and lived in the colony of Goa and had been a long-time advocate of its independence. In 1962, six months after India took over Goa, the Lisbon government sentenced Dr. de Mascarenhas to twenty-four years in prison for political articles he had written nearly a decade earlier—articles for which he had already been forgiven once. But, as often as not, the good news that Amnesty hears is balanced by the bad. In May also, the organization learned that the brothers Quintin and Rizal Yuyitung, the publisher and the editor of the *Chinese Commercial News*, in Manila, were under detention in Taipeh. Born in the Philippines and lifelong residents there, they had been summarily deported by President Marcos's government after a dubious hearing—deported to a land with which they had no affiliation and for which, in their paper, they had never expressed approbation. On receiving the Yuyitungs from a Philippine Air Force plane, the Nationalist Chinese promptly clapped them into confinement. They are still awaiting trial, and could conceivably be charged with treason against a government they have never acknowledged as their own.

Amnesty's approach consists in large part of meddling. Under its aegis, concerned and reasonably literate individuals bombard governments with letters beseeching mercy or justice for a particular prisoner. This strategy is predicated on the assumption that most governments, like most people, read—or, at any rate, glance at—most of their first-class mail. Governments, also like people, do not always answer their mail, but a spate of patient, persistent, pleading letters can, in Amnesty's experience, wear down the most unflinching and granitic regime. Amnesty has learned what the players of an old children's game have known all along: Rock breaks scissors, scissors cut paper, paper covers rock. Amnesty's main sources of intelligence about prisoners are newspapers and broadcasts, letters from strangers, and the widespread members of the organization, who, though enjoined for obvious reasons from taking any direct action on behalf of their own restricted compatriots, are encouraged to let London know about them, so that somebody else can step in. Once Amnesty's headquarters is satisfied that an individual is "adoptable," a case sheet is made up for him.

Amnesty has generally had more failure than success in dealing with Communist nations, but its gadfly methods have not gone unrewarded even there. On a visit to Bucharest a couple of years ago, Sean MacBride, a former Minister for External Affairs of Ireland, who is now secretary-general of the International Commission of Jurists and also the chairman of the International Executive Committee of Amnesty, was asked by a Rumanian government official if he knew much about an organization called Amnesty International. Having no idea what might be coming next, MacBride replied merely that he had heard of it. "Well, it's very effective," the Rumanian said. He went on to tell how, back in 1962, his country had begun receiving letters from housewives all over the world petitioning for the release of this or that prisoner. The letters were at first ignored, and were in no instance answered, but they kept coming in and piling up. They amounted to such a nuisance that finally the government decided it was spending too many hours over them, and set two thousand prisoners free. That, as it happened, was more prisoners than anyone at Amnesty had realized Rumania *had*.

MacBride is suited to his chairmanship by inheritance as well as by experience. His father, Major John MacBride, was an Irish nationalist who was executed by the British in 1916. His mother, who brought him up in Paris, was the legendary Maud Gonne, the patron saint of the oppressed, whom Yeats apotheosized with his "When you are old and grey and full of sleep . . ." Sean MacBride has been a political prisoner himself. In Ireland, during the troubled early twenties, the British once kept him in a six-by-four-foot cell for a week. ("I rather prefer solitary," he says. "It keeps one from having to worry about one's fellow-prisoners.") MacBride lives in Geneva, the home base of his international jurists. The secretary-general of Amnesty, who presides at its London headquarters, is a British civil libertarian named Martin Ennals. "You hear a lot about individuals' rights, but governments have rights, too—not least of them the right of amnesty," Ennals says. "To get a government reflecting that it *can* amnesty people is a good thing. What we do, in a sense, is a straight bureaucratic operation. We constantly bring the prisoner's file back onto his jailer's desk. We *remind* people." For the past few years, Amnesty's chief researcher, also based in London, has been a young Irishwoman, Stella Joyce, who has two Oxford degrees—in English literature and in politics and economics. Africa is her special field, partly because she used to work for a meat-canning firm whose products were widely distributed there. Late in 1968, she went to Africa and surprised the heads of several governments by giving them more up-to-date information on whom they had in jail than they knew themselves. Her affability won her entrée into several executive offices; what was more important, it won a number of prisoners their freedom. "I don't go to places on the assumption that the people running them are villains," she says. She was especially persuasive in Sierra Leone, where she arrived after a succession of coups. Four hundred former government officials were in jail, including just about everyone in the Army above the rank of sergeant. (Their warders were Army privates, who were carrying out their custodial duties with relish and ferocity.) Thanks in part to her presence, two hundred and ninety-two prisoners were soon free. When she arrived in Ghana, not long after Nkrumah's deposition, the new government received her with uncommon warmth; a good many of its members had been Amnesty adoptees under the old regime. "It's very nice to have one of our people go to a place and be approved of," Ennals says. "It rarely happens."

As a rule, Amnesty does not bestir itself over anyone who has a prison sentence of less than six months. Its resources and energies are limited, and, besides, by the time it could get a campaign under way, a short-term prisoner would be close to liberty. (Amnesty stands ready to intervene, though, for any prisoner who has been tortured.) Sometimes it is hard to determine whether an alleged offender should be



"Oh, damn! I forgot to mail in my proxy vote against Consolidated's takeover bid!"

considered a political prisoner or a plain criminal. The United States, for instance, regards imprisoned Selective Service violators as common criminals. Amnesty disagrees, and so far it has adopted about fifty of them. (Members of Amnesty report that if one writes to a federal department or bureau in the United States, it usually takes about five weeks to get a reply, but if one writes to the White House, which customarily passes the letter along to the same department or bureau, it takes only three weeks.) Amnesty members also write directly to prisoners here. The legal director of the American Civil Liberties Union told an Amnesty group in Sweden that its letters were much appreciated both by the recipients and by the recipients' lawyers. ("In addition," the A.C.L.U. man said, "they bring rewards to my children, who collect foreign stamps.") There is no open-and-shut way of deciding who is a political prisoner—or, as Amnesty puts it, a prisoner of conscience—and who isn't. To resolve such questions, Amnesty has a Borderline Cases Committee, which has weighed the status of, among others, a black Rhodesian who was accused of plotting an assassination while in prison—a charge that, if it stood up, would have disqualified him from receiving Amnesty's assistance. The Borderline Cases Committee concluded, after studying the available documents, that the handwriting in a letter that was the principal evidence against him was of dubious authenticity and that, as far as Amnesty was concerned, he could be considered a prisoner of conscience. The decision conformed to Amnesty's over-all policy: When in doubt, help.

Among the thousands of prisoners whose predicament Amnesty has lately been concerned about is an African diplomat named Achkar Marof, whose whereabouts have been uncertain since October, 1968. Before that, he was Guinea's ambassador to the United Nations. He served as chairman of the United Nations Committee on Apartheid, and in the summer of 1968 U Thant tendered him the eminent, if powerless, post of United Nations High Commissioner for South West Africa. Sékou Touré, the President of Guinea, wouldn't let Achkar accept it. Instead, Touré summoned him home, had him arrested at the airport, and charged him with, among other malefactions, embezzlement and treason. Since then, Achkar's former colleagues at the United Nations have vainly tried to find out what has happened to him. To their inquiries, President Touré has replied that the best thing for them to do is to never bring up Achkar's name again. That, according to some governments, is what all outsiders should do about political prisoners. And that is exactly what Amnesty International is resolved *not* to do. To bring up names again and again and again and again is what it wants to do, and does. It has made nagging an effective tactic in public affairs.

SCENIC AREA

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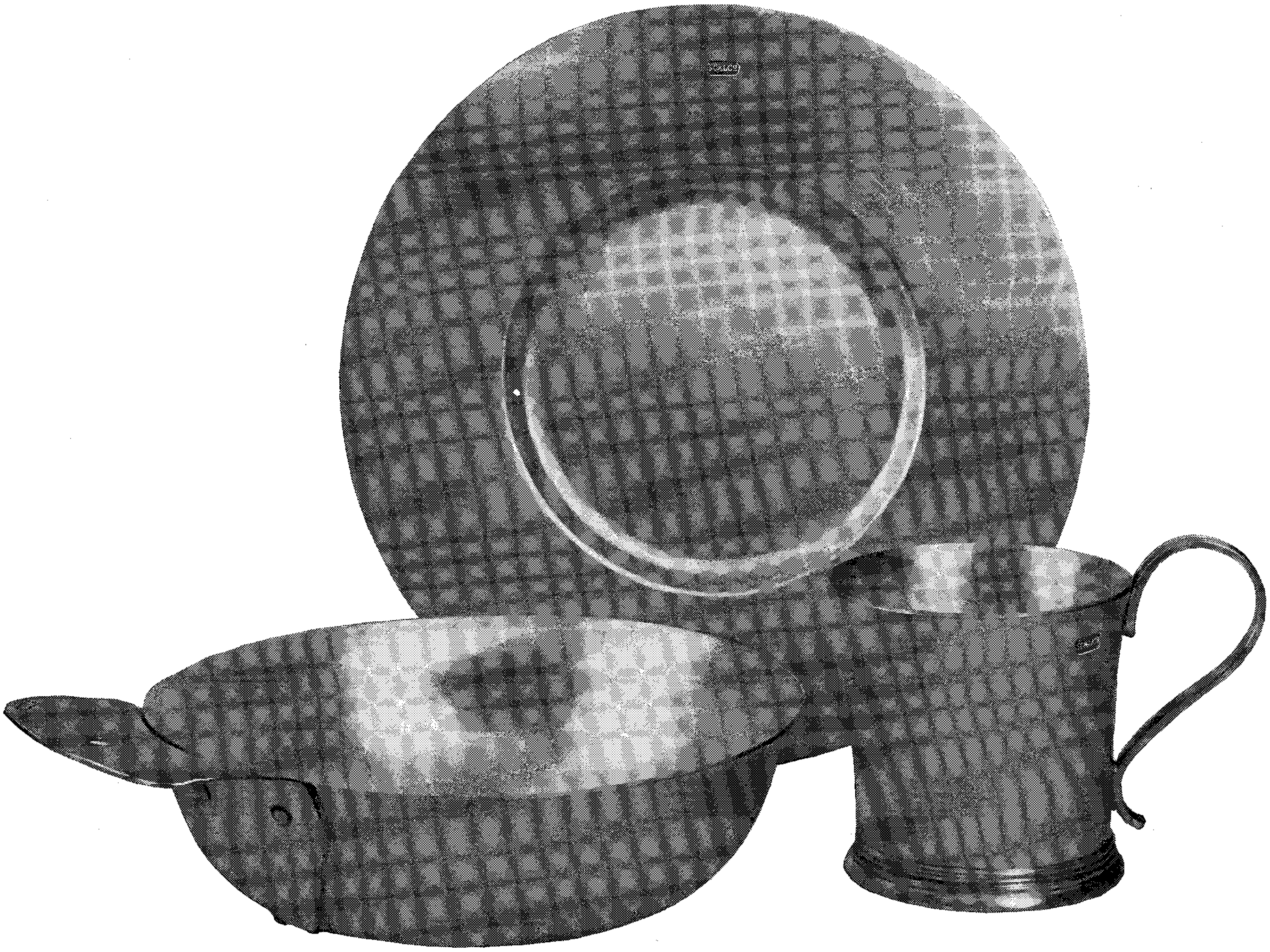
AMNESTY defines the term "prisoners of conscience" as "persons who . . . are imprisoned, detained, restricted, or otherwise subjected to physical coercion or restraint by reason of their political, religious, or other conscientiously held belief, or by reason of their ethnic origin, color, or language, provided that they have not used or advocated violence." The caveat about violence is important. Though some members of Amnesty dissent, the majority feel that it would be self-defeating for the organization to ask a government to release a prisoner who might be in jail for having tried to bomb his president's home, or who had made it clear that if he should get out he would try to shoot his prime minister. There are complications. Some of Amnesty's adherents contend that in certain instances when every other means has been tried and found fruitless, the op-



Pilgrim Reproductions in Sterling Silver

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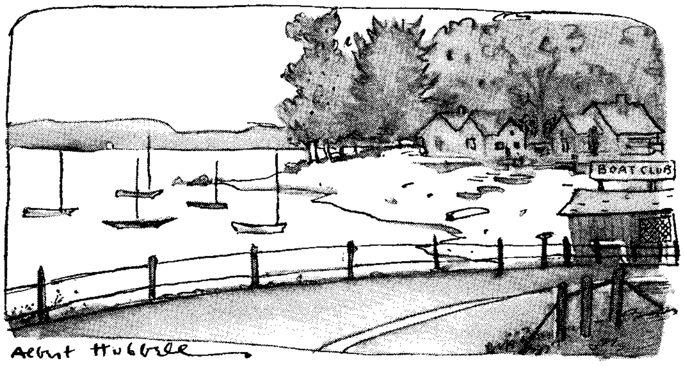
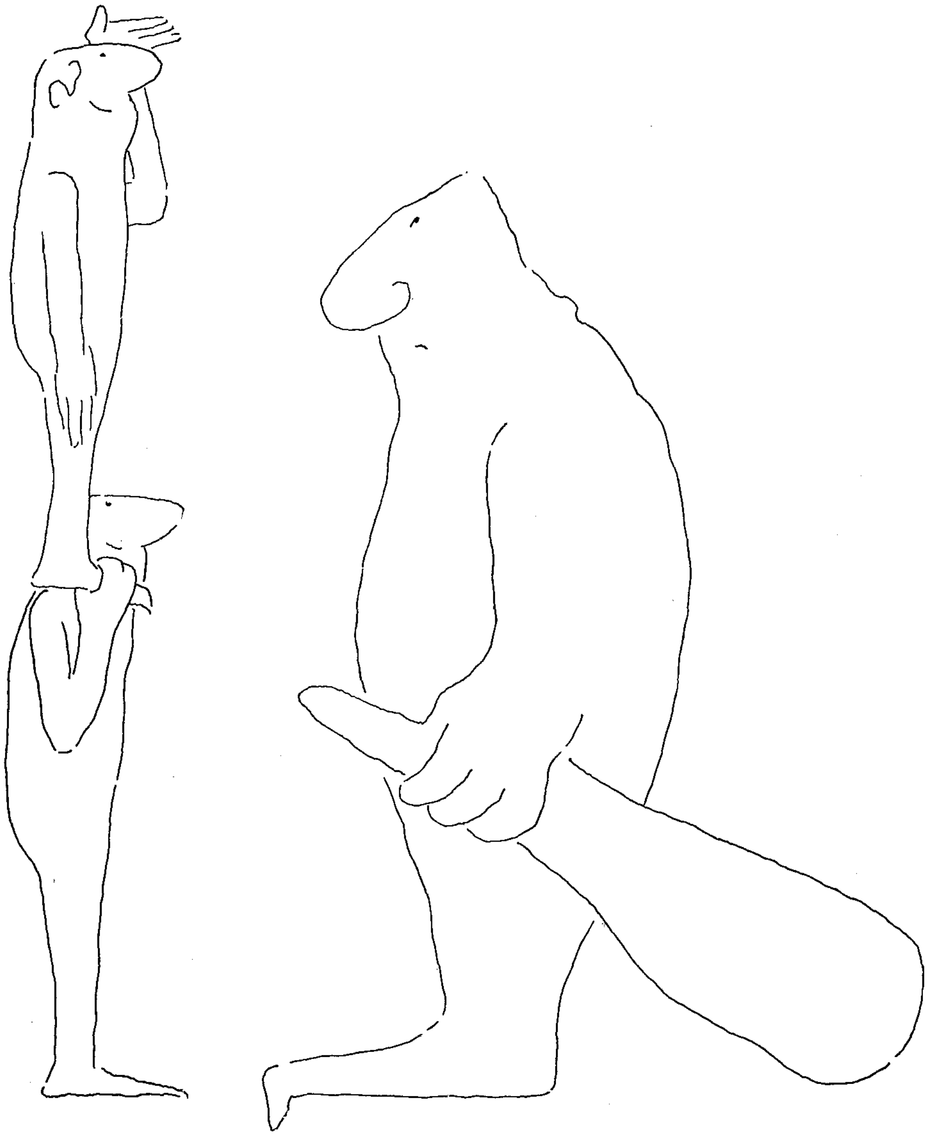
pressed cannot hope to obtain human rights without resorting to violence. Some maintain that the term "prisoner of conscience" is too narrow a phrase. Last September, at the annual meeting of Amnesty's International Council (held just outside Geneva), almost as much time was spent discussing definitions as was spent discussing detentions. "There isn't anything you can call *any* of these people that any government will accept," Sean MacBride said at one point. The delegate from New Zealand tentatively proposed "prisoner of circumstance," but then a delegate from Norway—a dazzling blond housewife named Kari Storhaug Poppe—pointed out that in her country the phrase "in circumstance" means pregnant. Mrs. Poppe, the wife of an electronics engineer and the mother of four young children, devotes a full day a week to Amnesty, which she first heard about five years ago from two women in a ceramics class; she also works three days a week as a dental surgeon in a state hospital for epileptics. As for the Swedish contingent at Geneva, it included Per Wästberg, a novelist and the African-affairs expert for *Dagens Nyheter*, the largest morning paper in Sweden. In the late nineteen-fifties, Wästberg, a Harvard graduate, won an International Rotary Foundation scholarship for study in Rhodesia. He was thrown out of there for expressing unpopular views on race relations, and was later barred from Portugal for writing disapprovingly of its racial policies in Africa. Israel was represented in Geneva by Mrs. Bella Ravdin, who emigrated from Germany in 1933 and became a successful real-estate operator in Haifa. India's spokesman was A. C. Sen, the associate secretary of the Voluntary Agencies for Rural Development, in New Delhi; he himself had been imprisoned in India for trade-union activities. The New Zealander was Leslie C. Clements, a Methodist minister who spent three and a half years in jail during the Second World War as a conscientious objector. After the war, he became senior chaplain for all New Zealand's prisons. Now Mr. Clements lives in Geneva, where he runs a department of the World Council of Churches called Coöperation of Men and Women in Church, Family, and Society. In brief, he is an international marriage counsellor. (During the Amnesty meeting, Clements drew a mild laugh by observing that when he was a schoolboy he had been taught, from British textbooks, that Europe was the center of civilization, and that Japan was the Far East; it had taken him a long time to realize that for a New Zealander Japan was actually the Near North.) France had a singular delegate: Jean-Paul Chabert, who had been a prisoner of conscience himself in Tunisia until—in large measure through Amnesty pressure—he was set free. He had been sentenced to two years, ostensibly for furnishing a typewriter to a dissident group that was putting out anti-government leaflets. He could talk knowledgeably about torture. The British contingent in Switzerland included Sir Osmond Williams, a tweedy, pipe-smoking, laconic, several-times-decorated ex-major in the Royal Scots Greys who is now a justice of the peace at Borthwen, Penrhyndeudraeth, Merionethshire, Wales. Sir Osmond has made a number of investigating trips for Amnesty, and during a lull in the council proceedings, he got to reflecting on what it is like to be such an emissary. "The only weapon one can wield is the fact that countries, like most individuals on earth, are concerned about their public image," he said. "It is important that they be allowed to save face, and publicity is the last thing one wants to apply. One's hope is to ameliorate conditions. If one succeeds in doing that, one has done a great thing. Of course, if all else should fail—and if one has evidence to back up one's intuitions and allegations—then one feels that one's only remaining weapon is to play on the susceptibilities and the moral conscience of mankind. The last thing one wants to do is pry into another country's business and then point out all the worst of it. That is absolutely the last resort."



Amnesty, whose symbol is a lighted candle surrounded by barbed wire, has only seventeen thousand members, but they cause commotions disproportionate to their strength. The organization was founded in 1961 by a London barrister, Peter Benenson, who was forced to withdraw from it in 1967, because of ill health. From the start, Benenson insisted that if Amnesty hoped to get anywhere it had to be politically dispassionate. Thus, in 1966, when it published a report critical of prison conditions in East Germany, it took pains to achieve political balance by simultaneously issuing adverse accounts of conditions in Rhodesia and Paraguay. Amnesty's reputation attests to its impartiality. It has been accused by Greece of being Communist, by the Soviet Union of being imperialist, and by Uganda of being anti-Ugandan. In East Berlin, the daily *Berliner Zeitung* thought Amnesty had done a fine job of exposing iniquity in Portugal but declared that to focus on East Germany was absurd, since there were no political prisoners in East Germany; anyone looking for violations of human rights in that part of the world should concentrate on *West* Germany. In South Africa, Amnesty has been called "an organization concerned with political interests rather than the plight of individuals."

Amnesty is international but not universal. It is divided into national units called sections, with each section supervising a varying number of "groups"—eight hundred and thirty-three of these in all—of from six to twenty persons each. It has no members in the Communist countries. A section was in the process of formation in Czechoslovakia a few years ago, but the events of 1968 stopped that. Amnesty still hopes that the split between Russia and China may help it expand. On a recent visit to East Berlin, the leader of Amnesty's West German forces urged an acquaintance to start up an Eastern section; the East Germans, he suggested, could concentrate on Russian prisoners in China. The East German merely laughed. Amnesty is active in Australia and New Zealand and, somewhat less vigorously, in Japan, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Somalia, and Sudan. It is strongest in Europe, especially in the north. West Germany has become one of its bastions, with two hundred and seventy-nine groups—the highest number for any country. "If Amnesty had existed a generation ago, a lot of Hitler's prisoners might have been saved," one of its principals there says, perhaps a bit naïvely. There are sections in Italy



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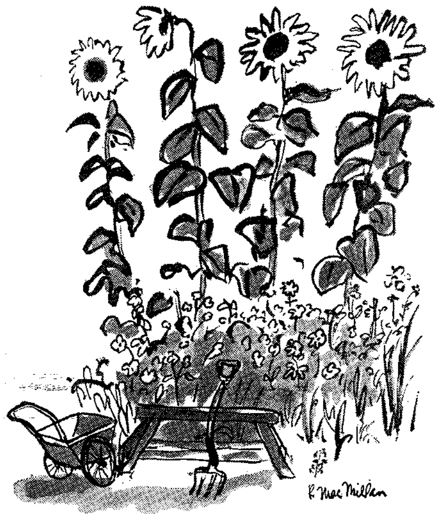
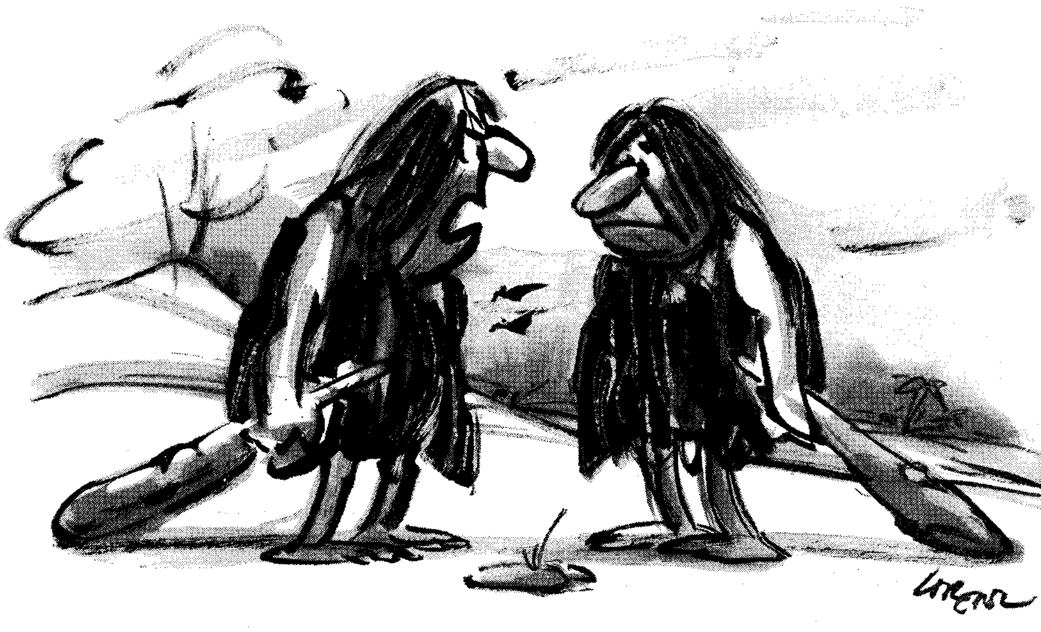
and Israel, but it appears that many people who live near the Mediterranean (like many people in Latin America, where, aside from Mexico, Amnesty is almost nonexistent) are not much interested. The core of the Amnesty operation is the groups. At any given time, each group is supposed to be concentrating on three individual prisoners. In keeping with the parent organization's neutral position, one of the three is normally in a Communist country, one in a right-wing dictatorship, and one in a country somewhere between the extremes. Responsibility for the one hundred and thirty-two Jehovah's Witnesses in Spain has been divided among several countries, including Sweden, England, West Germany, Denmark, Norway, Scotland, Israel, Italy, Australia, Ireland, the United States, and the Faeroe Islands.

The Faeroe Islands, which belong to Denmark, are smaller than the United States, but they have more Amnesty groups—five as against two. There are only thirty-five thousand Faeroese altogether, but a hundred and thirteen of them belong to Amnesty. Their interest was kindled by an accountant named Roland Thomsen, who moved to the islands from Copenhagen in 1964. "Every person in the Faeroe Islands knows what Amnesty is," Thomsen says. So do many persons throughout Scandinavia; there are sixty-two groups in Denmark, forty-nine in Norway, and two hundred and ten in Sweden, one of the most Amnesty-conscious nations of all. The United States is a special case. The Faeroe Islands sent Thomsen to the September council meeting in Switzerland, but the United States was not represented. There has been an American section of Amnesty since 1966, but it has had its problems, not the least of which has been an inability of its leaders to see eye to eye with some of the Western Europeans who dominate Amnesty's top echelons. The most serious breach between the factions occurred this past spring. Starting in 1968, several Amnesty fact finders had been looking into charges and countercharges of mistreatment of prisoners in the Middle East. At the high-level Geneva meeting in September, 1969, Mrs. Ravdin, representing the Israeli section of Amnesty, had tried vainly to get the headquarters people in London to divulge the contents of a report that Sir Osmond Williams, following one of his trips, had submitted on the alleged torture of Arab prisoners by Israelis in the tumultuous weeks after the 1967 Six-Day War. The report existed, but headquarters realized full well that, in the midst of hostilities, to accuse one side of violating human rights would simply be throwing gasoline on the fire. So they kept Sir Osmond's findings confidential, sent a three-man research mission to Israel, and began negotiating privately with the Israeli government, hoping that the authorities in Jerusalem would set up a commission of inquiry to pursue the ticklish matter. The talks dragged on fitfully, and finally, on April 1st, the Amnesty office in London, "with the deepest regret," issued a statement to the effect that it had evidence (including photographs that it did not release) of the torture of Arabs in Israeli custody. Israel reacted with understandable asperity, and so did the United States branch of Amnesty, which swiftly dissociated itself from the London charges. This particular hot potato is still being tossed back and forth across the Atlantic, sizzling.

Some of the Europeans, moreover, look askance at the chairman of Amnesty's American board of directors, a New York lawyer named Mark K. Benenson, who is a cousin of the organization's founder. Mark Benenson is a reform Democrat, and most of his clients are labor unions, but, being an outdoorsman who has enjoyed hunting since his youth, he is also the attorney for a gun dealers' association of New York City, and is an unapologetic member of the National Rifle Association. Many of the Europeans in Amnesty are long-time pacifists, and they find it hard to reconcile themselves to an Amnesty section headed by what they call a gun-lobby lawyer. The Americans have also had grave financial problems, largely as a result of trying to swell their ranks by expensive direct-mail solicitation. At one point, they circularized a *Social Register* mailing list of some four thousand names and drew a complete blank. In the last few years, moreover, the Americans in Amnesty have shied away from the group system. Instead, they have about two thousand general members, whose activities are loosely coördinated by a national office, now in the process of moving from Washington to New York. Two orthodox groups remain, however—one in Denver and one in New York. The New York group was started by Ivan Morris, a professor of Japanese at Columbia, who grew up in England. (His mother is Swedish.) His group has been pleased to hear of the release of prisoners it has adopted in, among other places, Pakistan, Greece, Uganda, Portugal, and East Germany. While in Japan last winter, Professor Morris flew over to Seoul and sat in on the trial of a South Korean adoptee. He was not, however, able to visit Taipeh in order to find out something about a few other Asians adopted by Amnesty—among them an unusually luckless Taiwanese who was studying medicine in Japan when he was summoned home to Taipeh to comfort a sick father. While in Taipeh, he married a girl he met there, and on their honeymoon he was arrested by the Nationalist Chinese and clapped into jail on charges of having attended a subversive meeting of the Taiwanese Independence Movement in Japan and of recruiting for the movement there. During three days of questioning, he denied everything, but on being told that if he confessed he would be allowed to return to Japan, he admitted his guilt. At that, he was tried, and sentenced to fifteen years in prison. Another victim with whom Professor Morris's group has been involved is a black woman in South Africa, one of that country's first residents to be "banned"—that is, forbidden to engage in most political and many social activities. A hospital worker, she was also a trade-union organizer and a politician, but now she cannot do anything except try to scratch out a living at home as a laundress. She can, however, correspond with foreigners. Once, she wrote Professor Morris that "the very thought of not being alone is most comforting." From time to time, her Amnesty supporters send her money (when Morris apologized for the size of one gift, she replied, "You call the cheque of five pounds modest? To me it is like a hundred pounds"), and last year they endeavored to demonstrate their sympathy for her and for other beleaguered South Africans by picketing the Fifth Avenue office of B.O.A.C.,





"After what I've seen of the Triassic period, I'm just damn glad I won't be around for the Jurassic."

which was then acting as the local agent for South African Airways. "Why don't you protest against the Russians, you lousy Reds?" a passerby predictably called out. The Amnesty people were able to retort that just a few weeks before, to express their sympathy for some prisoners they cared about no less, they had staged a similar demonstration outside the nearby office of Aeroflot.

Amnesty groups vary in composition as well as size. Some consist entirely of housewives. One Swedish group includes a man who once lived in Greece, a Sinologist, and a former missionary in the Congo. An Amnesty member in Geneva is also the leader of the United Nations choir and orchestra there; he livened up the opening session of the September council meeting by bringing around some singers and putting on a heartfelt rendition of Bartók's "The Prisoner." Outside Frankfurt, there is a group run by an elderly woman who once lived in Madrid and has recruited to her ranks people prepared to correspond, should the occasion arise, in German, English, Finnish, Greek, Italian, Spanish, French, and Russian. They even have typewriters with Greek and Russian keyboards. In New York, there was for a while a much less ambitious and versatile group; it consisted of a man and his wife. An English group is composed of three men who became interested in helping prisoners while they themselves were all serving time in Wandsworth Prison. A number of British Members of Parliament have been active in Amnesty (during a Goya show at the Royal Academy in London, which was sponsored by the Spanish government, three Amnesty M.P.s stood outside and distributed leaflets advertising a concurrent exhibition of works smuggled out of jail by a Spanish political prisoner), and Britain's national section has churned up a good deal of publicity for the organization. Last year, as one attention-getting stunt, the British section invited the London press to pretend to be political prisoners for several hours. The Amnesty people handcuffed and blindfolded some reporters, shoved them into a police van, and hustled them off to a simulated prison in the basement of a theatre. There, dumped onto straw-filled pallets on a cement floor, the reporters were fed an East German prison breakfast and, before they were released in time to make their deadlines, a Rhodesian prison lunch.

For the most part, Amnesty avoids public performances in favor of private correspondence. Group members are given a case sheet for each of their prisoners, along with background information on the government holding him, but when it comes to the actual phrasing of the letters they write they are pretty much on their own. They are urged, though, to practice restraint; it does little good to call a government official a bloodstained cutthroat in one paragraph and, in the next, to ask him to show compassion. A booklet entitled "How to Help Prisoners of Conscience," which Amnesty sends out to its members, says, "A single letter sent off into the blue will probably achieve nothing. What does bring results is a burning sense of commitment translated into consistent, effective action. . . . The success of a group depends, quite frankly, on how much of a nuisance it can make of itself. This does not mean throwing stones through embassy windows or writing insulting letters. It means building up a climate of opinion which supports the effort to bring about the release of your prisoners." Ingenuity also helps. Amnesty groups sometimes send food parcels to prisoners and to their families. After several unsuccessful attempts to get a package to one prisoner in Spain, an Amnesty man hit upon a method that worked: He sent two packages at a clip—one to the prisoner and one to the director of his prison—on the theory that if the jailer had a glimmer of conscience he could not keep the one package without delivering the other. A forty-six-year-old Greek prisoner who received a food package asked if Amnesty could send him some suiting material next time. He didn't know exactly how much he needed, he added, because, having been in jail for eighteen years, he had forgotten his size. He had not abandoned hope, however. "No matter how you keep a bird," he wrote, "it always finds a way to breathe."

Each year, in order to symbolize all those detained for reasons of conscience, Amnesty chooses three prisoners in different parts of the world as Prisoners of the Year. (At the moment they are Elena Voulgari in Greece, Daniel Madzimbamuto in Rhodesia, and Mrs. Larissa Daniel in the U.S.S.R.) And every now and then, all of Amnesty's groups, wherever they are, get together on behalf of a particular prisoner who is in a special situation. Such a prisoner was Robert Sobukwe, a black South African who was president of the Pan Africanist Congress. He got a three-year prison term in 1960 for contravening his country's pass laws. He served his sentence but was not released. Instead, the South African Parliament passed a special amendment, which it had to renew each May, to extend his imprisonment another year. Every April, accordingly, Amnesty members would flood South African legislators with letters imploring a favorable reconsideration of his case, and in May of 1969 he was

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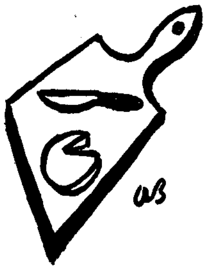
finally released, although he is still "banned" and under house arrest. At Christmastime, similarly, the members send their prisoners greeting cards in bulk lots. A Danish group arranged to have thirteen thousand cards mailed to a single woman prisoner in Greece. Whether any of them got through is unknown, but a flood like that must have had *some* impact on her jailers.



As often as not, Amnesty groups get no response at all to the letters they dispatch. Some of them get discouraged; they feel as though they were putting their messages into bottles and tossing them into the sea. The answers, then, that they do get are especially heartening. A conscientious objector in the United States who was serving a sentence at Allenwood, in Philadelphia, wrote to his group in Bielefeld, Germany, "It is vitally important in many cases of political imprisonment, especially in the case of men who have no family, that there be some person or persons interested in them; not only is mail the greatest morale builder available to the inmate but—equally important—it is necessary that the prison officials know that there is someone interested in a man, and that he is not isolated." A jailed South Korean journalist wrote London that he was "almost on the verge of grateful swoon." A black Rhodesian wrote to Perth, Australia, "When I received your letter I did not know what to do, until after thirty minutes, which I again read the letter. This letter to me it was something that I could call it a dream because I could not believe it was mine. . . . I went to my cell to pray and asked God to give you a long life in this world because I had given up that my family would never have any people who would help them."

It can be reasonably assumed that governments usually receive the letters Amnesty sends them, but that is often as far as the correspondence proceeds. Few of the governments that do reply are cordial. (The United States is generally polite but noncommittal.) An official of the Ian Smith regime in Rhodesia, acknowledging a Swedish letter about some black prisoners, said, "I can assure you and your fool Society that if I have any influence I shall exert it to the very utmost to keep these fiends of Hell in restriction for as long as it is necessary." Prisoners of conscience can be found everywhere; during the recent political tension in the West Indies precipitated by the independence movement on Anguilla, Premier R. L. Bradshaw, of neighboring St. Kitts, put half a dozen members of his government's opposition in jail. Answering an Amnesty inquiry about them, the permanent secretary to the Premier said, "I am convinced that the reports to your organization are not really intended to arouse concern for the welfare of 'prisoners of conscience' but to continue a vicious programme of propaganda in an attempt to pervert the course of justice." The Attorney General of the Republic of South Africa, replying to a Swedish letter, said, to his correspondent's delight, "Madam: I am being inundated with letters from Amnesty International from all over the world." He went on to complain that the Amnesty people had his initials wrong, and that, in any event, he was merely a civil servant, and the question of the treatment of Africans came under the jurisdiction of the Department of Bantu Administration and Development. The secretary of that department not long ago wrote to an Amnesty man in England who had inquired about the banishment of certain Africans. The answer covered four single-spaced pages. It contained a detailed history of tribalism in South Africa, and made banishment sound almost like a reward. "It is regretted," the South African man said, "that your representations are obviously based on the biassed and distorted information disseminated among so-called humanists of the world by these leftists and paid propagandists who do not hesitate to slant the truth and to mislead the outside world under a cloak of so-called 'human rights . . .' " That was by no means the end of that sentence—not by a hundred and eleven words. It concluded with a description of South Africa as "this unflinching bastion of Western civilization and true democratic concepts." Then the secretary concluded, "Now that you are fully informed, it is trusted that South Africa and all the nations living within its borders can depend on you to give a true account and proper perspective of our aims and ideals to your fellow countrymen."

TO underwrite the main Amnesty office in England, each of the eight hundred and thirty-three groups is supposed to send in thirty pounds a year. (Since hardly any of the American members belong to groups, the office here theoretically sends over twenty-five hundred dollars annually, but lately it has been in arrears.) All told, the London headquarters is run on a budget of less than eighty thousand dollars a year. The offices there, which occupy a ramshackle frame building a few blocks from St. Paul's, accurately reflect Amnesty's indigence. The top man in London, Martin Ennals, is the forty-three-year-old son of an undertaker in Walsall, a Midlands industrial town. He came to Amnesty two years ago after working for UNESCO and for the National Council for Civil Liberties, the British equivalent of the American Civil Liberties Union. "It's difficult to say where Amnesty is most effective, or why we're effective at all," Ennals says. "Some of it can be attributed to luck and some to good stage-managing. On the whole, though, most countries recognize us as having a role to play. Nobody will come right out and say we're splendid, but we can usually get to see the president or the prime minister. You have to talk to the top men, and talk to them as equals. You have to make them feel that they can talk to you, and respond to you, and even shout at you. If you're lucky, you may hear someday—perhaps much later—that they've listened to you and let someone go free. You may never know whether you were really responsible for it. But that doesn't matter. You don't care about being given credit for this or that amnesty. There's always another prisoner after the one you've got out."

The secretariat has a paid staff of sixteen, and, because it can afford only five full-time supervisory researchers, has arbitrarily divided the globe into five areas: Europe, including the Soviet Union but excluding Spain, Portugal, and Greece; the Americas, in which Spain and Portugal have been placed for reasons of language; Africa; the Middle East, except Turkey; and Asia, to which Greece and Turkey have been added because they were left over. Amnesty's staff is augmented by dozens of volunteers—housewives, journalists, students, and retired professionals, for the most part—who drift in and out to do research when they have a chance. Among the volunteers is a Stamford, New York, woman named Betty Assheton, who came around at the start of 1968 and has worked nearly full time ever since. When London wanted to send an observer to Iran later that year to attend the trial of fourteen alleged conspirators against the government, who could have been

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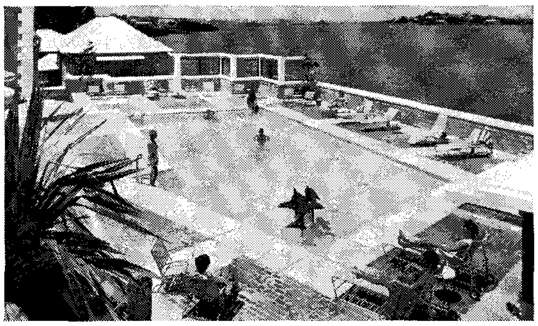

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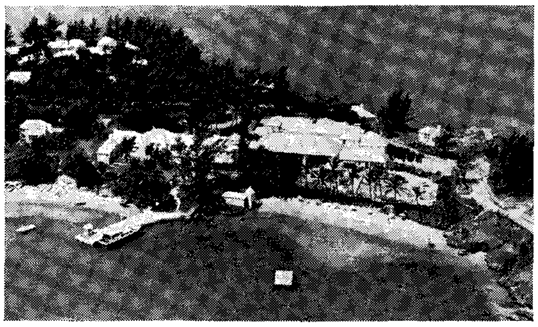

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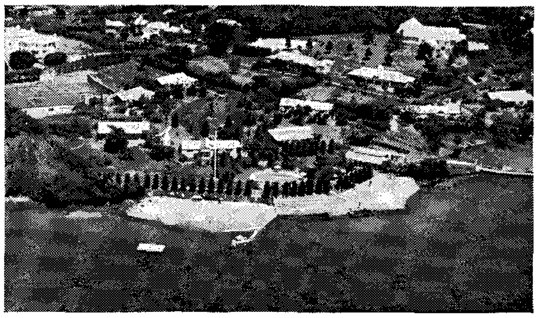

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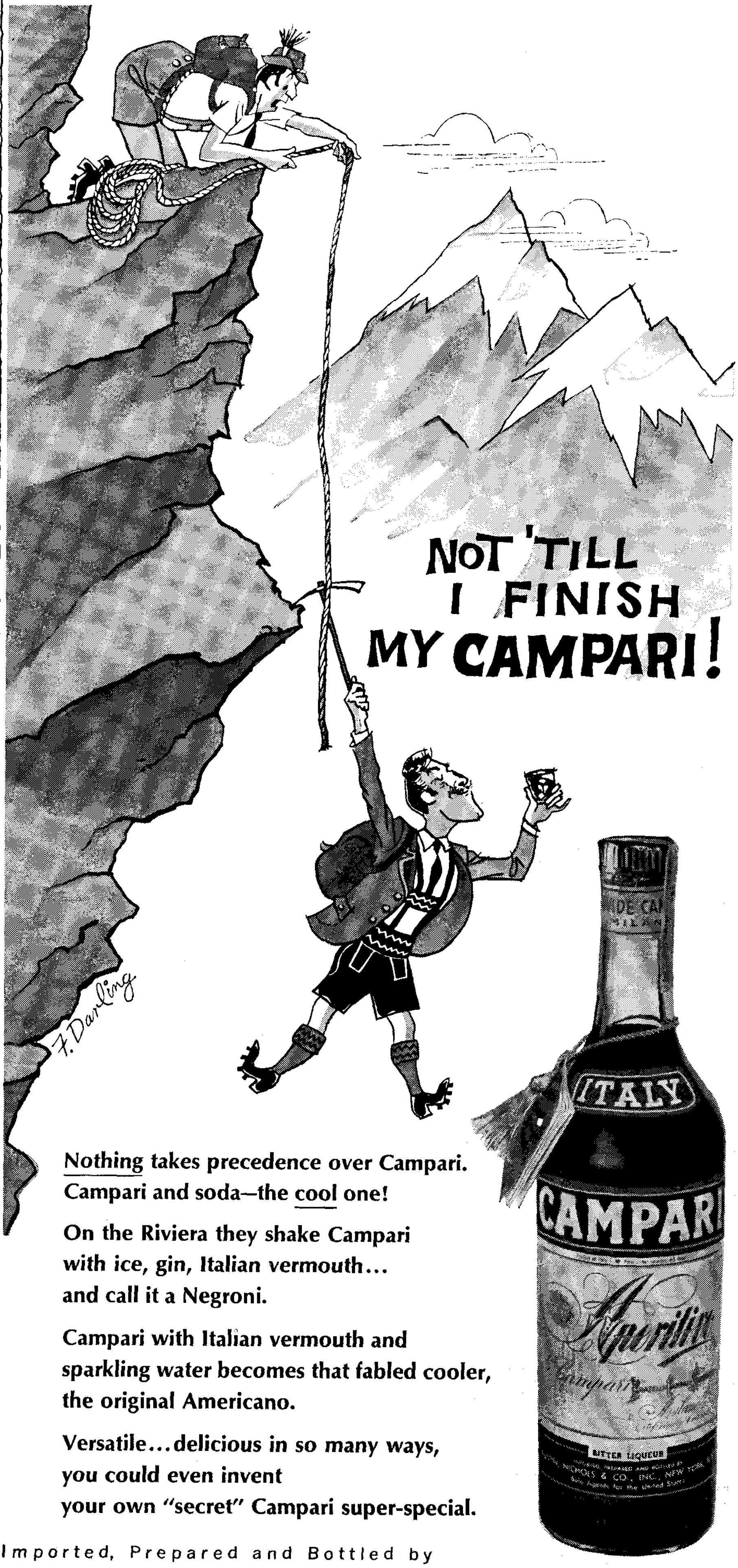
sentenced to death, she volunteered to go, and stayed in Teheran eight weeks. She had two long sessions with the Prime Minister and a ninety-minute audience with the Empress. Iran did not execute any of the fourteen, and subsequently asked Amnesty to intercede for some Iranians being held on political charges in Iraq. Amnesty's tight budget doesn't allow for much field work, but when the organization wants to make an on-the-spot investigation it usually manages to raise the money. (The Swedes have been notably generous.) Amnesty has sent missions to, among other places, Malawi, Indonesia, Paraguay, and the United States, where, in 1964, one of its operatives collected two hundred affidavits attesting to police brutality against Negroes and white civil-rights workers. (These documents have not been put to use.) As a consequence of the exposure by an Amnesty emissary of the rough treatment meted out to Arab political prisoners in Aden by British troops there, the British government launched its own investigation of the situation; perhaps not entirely by coincidence, it soon afterward pulled out of Aden entirely. It was on the basis of an Amnesty report on torture in Greece that Harold Wilson, in an address to Parliament, charged the Greek government with "bestiality;" Greece at once cancelled its outstanding contracts with British manufacturers. The Amnesty man who stirred up that hornet's nest was its treasurer, a lawyer named Anthony Marreco (his father was Brazilian), who lives in the West of Ireland and was a British prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials.

Amnesty has only one international office—that in London—but in addition to the somewhat unusual setup in the United States, it has national section offices in Sweden, West Germany, Denmark, Norway, and Belgium. For a while, there was also one in Rhodesia, which doled out relief funds and parcels to the families of prisoners. In nearby Bechuanaland (now Botswana), Amnesty almost had a center for refugees from South Africa, but while it was still under construction it was blown up, presumably by a bomb thrown from a car with four white men in it, which crossed the border from South Africa not long before the explosion and recrossed it immediately afterward. Amnesty has sent observers to Russia but has not made much headway. A Norwegian went there in 1968 to sit in on the trial of four young men who, having circulated an unauthorized magazine, were charged with slandering the state, but the Amnesty man didn't get beyond the corridor leading to the courtroom.

Amnesty has some international standing of its own. The United Nations has accorded it the status of a Non-Governmental Organization—an accreditation that gives it certain gossamer perquisites. Among them is the right to have its own representative at the United Nations. He is Gidon Gottlieb, a professor of international law at New York University, who has a suitably supranational background. He was born in France, spent part of his childhood in Palestine, and was educated first at Trinity College, Cambridge, and then at the Harvard Law School. He has to speak softly and tread delicately at the United Nations, because on no account does Amnesty wish to seem to be taking sides in any international dispute. Thus, late last October, when the organization presented to U Thant a petition smuggled to it by forty-six Soviet citizens complaining about their government's treatment of dissidents, it was careful not to have Professor Gottlieb personally involved in the transmittal, and was also careful to disclaim any knowledge of the authenticity of the petitions, merely recommending to the Secretary-General that he invite the Soviet Union's response.

Amnesty has not yet been able to adopt any Chinese prisoners in mainland China, but it has been active on behalf of aliens imprisoned there, among them the recently freed Reuters correspondent, Anthony Grey, who is now back home in England. A couple of years ago, when Indonesia rounded up thirty thousand Chinese, Stella Joyce, thinking that their imprisonment might make an opening wedge for a dialogue between Amnesty and Peking, telephoned the Chinese Embassy in London and asked if she could stop by to talk over a matter of mutual concern. An appointment was made, and she was received by a first secretary. On hearing that she was interested in the possibly unjust imprisonment of hordes of Chinese, he was all ears and all charm. Then he asked a few questions about Amnesty, and on hearing that it was an affiliate of the United Nations he brought the incipient dialogue to an end.

"The trouble with working for Amnesty is that you can't help getting involved," Ennals says. "Everybody on the staff has one prisoner in the back of his mind whom he's really rooting for." This is also true of the members of Amnesty groups—probably more so. As they write letters, sometimes for months or years, to and about a single prisoner, they begin to feel a genuine adoptive kinship with him. Some prisoners to whom mail does get through begin to feel the same way. Captain Howard Levy was adopted by a group in Bremen. He wrote them from prison that their support was "a source of profound encouragement." A South African Indian took to referring to *his* principal rooter—a woman, who also lived in West Germany—as his "dearest aunt." Exciting as it is for Amnesty workers to hear from the people they care about, it is even more exhilarating, as occasionally happens, for them to get a glimpse of someone they've helped free. In October, 1966, soon after Cardinal Beran's release from prison in Czechoslovakia, he travelled to London and lit a barbed-wire-enclosed candle at a special Mass said in Mayfair. Since March, 1969, London has been the home of a thirty-six-year-old, slight, and—all things considered—surprisingly serene-looking Singaporean named Low Tai Thong. He had spent the previous twelve years as an involuntary resident of a number of prisons in Singapore. Born of Chinese parents in North Borneo in 1934, when the British still ruled that area, Low was taken to Singapore by his family when he was five. During the Japanese occupation, when there were few schools open, his father taught him to read and write Chinese. Later, he learned English. At twelve, he went to work in a cigarette factory. By 1956, when he was twenty-two, he had become active in trade unionism and was chief of the propaganda-and-education section of the Singapore Factory and Shop Workers' Union. In October of that year, Singapore was the scene of some turbulent left-wing riots. Low was arrested—by the British—on suspicion of Communism, and was tried, convicted, and given an indeterminate sentence. In 1959, Singapore became independent. Its new Prime Minister, Lee Kuan Yew, who has presided over the country ever since, had been an



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adviser to the Factory and Shop Workers and, when Low was arrested, had served as his lawyer. Lee released some of the political prisoners who had been rounded up in 1959, but, apparently believing himself that Low had Communistic leanings, passed him over. In 1962, an advisory board that periodically reviewed the cases of prisoners in Singapore recommended that Low be freed, but then there was more unrest, followed by more arrests, and in the hubbub of putting new political prisoners into jail nobody got around to letting Low out. After that, his prospects were dimmed by his refusal to accommodate the government by signing a statement that his detention had been justified; he believed that to make any such declaration would entail an intolerable loss of face. Amnesty first heard about Low early in 1966, from a Singaporean prisoner who had been released. Low was assigned to Sweden, and was adopted by Group 25, in Malmö, run by Mrs. Marianne Ahlin. She and her co-workers, all veterans of past rescue operations, moved briskly to their pens. Typical of the kind of letter with which Amnesty strikes up an acquaintance with a remote foreigner is the one that Mrs. Ahlin—for whom English was a second language—sent to Low:

DEAR MR. LOW TAI THONG:
I am a member of Amnesty International (Group 25 of Sweden). We know about your long stay in prison; we want to do all we can for you. Can you please send me a few lines, tell me so much you can about your situation, and my friends and I will give you so much help we can! I will also write a letter to the director of prisons. I can understand how hopeless your situation seems, but I will promise you, we shall do what we can. I am looking forward to hear from you!

Nearly all the other letters that Mrs. Ahlin and her friends addressed to Low appear to have ended up either with the director of prisons or in the internal-security department, but that one got through, and Low was able to send a reply to Sweden. Mrs. Ahlin's letter, he wrote, was "a faint ray of hope in the darkness of human injustice around me."

That was the only direct word that the Swedish group had from Low's prison. Soon, though, Malmö made contact with both his mother and his lawyer. The news that came from these sources, in March, 1967, was disturbing: Low's jailers, it seemed, were now proposing to spring him from prison themselves, but merely to ship him to China—a place he had never been and had no wish to live in. "As to the date of banishment, or whether he would be banished at all, it is still a long question mark," Low's lawyer wrote the Swedes on March 8th. "I am unable to let you know what this regime would do. They can do anything." The lawyer's next message was more alarming. He cabled Sweden, collect: "EXPULSION ORDER MADE. STILL IN SINGAPORE. CONSTANT COMPLAINTS ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS ABOUT TORTURE AND MALTREATMENT." Sweden was dismayed. "We are all very disturbed about this," one member of the Malmö group wrote London. "Is this the consequence of our efforts during a year? Do you not think that the only way to help him and the other political prisoners is to send somebody from Amnesty to Singapore?"

Amnesty had no ready means of doing that. Before it could do much of anything, indeed, the London office had another cable, this one from the prisoner's mother: "LOW DEPORTED CHINA 20 MAY ONBOARD MVTAIPOOSEK RUSH CONTACT YOUR HONG KONG AGENT." London had no Hong Kong agent, but it did know a lawyer there, and wrote asking him to do what he could to keep Low out of China. As it happened, there was a postal workers' strike in Hong Kong, and by the time the letter was delivered the M. V. Taipoosek, with Low aboard, had steamed into Hong Kong, spent a few days there, and steamed on toward Whampoa. Low, it turned out, was less perturbed about the journey than anyone else. From shipboard, he wrote to an Amnesty woman in Sweden, "I will explain my case to the Chinese authorities and will return to Singapore with the same boat." He did just that. Again the Taipoosek put in at Hong Kong. This time, Amnesty's lawyer friend had time to try to get him off the boat, but he was told by the immigration people in Hong Kong that Low didn't want to debark. ("I continue to be very confused about this case," an Amnesty man in London wrote to Malmö soon afterward.) Low went back to Singapore, where he found himself enmeshed in a strange new legal proceeding. A court now asserted, first, that he had been sent to China because he was not a citizen of Singapore, was not entitled by birth to Malaysian citizenship, and would not renounce his ideological beliefs, and, second, that because he had refused to stay in China he was now to be treated not as a political prisoner but as a common criminal. He was locked up. "PLEASE CONTACT YOUR SINGAPORE AGENT TO HELP," Low's mother cabled London. Amnesty had no Singapore agent, either, but by that time Amnesty members all across the earth were licking stamps for Low. Singapore's ambassador to the United States told Amnesty's Washington office that he was receiving appeals from everywhere, and would the organization please leave him alone and communicate directly with his government. The Europeans who had been in on the case from the beginning were starting to explore the possibility of getting Low released to Britain as a student, planning to defray the costs of his further education themselves. Then, in December, the dilemma was resolved simply and swiftly. The British Foreign Office ruled that inasmuch as Low had been born in Borneo while Borneo was British, he was entitled to British citizenship, and Singapore ruled that if Britain would take him, Britain could have him. It required some more time to work out the logistics of his emigration, but on March 18, 1969, he finally left Singapore for London. The Singapore police, in one last parting shot, said he was still a Communist. Low has since denied that he ever was one; he says that, like Prime Minister Lee, he was only an anti-colonialist all along. Before embarking on his studies, Low spent nine days in Sweden as a guest of the diligent meddlers who had adopted him. The Swedes, in the best Amnesty tradition, did not waste much time patting themselves on the back. A few days after Low started school, a Malmö woman in Group 25, mailing a check to Amnesty in London to cover the Singaporean's living expenses, sent along a note asking headquarters to provide her group posthaste with all the information it had about three schoolteachers who were in custody under distressing circumstances in a police station in Asunción, Paraguay.—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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> And nearby, another time-spanning group: Mrs. Kirkland B. Alexander, seated on Mrs. Davison Pierson and 22-year-old Alexander Scott Hamilton of Birmingham, a senior at Arts and Crafts.
>
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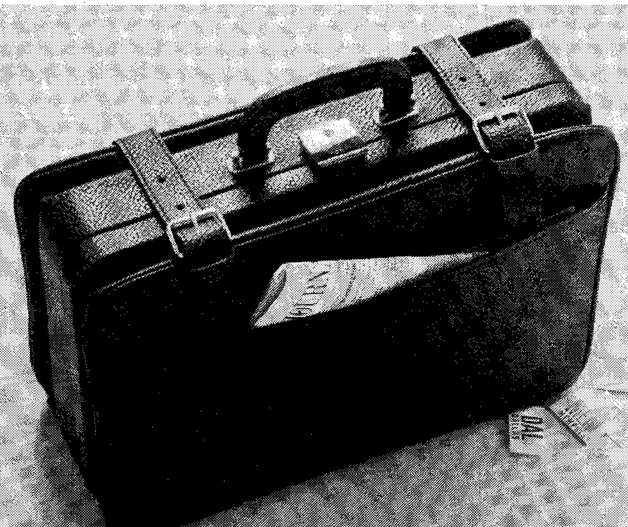

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Gazing at the Sun King

THE force of sympathy is a form of fear, said Conrad. Brecht would have agreed with him—and now, of all people, Rossellini. The aging hero of Italian neo-realism, the director of "Open City" and "Paisan," recently made a film called "The Rise of Louis XIV," which is wry and majestic partly because of the sympathy it forgoes. It was shot in 1965 and 1966 for television, and at the London and the New York Film Festivals soon afterward it was a sort of triumph. It has only just been released publicly in New York. Unknown actors play in it. Stars would probably have lured just the audience identification that Rossellini wants to deflect. The picture, filmed with great beauty, is in color. The shots of the palaces move slowly, like galleons carrying cargoes of ambergris and silk. A work full of impassive long takes and shrewdly placed dissolves, the film is a striking new step by a middle-aged craftsman, a hugely entertaining diagram of the motor of absolute monarchy, a dialectician's achievement, and a rare parallel in the cinema to some of the stage work of Brecht. It is interesting in a way that is hard to account for: something to do with the pace, perhaps, and something to do with the quizzical distance of the director from what he is showing. One sees Versailles growing, and it is glorious, but one also gets to know very well the squalor and the cringing that run with *luxe* and *volupté*. One gazes at the Sun King and prepares to be blinded, but he turns out to be a troubled man, bantam-shaped, and gifted with base business sense in the midst of his celestial court. The nobles are restless, fickle, and in debt; he binds them to him by possessions, like a Hollywood producer buying up people's futures by awarding them swimming pools. A high debauchee, say the history books. A bright absolutist, says Rossellini.

Apart from obvious exceptions like the work of Eisenstein, the cinema has never been much good at history. Rossellini's film—greatly helped, he says, by a book by Philippe Erlanger, who also wrote the script—is a freak that outstrips the stage at its own and now staled game. In the theatre, which deals on easy terms with kings all the time, we have been indoctrinated to accept some bad conventions; we have learned, for instance, that there is no need to attend much to any character who isn't played by a billed actor, that there will be some political content if the actors wear ballet practice clothes against plain black flats, and that there will be negligible contributions to realism from a lot of extras who are there to swig ale, express dissent, or sound disgusted when a royal death blow is delivered. Brecht's theatre in Berlin is one of the rare places where history is produced as though it were actually happening—where it is treated with the assumptions that even an absolute monarch has to fight to keep his place on the grand staircase, that courtiers' clothes get dirty, that a palace is also a hotel that has to be run, that ancient throne rooms were bugged with eavesdroppers, and that a successful king has to understand his time's particular class system. Rossellini's "Louis XIV" does this, too. His Louis is no hero. (Rossellini has the Italians' amiable lack of enthusiasm for militant sorts of heroism. He says that when the Nazis occupied Rome he lost thirty-four kilos, because he was scared.) The Louis who is here so brilliantly underplayed, by an untrained actor called Jean-Marie Patte, is a small, plump, intelligent man who has to contend with palaces that Rossellini peoples with differentiated and fretful courtiers. The usual view is that the Sun King was somehow landed effortlessly in a life of unrivalled ease and profligacy; Rossellini shows us a specialist in despotism who built himself Versailles because he knew his job.

At the start of the film, we are in an old royal residence at Vincennes. It is quite a while before we even see Louis. The first major character is Cardinal Mazarin, the King's godfather, who has held power during the long regency of Louis's minority. Mazarin is a noble-looking, sage, canny man, vastly rich from business wheeling and dealing as well as from the hallowed sources of ecclesiastical profit. He is now dying, and all the wealth and religiosity in the world won't buy him repose, let alone the ear of any priest who seems prepared to listen to his fear of death; the available cleric, Father Joly, talks urgently to him about the Cardinal's holdings in a whaling company. Overdressed surgeons traipse in and knowledgeably sniff their scented fingers after touching the patient's pulse, then prescribe the letting of further pints of blood. "The more milk a mother gives, the more she has," one surgeon says comfortably, complying with the argument by analogy that held medicine back for centuries. We see the Cardinal lifted from his bed, quite limp and white over the servant's arms, like a pile of linen. The camera moves to the smug medical conference. There is much lace, much officiousness. The Cardinal's cry when the razor cuts is uttered out of our sight, and it is answered by the surgeons with sidelong Spartanisms to one another, meant for the dying man's ears: "We bleed three-year-olds and younger. . . . Men of eighty can stand it." The barber-surgeons no longer fear him. Power is on the turn. Mazarin, nearly gone, courteously sends for the young King, "when His Majesty awakens." The day bursts on awakened Majesty in the form of the usual buzzing, craven, treacherous levee: the curtains of his fourposter are drawn back, and Louis and his young Queen are obediently there, connubial and sumptuously posed, expressing the particular sulky wariness of powerful people who are accustomed to being watched by underlings whom they despise and suspect. The King gestures for spirits of wine to wash in. The Queen, in her nightshift, suddenly claps her hands. "Is the Queen calling?" asks a nobleman. "No," whispers another. "She is announcing that last night the King performed his marital duty." Sycophancy and lewdness. They go together in Rossellini's account of the courtier.

At the deathbed of Mazarin—whom the King loves, in the teeth of his agile, lazy-mannered mother, Queen Anne of Austria—he already has the instinctive despotic craft to refuse a huge bequest from the Cardinal. The King badly needs it. The Royal Exchequer, administered by Fouquet mostly for his own benefit, is in a state of ruin. But the King, moving remotely to the end of the deathbed of his friend, possesses enough casual-looking guile to know that an inheritance from a mere subject would bring the divine right into disrepute. The truth is that the idle young monarch, whom everyone, including his mother, writes off as a lounge lizard, has a plan to raise France economically by its bootstraps and to leave his print on the concept of absolute monarchy forever. The Dowager Queen, in a scene rather like Volumnia's about Virgilia in "Coriolanus," needles her boy about the mistress whom he bathes with naked. The impassive young Louis remains unperturbed; he has already excluded his mother from the Council and quietly engaged Colbert on his side. Colbert was possibly the most remarkable Minister in the history of France; if the land is indeed divided, as Frenchmen say, between the charming, light-minded, destructive Gauls and the sobersided, earnestly constructive Franks, Colbert was a Frank preëminent. Rossellini deliberately undercasts him, as he does everyone else. Colbert is made to look uninteresting and rather bourgeois. He speaks only when he is spoken to, but then with tart and imperious sense about customs and taxes, looking heavy-jowled and badly in need of fresh air. In the grandest house in Christendom, strangely, and to benefit only the throne and Frenchness, he and Louis devised a working economy that had many aspects of modernity, and even of a more just redistribution of wealth. Rather brilliantly, and for their own more or less sacrilegious purposes, they brought back to beaten-down Christian Frenchmen the Christian notion that work is noble; under Louis XIV's forefathers this socially useful idea had been almost as thoroughly forgotten as if France were Ancient Rome and work the degradation of the slave. Between Colbert and Louis, the building of Versailles becomes a sort of permanent World's Fair for French goods.

Having subdued the workers by inculcating a properly religious regard for skivvying, the King now has to turn his attention to the nobles. Their debts have imperilled the sovereignty of France for generations, because the bankrupt nobs have gone abroad for loans. Louis, who is shown to have infinite scorn for them—even more than for the merchants, since the nobility are merely merchandise, "up for sale, like sugar and spice"—draws their teeth by housing them at Versailles in a style that is dazzling, consuming, and barely supportable for them financially. He promises them houses that will never be subject to seizure; he undertakes to pay their debts; and in the meantime he deliberately sets fashions of living and of dressing that will cripple them. There is a wonderful scene when, hellbent on the plan, he is with his tailor, devising a uniform that he himself will wear and that all the court will yearn to ape, to the tune of their annual incomes: "More lace. More feathers." Court life slowly becomes freighted with the most fuss and ceremony that the world can ever have seen. Heads can barely move on their necks for the wigs. Men seem ill attuned to their looks, like clipped poodles. The King himself, putting up in public with his regimen of uncomfortable excess, picks at a chicken leg or a grape at his solitary, invigilated banquets, where highborn courtiers are re-

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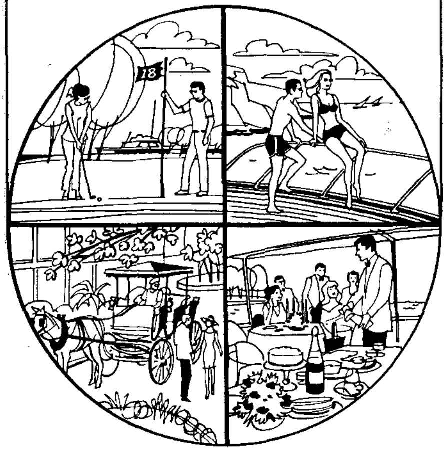


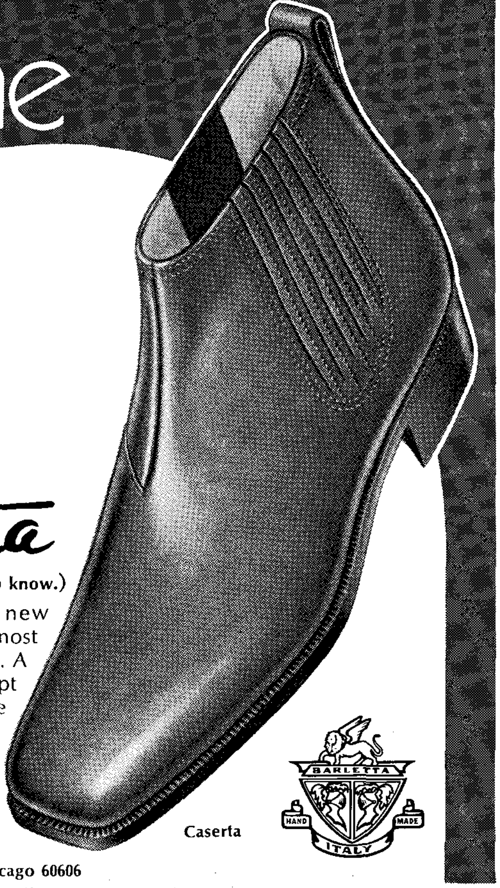
duced to handing him napkins and a man in clothes worth a fortune undoes the padlock on a salver of suckling pig that is waved away untouched. The food is, obviously, wretchedly cold. The King goes through the pantomime in silence, relieved a little by some stately Lully now and then from musicians in a gallery. In a splendid and very characteristically placed aside at the end of fourteen waterlogged courses, Rossellini has him say to some thrilled nonentity in the banqueting-hall congregation, thereby setting this week's fashion in royal favors, "I'll go with you to feed the dogs." The miserable, comic feast has the same tone as the wonderfully theatrical disrobing scene just afterward, a scene that, in turn, is much like the Brecht "Galileo" scene in which the Pope slowly assumes his Papacy while he is dressing. In Rossellini's scene, the monarch says that he wants to be alone, and then, at last free of surveillance for practically the first time in the film (even his love affairs have to be public, with girls led off on his arm into the woods as if they were his partners in a gavotte), he takes off his wig, his seals of office, his doublet. Privacy. The King loses a little kingship.

The film gives Louis no quarter. This is what he wanted, it says, and this is how he got it. Because of the film's good reporting severity (that cold eye, that knowledge of the cruel sense of the stage in Louis that led him to arrest Fouquet during a stay in the Palace at Nantes, in Fouquet's own province), the ending of the film is sobering and sad without sentimentality. We see the King, photographed in Rossellini's usual impassive way, leading a group of courtiers suffocated by clothes out into the garden. They wheel uncomfortably around the flower beds. The King, meanwhile, reads a chapbook, and we see him with it later alone. Thoughts on sovereignty: "There is a loftiness that does not depend on fortune. It is a certain air of superiority. . . . It is a prize that we award ourselves imperceptibly. It . . . places us further above [other men] than birth, rank, or merit itself." He is intoning, in fact, any élite's most abidingly nourishing idea of its indestructibility. But the maxims end mortally, like the film. We see Louis, the blessed, eternal Sun King, reading La Rochefoucauld aloud to himself: "Neither death nor the sun can be faced steadily."

THE current life shown in American movies now can pass in a matter of a year or two into something we're lightly homesick for; everything goes so fast, even the troubles, and film of such things allows a sweeter collusion than writing does. To watch, say, the Martin Luther King documentary, for all its painfulness, is a little like looking at a family album. Paul Williams' "Out of It" was made when Williams was twenty-three, in 1967, before his "The Revolutionary," lately released. ("Out of It" suffered the usual independent film's fate of hanging about even after a distributor—United Artists—had imaginatively taken it on; film companies act a lot faster when their own capital is tied up in a movie.) The picture is a gentle reflection on what it was like to be rich and teen-aged on Long Island in the early nineteen-sixties, and the reflection already seems an elegy. Beaches and dates; rapt, teasing, rather decorous girls; baseball, football, muscle worship; Vietnam only just beginning to intrude. The hero, called Paul (Barry Gordon), is the runt of a high-school-age group. A friend has been heard to call him deep. He reads "The Myth of Sisyphus" on the sand and hopefully tears out a blank page to write a message to one of the more attainable-looking girls, who is less of a slimmed Brünnhilde than the others. "If you'll go to the movies with me tomorrow," he writes, "pull your left earlobe." She pulls it. There is a trip to the flicks, and then high-school rebuffs begin. His bane is an athletic blond called Russ (Jon Voight), who is great at football and at managing the unkind nymphets of the beach. Paul switches from Camus to a sexology guide. In Russ's scheme of things, which prescribes combativeness in minor tests, Paul is nowhere. His proper world at the moment is "Romeo and Juliet." (He takes a group of four—including two girls played by Gretchen Corbett and Lada Edmund, Jr., one dark, one blond, both quirkily bright actresses, both dishy—to a performance of the play and endearingly falls asleep, sated with chocolates.) We are in that recent time which now seems aeons ago in America—a time in which Paul can cling to a dated sort of melancholy as the branding mark of his separateness from the sand tribe. The melancholy doesn't attach to the public temper or to the spectacle of things waiting to be done; it is the despondency of belles-lettres. ("Awareness leads one to sorrow, hesitation. But sadness is the only possible way, if one uses his mind," he is seen typing, quite savoring his glumness.)

The film seems an entirely accurate account of the minor odd-man-out of another age. It is made pastoral by distance and true by humor. The ideals held out by Jon Voight and his lot reminded me of a time when I was looking after friends' children—boys of four and five—for an evening; having failed badly with reading aloud and making model rockets, I did a backbend and waggled my ears, and later heard the four-year-old say generously to the five-year-old in bed, "She can do *anything*." Russ's admirations are those of a good four-and-a-half-year-old, and they don't come Paul's way. The undersized reject, who is charmingly played, boxes skeptically with himself in a mirror and despairs of what he sees. We are in a world where the authority figures are football coaches and where the face on the poster over Paul's bed is Belmondo's; things are not, probably, so greatly different now, but the difference in the talismans is quite heavily charged to move us. The young then still believed in drive and in beating the next man. "Just remember," says the coach, to general approval, "when the going gets tough, the tough get going." The hero, athletically a write-off, has Walter Mitty dreams of doing well on the field, staggering around gamely under the amazing burden of American football accoutrements like a very small and unhorsed Henry V plugging on at Agincourt. Girls are loved by him, longed for, and the cause of a good deal of agony because they imply having to talk. Any outside noise helps. "Makes it easier, have you noticed—the radio?" he stammers frankly on a date. The Jon Voight character, a version of the debonair that now seems practically an antique, has the panache to chew gum in the middle of kissing. But Paul eventually gets his revenge, in a locker room, by holding up Russ with a cigarette lighter disguised as a gun, which Russ takes to be the real thing. "I *like* you," protests the victim in a panic, backing away from the trembling terrorist. "I've always spoken very highly about your kicking." (Among other things, Paul Williams has found in this film the deeply buried streak of the comic that lies in Jon Voight's acting range.) "Out of It" isn't sociology, even though audiences are probably going to find that in it; it's the quite private and simply made story of a bashful boy nerving himself to jump into his life. It ends with a very long take that shows him facing us out with a droll, embarrassed smile.

"THE McMASTERS," a didactic Western, exists in two versions, one eight minutes shorter than the



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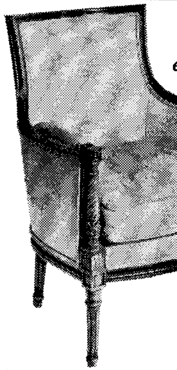

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other. The distributors wanted cuts, and the short version is the one playing nationally. The uncut one, imperceptibly better or worse, is playing only at the DeMille in New York; this is the one preferred by the director, the producer, the writer, and the black star, Brock Peters, who are lumped together by the publicity office in a useful new abstraction—"the complaining talent." One would get steamed up on the complaining talent's behalf except that the film is solemnly poor. Years ago, I happened to see a Western on TV that took a big step forward when the loner hero complained on the range that he had a headache; in "The McMasters" we leap ahead again, with a tribe of Indians who seem to have swallowed a lot of placards from a demonstration at the London School of Economics. Dressed with wretched poverty but soused in high-grade thought, they mouth textbook adages about property and capitalism practically in mid-war-whoop. The hero, a former slave who has been left some land by a benign white man just after the Civil War, to the fury of almost every other white in the film, can't get anyone to work for him but the ideologically correct Indians, who drop their principles about inherited wealth in favor of unity among the underprivileged. The plot, which is entirely fatuous, proceeds in jerks of high seriousness. Brock Peters assumes histrionic expressions of triumph at oddly inappropriate moments, like one of those fashion models who will grin victoriously about nothing in particular on a perfectly empty beach. It's not really his fault, for the character is an ass. For the sake of sex interest, the chap is drawn to a squaw played by Nancy Kwan, a beauty who is terrifically behind the rest of her tribe in political reading and who actually talks much like Tarzan. "I happy," she says, glazed in that special aspic of the dumb sexpot in movies. Comically aghast at himself, the hero finds that he has a powerful impulse to ravish her. His immorality makes him reel, but he goes ahead anyway. The solution of marrying her doesn't occur to him until later, for some reason. The scene of the rape is filmed in an alternation of very long shots, taken from a helicopter, and subliminal closeups of bits of Miss Kwan. Film photography isn't often this farcical in its own right. Technique has come loose from matter, and the cross-cutting suggests complete hysteria at the separation; it has the effect of a lost spaniel looking frantically from side to side for its master.

—Penelope Gilliatt

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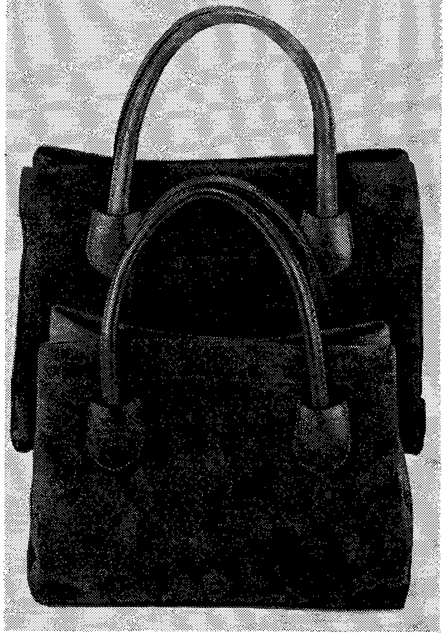

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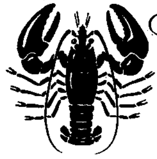

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THE RACE TRACK

The Maple Leaf Forever

FANFRELUCHE, a Canadian filly who has been beating the colts at home, beat eleven of the better American-bred three-year-olds of her sex in the classic Alabama Stakes at Saratoga Springs last Saturday. Leading from start to finish of the mile and a quarter, she passed the post winner by a length and a quarter. Hunnemannia was second and Office Queen third. Missile Belle, the favorite, showed no interest in the proceedings and wound up eleventh. When Fanfreluche (it means a trifle or trinket in my race-track French) ran second in the Queen's Plate at Woodbine in June, I thought she would have won with better racing luck. Later, she beat some of the same runners in the Manitoba Derby at Winnipeg. A charming, beautifully balanced bay, she is by Northern Dancer, and looks like him, too. She is owned by Jean-Louis Levesque, the head of Blue Bonnets track in Montreal, whose racing colors are "white, green maple leaf front and back;" she is trained by Yonnie Starr, long a figure around Woodbine; and she is ridden by Ron Turcotte, who comes from New Brunswick. So Fanfreluche's Alabama was an all-Canadian triumph.

The crowds keep rolling in every afternoon at the Spa, to the delight of the management. Perhaps the exacta betting attracts them. There are enough signs about it all over the place, and one exacta paid $562.60 the other afternoon—the best advertisement the gimmick could have. The perfect hunch play, if there had been exacta betting on the race, would have been in the Saratoga Special, in which Three Martinis and Raise Your Glass ran one-two. Reserving the better two-year-olds for the Saratoga meeting is an old custom among horsemen, and Elliott Burch saddled Paul Mellon's Fairs Fair, a full sister of Arts and Letters, in an event for maiden two-year-old fillies the day after the Special. Although she was away badly, she won by six lengths—something worth remembering. For the fourth year in a row, the Bernard Baruch Handicap, at a mile and a sixteenth over the turf course, was run in two sections. In the first, Big Shot II led all the way in 1:39⅖, which is a new American record for the distance on turf, and in the second Bailar made every post a winning one in 1:39⅘. Obviously, the reason for the fast times was that the course was sere and yellow and as hard as anything from the lack of rain. By the way, Cordero rode both Big Shot II and Bailar. Personality was expected to have hardly more than a good workout in the Jim Dandy Stakes, his prep for the Travers this weekend. Instead, although he led for most of the mile, he was all out to win by a head from Loud, to whom he gave twelve pounds. Observers thought it a first-rate effort, and no doubt he'll be a hot favorite for the Travers. My fancy is Twice Worthy, because of the impressive way he won the Monmouth Invitational a couple of weeks ago.

ON the racecourse, the big news last week was that Charles W. Engelhard had syndicated his Canadian-bred Nijinsky, Europe's wonder horse, for $5,440,000, selling thirty-two shares in the beast for $170,000 each—a new high for that sort of thing. Nijinsky will stand at A. B. Hancock, Jr.'s, Claiborne Farm, in Kentucky. Each share entitles the owner to breed one mare a year to the stallion throughout his career at the stud, and twenty prominent breeders thought enough of Nijinsky's potential to buy all the shares available. Nijinsky, unbeaten in his ten starts, will run twice more before retirement to the stud—in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp in Paris on October 4th, and in the Man o' War Stakes at Belmont Park on October 17th. Also last week, incidentally, E. P. Taylor syndicated Northern Dancer, the sire of Nijinsky, for a mere $2,400,000.

IT is with regret that I report the death of Citation the other day at Calumet Farm in Kentucky. He was twenty-five years old. There was always a special glamour about him, and he was the nonpareil at three, winning nineteen of his twenty starts, including the Triple Crown, the Jockey Club Gold Cup, and ten other stakes. He was also the first horse to win a million dollars in prize money. As a sire, he was a disappointment. The best of his get, I'd say, was a filly—Silver Spoon. But that's how it goes.

—AUDAX MINOR

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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

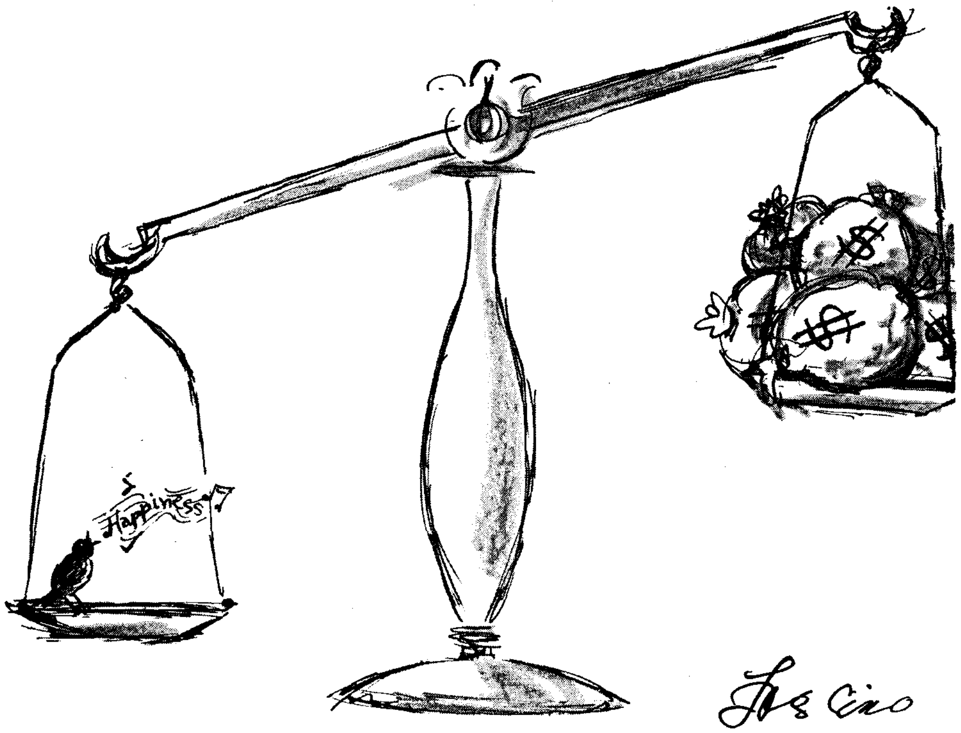
INSUFFICIENT EVIDENCE

THE telephone rang, and Dr. Likosky—William H. Likosky, an Epidemic Intelligence Service officer attached to the Neurotropic Viral Diseases Activity of the Center for Disease Control, in Atlanta—reached across his desk and answered it, and heard the voice of a friend and fellow-E.I.S. officer named Paul Edward Pierce. Dr. Pierce was attached to the New Mexico Department of Health and Social Services, and he was calling from his office in Santa Fe. His call was a call for help. Three cases of unusual illness had just been reported to him by a district health officer. The victims were two girls and a boy, members of a family of nine, and they lived in Alamogordo, a town of around twenty thousand, just north of El Paso, Texas. The report noted that the family raised hogs, and that several months earlier some of the hogs had become sick and died. The children were seriously ill. Their symptoms included decreased vision, difficulty in walking, bizarre behavior, apathy, and coma. This complex of central-nervous-system aberrations had immediately suggested a viral encephalitis, but that, on reflection, seemed hardly possible. The encephalitides that he had in mind were spread by ticks or mosquitoes, and the season was wrong for insects. This was winter. It was, in fact, midwinter. It was January—January 7, 1970.

"I'm afraid I wasn't much help," Dr. Likosky says. "I could only listen and agree. It was just as Ed Pierce said. The clinical picture was characteristic of the kind of brain inflammation that distinguishes the viral encephalitides. More or less. But there were certainly some confusing elements. It wasn't only that the time of year was odd for arthropod-borne disease. The attack rate was odd, too. There were too many cases. A cluster like that is unusual in an arbovirus disease. Also, the report to Ed had made no mention of fever. That was odd in a serious virus infection. It was odd, but not necessarily conclusive. The report was just a preliminary report. It was very possibly incomplete. At any rate, Ed was driving down to Alamogordo the following day and he would see for himself. Things might look different on the scene. Meanwhile, about all I could suggest was the obvious. Verify the facts. Check into the possibility of a wintering mosquito population. Check up on the hogs. This might be a zoonosis—an animal disease. It might be a disease of hogs that the three children had somehow contracted. Review the signs and symptoms. Not only for fever but also for stiff neck. Stiff neck is particularly characteristic of encephalitis.

"That was a Wednesday. Ed called me from Alamogordo on Friday. He and one of his colleagues—Jon Thompson, supervisor of the Food Protection Unit of the Consumer Protection Section of the state health department—had been out to the house, and he had some more information. The victims were children of a couple named Huckleby. They were Ernestine, eight years old; Amos Charles, thirteen; and Dorothy, eighteen. Ernestine was in the hospital—Providence Memorial Hospital, in El Paso. She had been there since just after Christmas. Amos Charles and Dorothy were sick at home. None of the other children—two girls and two boys—were sick, and neither were the parents. Huckleby worked as a janitor at a junior high school in Alamogordo. He only raised hogs on the side. All that was by way of background. The interesting information was about the Huckleby hogs. There were several items. The hog sickness happened back in October. Huckleby had a herd of seventeen hogs at the time, and all of a sudden one day fourteen of them were stricken with a sort of blind staggers—a stumbling gait and blindness. Twelve of the sick hogs died, and the two others went blind. That was interesting enough, but it was really only the beginning. In the course of their talk with Huckleby, Ed and Jon Thompson learned that the feed he gave his hogs included surplus seed grain. Well, seed grain isn't feed. Seed grain is chemically treated to resist all manner of diseases, and when it is past its season and loses its germination value, it is considered waste and is supposed to be destroyed. Huckleby said that the grain—it was a mixture of several grains, apparently—was the floor sweepings of a seed company upstate. He said a friend had given it to him, and he knew it contained treated grain. Or, rather, he knew it included treated grain. It was also partly chaff and culls. But he took care of that by cooking it with water and garbage in a metal trough before he fed it to his hogs. He said he had been given about two tons of the grain, and he still had some left. He also said that he had slaughtered one of his hogs back in September for home use. They had been eating it right along, but there was still some left in his freezer. Ed told him to leave it right where it was. There might be nothing wrong with it, but there was no use taking chances.

"Poison was a tempting possibility. The symptoms had the look of poison, but it wasn't a look that any of us were familiar with. That was the trouble. Nothing seemed to fit. Huckleby was even a little vague about whether the



slaughtered hog had been fed the seed-grain feed. Moreover, he wasn't the only Alamogordan to feed that grain to his hogs. He said that five of his friends had got the same grain from the seed company, and none of their hogs had become ill. Apparently, that was true. Ed and Jon had talked with the other hog raisers. They weren't quite sure about the grain they had used, but they were positive that none of their hogs had sickened or died. The local records confirmed what they said. The local records also confirmed that the human outbreak was confined to the Huckleby family. There were no comparable illnesses anywhere in the Alamogordo area. Ed and Jon had visited the butcher shop where the Huckleby hog had been processed. The butcher testified that the meat had appeared to be in prime condition. An examination of the shop was negative—there was nothing to suggest that the meat might have become contaminated during processing. And, finally, there was the fact that others in the family had eaten quantities of the pork, and only those three were sick. Nevertheless, Ed was taking the usual steps. He had samples of grain from Huckleby's storehouse, samples of pork from the family freezer, and samples of urine from all members of the family then at home—that is to say, all but Ernestine. He had arranged for the State Laboratory to examine those for viral or bacterial contamination, and he was sending specimens to William Barthel, chief of the Toxicology Branch Laboratory of the Food and Drug Administration, in Atlanta, for toxicological analysis. But even that wasn't all. Ed had still another piece of information. The clinical picture was pretty much as originally reported. Except in one respect. Ernestine's symptoms *did* include fever. High fever. A local doctor reported that her temperature at one point got up to 104 degrees. And—oh, yes, there were no mosquitoes in Alamogordo in January.

"I talked to Ed again on Saturday. He was back in Santa Fe, and that was the reason for his call. He called to invite me to participate in the field investigation. Ed had a big rubella-immunization program coming up at a Navajo reservation the next week that he couldn't put off, and there was nobody to run it but him. It was up to him to at least get it started. He had talked to his chief in New Mexico, Dr. Bruce Storrs, director of the Medical Services Division of the state health department, and he had talked to my boss at C.D.C., Dr. Michael Gregg, chief

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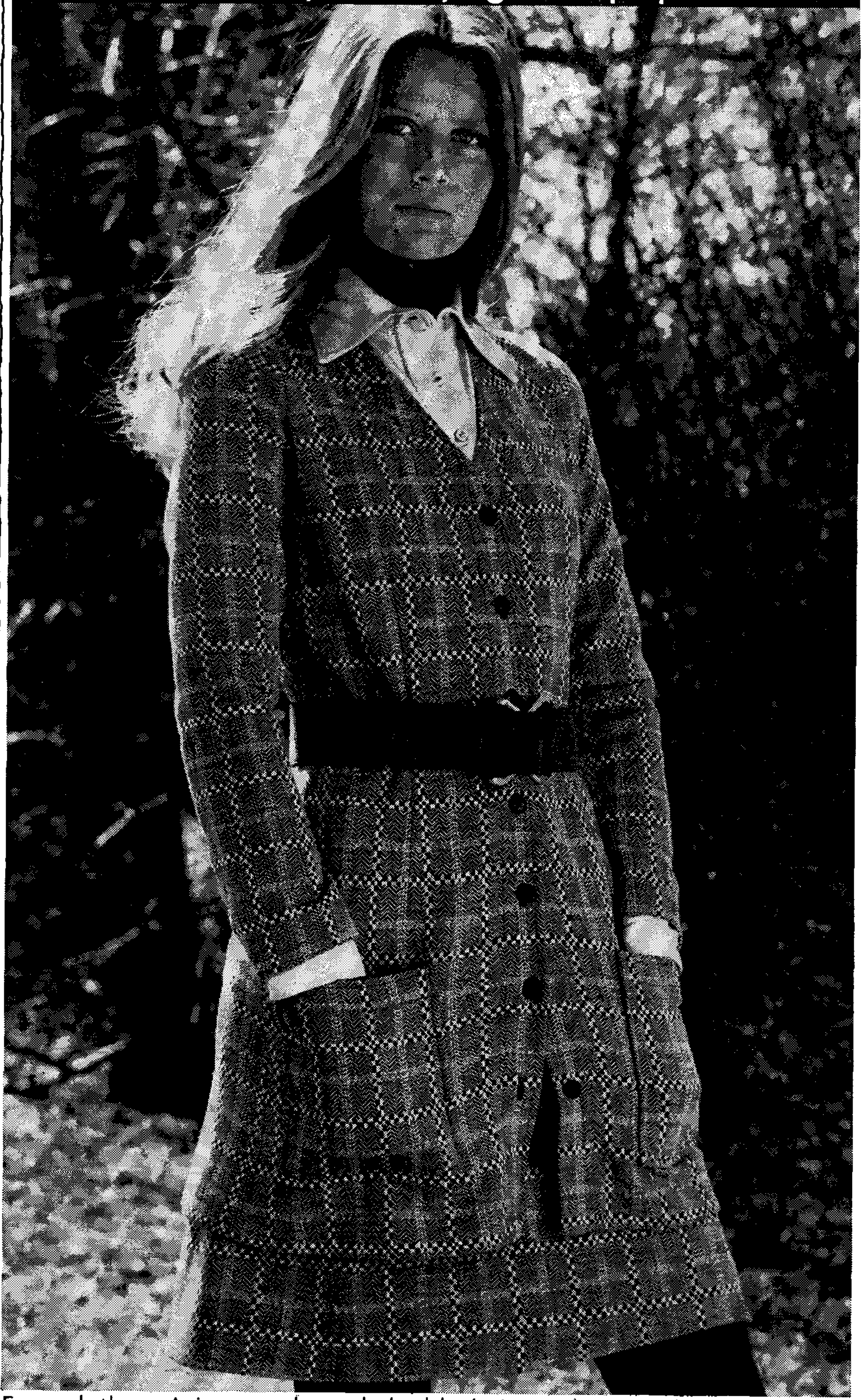

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of the Viral Diseases Branch. They both approved the proposal. So did I. I was very eager."

DR. LIKOSKY left Atlanta by plane the following morning. That was Sunday, January 11th. He flew to Albuquerque, where, by prearrangement, he met Dr. Pierce in the early evening. They talked and ate dinner and talked until nearly eleven. Dr. Likosky then rented a car and drove down through the mountains and the desert to Alamogordo. He spent the night (on Dr. Pierce's recommendation) at the Rocket Motel there, and on Monday morning (following Dr. Pierce's directions) he drove out to the Huckleby house.

"I wasn't checking up on Ed or Jon Thompson or the district health officer, or anything like that," Dr. Likosky says. "I simply wanted to see for myself. I wanted to start at the beginning. I got to the Huckleby house at about eight-thirty. Huckleby was at work, at the school, but Mrs. Huckleby was at home, and she received me very nicely. The first thing I learned was that Amos Charles and Dorothy were now also in Providence Memorial Hospital. They were too far gone in coma to be treated at home anymore. They had been taken down to El Paso only the day before. I liked Mrs. Huckleby at once. You could tell she was a good mother. Easygoing, but kind and loving. And she was going to be a mother once again. She was very obviously pregnant. The baby was due, she said, sometime in March. She was a religious woman, too, and that gave her a certain serenity. She believed that everything was in the hands of God. She was also an excellent historian. She remembered every detail of each child's illness. We began with Ernestine. She came home sick from school a little before noon on December 4th. She said she had fallen off the monkey bars at recess, and she had a pain in her left lower back. Mrs. Huckleby said she felt hot to the touch. A few days went by, and Ernestine continued to complain of pain and just not feeling right. On December 8th, Mrs. Huckleby took her to a neighborhood doctor. It was he who found that she had a temperature of 104, but he found nothing else of any significance. He prescribed aspirin and rest in bed. There was still no improvement, and on December 11th Mrs. Huckleby took her back to the doctor. It was a different doctor this time—the first doctor was off that day—and he did find something. He noticed that Ernestine *wasn't walking right*—that she was staggering—and he arranged to have her admitted to Providence Memorial the next day for observation. I got the details later from the doctor. Ernestine's walk and the history of her fall had frightened him a little. It raised the possibility in his mind of a subdural hematoma. A subdural hematoma is a gathering of blood between certain membranes that cover the brain. It is usually caused by a blow or a fall, and it can be extremely dangerous. I saw his point. It was a perfectly reasonable suspicion. But, of course, he was mistaken. It wasn't that. The hospital made the various tests, and ruled it out.

"Mrs. Huckleby told me that the hospital sent Ernestine home for Christmas. She was discharged on December 19th. She got steadily worse during her stay at home, and she was readmitted on December 27th. It was a pretty dreary Christmas for the Hucklebys. Amos Charles took sick while Ernestine was home—on Christmas Eve. He went to bed with an earache, and when he woke up Christmas morning, he said he couldn't see very well. The next day, Dorothy took sick. It began as a generalized malaise. Then she began to feel 'woobly.' Then she couldn't walk at all, and her speech began to slur. Meanwhile, much the same thing was happening to Amos Charles—trouble walking, trouble talking, trouble seeing. Then he went into what Mrs. Huckleby called a 'rage.' It was a good descriptive word. He was wild, uncoördinated, thrashing around on the bed. He and Dorothy both got steadily worse. They sank into coma. And, finally, on Sunday, they had to go into the hospital. I spent the rest of Monday talking to the Alamogordo doctors, and then to Huckleby. He wasn't easy to talk to. He was shy, and he didn't say much. He raised his hogs in a couple of pens he rented at a hog farm on the outskirts of town. He collected garbage from his neighbors, and he fed his hogs a mixture of that and grain and water. He cooked it because the law required that garbage be treated that way for feed. He stored his grain in a shed at home, and he kept the shed locked. I saw the grain—what was left of it. It was a mixture of grain and chaff. Anyone would have wondered about it. Most of the grain was coated with a pink warning dye. Huckleby said he had stopped feeding the grain as soon as he heard it was dangerous. I said I certainly hoped so. I questioned him particularly about the sickness that had afflicted his hogs in October. He told me this. When he saw his hogs one morning, they were well. When he saw them next, around four o'clock that afternoon, they were blind and staggering, sick and dying. That was strange. I hadn't ruled out encephalitis in the children, but this was different. There almost had to be a connection between the sick hogs and that chemically treated grain. And I couldn't connect a sudden illness and sudden death with any chronic poisoning.

"Everybody was still thinking in terms of encephalitis. That was the admitting diagnosis on Amos Charles and Dorothy at Providence Memorial Hospital. I spent Tuesday and Wednesday in El Paso. I read the records and I talked to the doctors involved. The relevant test results were either normal or not very helpful. The children's kind of blindness was identified as tunnel, or gun-barrel, vision—a constriction of the visual fields. Urinalysis was positive for protein in all three patients, and the presence of protein in the urine always indicates some impairment of function, which is unusual in most encephalitides. And I saw the patients. It was terrible. I'll never forget them. It was shattering. Amos Charles was a big, husky, good-looking boy, and he lay there just a vegetable. His brain was gone. Ernestine was much the same. Dorothy was a little more alive. Her arms kept waving back and forth. Pendular ataxia, it's called. The charts on the children spelled everything out.

"I talked to Ed on Tuesday afternoon, and he drove down to El Paso that night. He had his rubella campaign well started, and he was eager to get back into the Huckleby investigation. He brought some confusing news along. One of Jon Thompson's people had run down the source of Huckleby's grain and identified at least one formulation of the material it was treated with. It was a fungicide called Panogen. Panogen is cyano methyl mercury guanidine. And mercury is a classic poison. It's one of the most dangerous of the heavy metals. Well, that should have clarified things a bit, but it didn't. It only added to the confusion. Because the clinical picture the Huckleby children presented looked nothing like classic mercury poisoning. The textbook symptoms of acute mercury poisoning are essentially gastrointestinal—nausea, vomiting, abdominal pain, bloody stools. That and severe kidney damage. Chronic mercury poisoning is entirely

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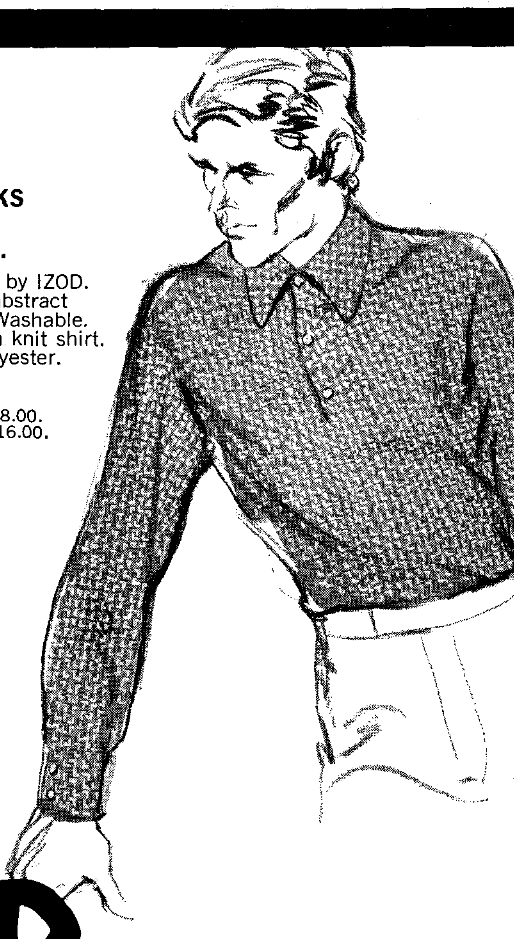

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different. The kidneys are not seriously involved. Apparently, they can safely handle small amounts of mercury. The features in chronic mercurialism are an inflammation of the mouth, muscular tremors—the famous hatter's shakes—and a characteristic personality change. Shyness, embarrassment, irritability. Like the Mad Hatter in 'Alice in Wonderland.' We didn't know what to think.

"We couldn't dismiss the possibility of mercury. But we couldn't quite accept it, either. The only thing we were finally certain about was that we weren't up against an acute viral encephalitis. The clinical picture—particularly the gradual development of symptoms—and the epidemiology made it quite unlikely. It made it incredible. We decided that we were left with two general possibilities. One was a more insidious kind of encephalitis—a slow-moving viral infection of the brain. The other was an encephalopathy. Encephalitis is a disease of the gray matter—or gray nervous tissue—of the brain. Encephalopathy involves the white matter—the conducting nerve fibres. A toxic encephalopathy was the kind we chiefly had in mind. The cause could be one of a variety of substances. The heavy metals, of course. Arsenic. Or numerous drugs on the order of sedatives and tranquillizers. The slow-moving-viral possibilities were more exotic. Rabies is in that class. And kuru, a fatal neurological infection in New Guinea that is perpetuated by cannibalism. And scrapie, a disease of sheep, but a human possibility. And others. The trouble was that Ed and I weren't neurologists. But I had a friend who was—Dr. James Schwartz, at Emory University, in Atlanta. So, just on a chance, I called him up and gave him the clinical picture and asked him what *he* thought it sounded like. He gave us quite a shock. He said it sounded a lot like one of the multiple scleroses—a rapidly progressive demyelinating process called Schilder's disease. Except, he said, three cases would constitute an epidemic, and an epidemic of Schilder's disease had never been reported before. He was inclined to doubt that one ever would be. Another, and more reasonable, possibility, he said, was heavy-metal poisoning. Except that our picture wasn't quite right for lead. Or mercury. Or anything else that readily came to mind. I thanked him just the same. Ed and I decided we had better go back to Alamogordo.

"We went back on Thursday. Jon Thompson joined us there, and we spent most of the day at the Huckleby

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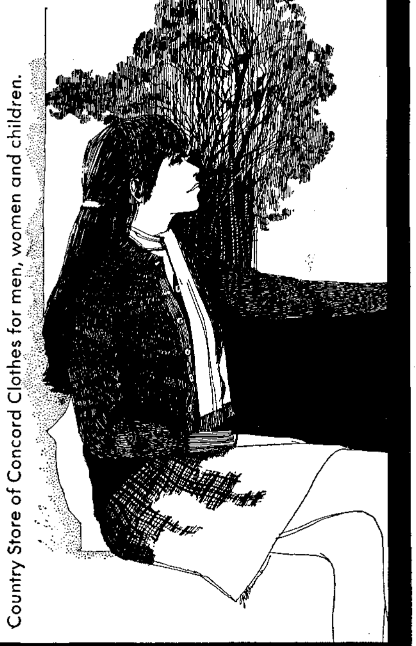

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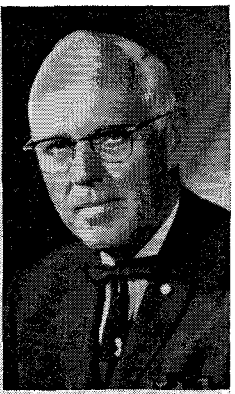

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house, taking it apart. It would have been very exciting to turn up the first epidemic of Schilder's disease in history, but we decided that my talk with Dr. Schwartz had just about narrowed the possibilities down to a toxic encephalopathy, and we were looking for a possible source of poisoning. Ed and Jon had already searched the house, of course, but this time we really left no stone unturned. We went through every room and everything in every room. We went through the medicine cabinet. We checked the cooking utensils. Some pottery clay, for example, is mixed with lead, and there is sometimes lead in old pots and pans. We looked for spoiled food. We examined everything in the family freezer, including what was left of the hog they slaughtered back in September. We didn't find anything new or suspicious, though. We had another useless talk with Huckleby, and ate dinner and went back to the motel, and we were sitting there around eleven o'clock trying to think of what to do next—when the telephone rang. It was a call for me from Dr. Alan Hinman, in Atlanta. Alan was one of my bosses. He's the assistant chief to Mike Gregg in the Viral Diseases Branch at C.D.C., and he was calling from his office—at one o'clock in the morning! It was fantastic. And then it got more fantastic.

"Here's what Alan had to tell me. That afternoon, he said, just before quitting time, Mike Gregg had gone in to see Alexander Langmuir—Dr. Langmuir was then director of the Epidemiology Program at C.D.C.—about something, and as he was leaving, he mentioned the Huckleby outbreak. Mike said there was this damn disease out in New Mexico with gun-barrel vision and ataxia and coma, and we didn't know what to make of it. Dr. Langmuir said oh? Then he stopped and blinked, and said it sounded to him as if it might be Minamata disease. Mike looked blank. Dr. Langmuir laughed, and picked up a reprint on his desk. He said his secretary had dumped a pile of accumulated reprints on his desk to either discard or keep on file, and this was one he had just finished looking at. It was a paper from *World Neurology* for November, 1960, and it was entitled 'Minamata Disease: The Outbreak of a Neurologic Disorder in Minamata, Japan, and Its Relationship to the Ingestion of Seafood Contaminated by Mercuric Compounds.' Well, Mike took it home and read it, and it struck him just as hard. So he called up Alan, and Alan came over and got the reprint and read it, and he

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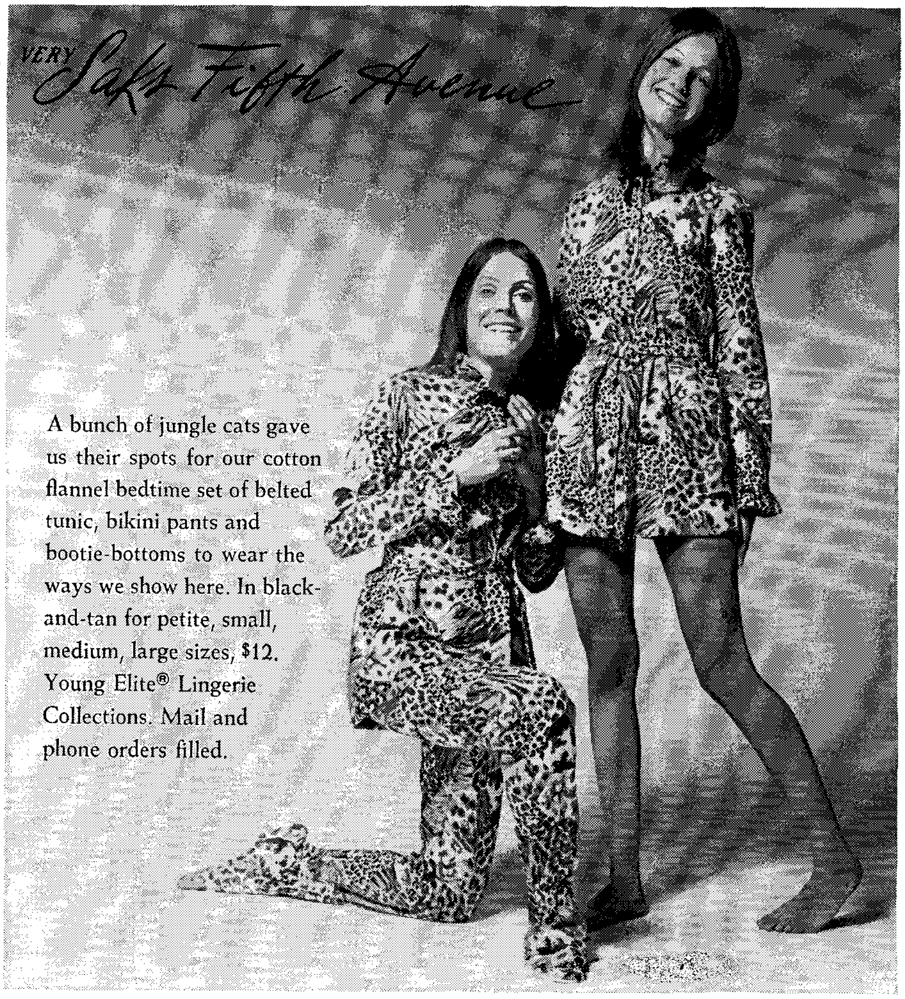

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reacted in the same way, only more so. He drove down to the office and got into the library and checked the references, and there wasn't any question in his mind. Our problem was Minamata disease. He read me the original paper. It began like this: 'In 1958, a severe neurologic disorder was first recognized among persons living in the vicinity of Minamata Bay, Japan. Now 83 cases have been recorded, most ending fatally or with permanent severe disability. Epidemiologic investigations . . . helped to establish the relationship of this illness to the consumption of seafood from Minamata Bay. The effluent from a large chemical-manufacturing plant which emptied into the bay had been suspected as the source of a toxic material contaminating fish and shellfish. Subsequent work has provided evidence that the responsible toxin is associated with the discharge of organic-mercury-containing effluent from the chemical factory.' The clinical features had a familiar sound. Ataxic gait. Clumsiness of the hands. Dysarthria, or slurred speech. Dysphagia, or difficulty in swallowing. Constriction of the visual fields. Deafness. Spasticity. Agitation. Stupor and coma. And this: 'Intellectual impairment occurs in severely affected patients; children seem particularly liable to serious residual defects.' And, finally, there was this: 'When the first cases were recognized, Japanese B encephalitis was considered as a diagnostic possibility; however, evidence against encephalitis (aside from the cardinal clinical features) includes the following: the onset of symptoms was usually subacute and not accompanied by fever, cases were limited geographically, and they occurred throughout the year.' The Minamata paper would have been enough for me, but Alan had found another that was even more convincing. It had the title 'Epidemiological Study of an Illness in the Guatemala Highlands Believed to Be Encephalitis,' and it had been published in the *Boletín de la Oficina Sanitaria Panamericana* in 1966. The passage that really clinched it was this: 'Possible toxic elements in food, such as edible mushrooms, were investigated. In the course of this investigation it was noted that during the period of the year in which the illness occurred, many families, and especially the poorest, ate part of the wheat given them for seed, which had been treated with a fungicide known commercially as Panogen—an organic-mercury compound.'

"That was the key—that word 'organic.' It instantly clarified everything. Panogen is cyano methyl mercury guanidine, and cyano methyl mercury guanidine is an *organic* mercury compound. Ed and I were perfectly well aware of that, but the significance just hadn't penetrated. When we thought of mercury, we naturally thought of *inorganic* mercury. That's the usual source of mercurialism. But the pathology of the two afflictions is very different. *Organic*-mercury poisoning has always been something of a rarity. Until recently, anyway. At the time of the Minamata report, the total number of cases of organic mercurialism on record was only thirty-nine. And only five of them were American. Well, I finally finished talking to Alan and gave the news to Ed and Jon, and we all immediately agreed. It was a fantastic kind of coincidence—Dr. Langmuir, Minamata, Guatemala. But it fitted to the letter. Or practically. Talking it over, we did see one objection. The behavior of the Huckleby hogs. Chronic poisoning doesn't produce a sudden, fatal illness. It doesn't, and—the way it turned out—it didn't. On Monday, January 19th, I went out and had another talk with Huckleby, and I don't know why, but this time we got along much better than we had before, and he finally said that he could have been mistaken—that it probably wasn't all that sudden, that his hogs probably did get sicker and sicker over a period of several weeks.

"The only thing we needed now was proof. It arrived that night—Monday night—in another call from Alan. He had had a call from Mr. Barthel at the Toxicology Laboratory. Mr. Barthel had analyzed Ed's samples of grain and pork and urine, and he had found mercury in everything but two of the urine samples. The two negative samples were those of the two youngest Huckleby children. One of them was two years old and the other was just ten months, and neither of them had eaten any of the pork. The highest mercury levels were found in the patients' urine. That, of course, was as expected. One of the lowest was Mrs. Huckleby's. Which was fortunate. After all, she was pregnant. But the fact that she and the other asymptomatic members of the family showed any mercury at all was unexpected. It raised a question, and it was a question that would have bothered us if we hadn't been doing a little reading in the literature on our own. The question

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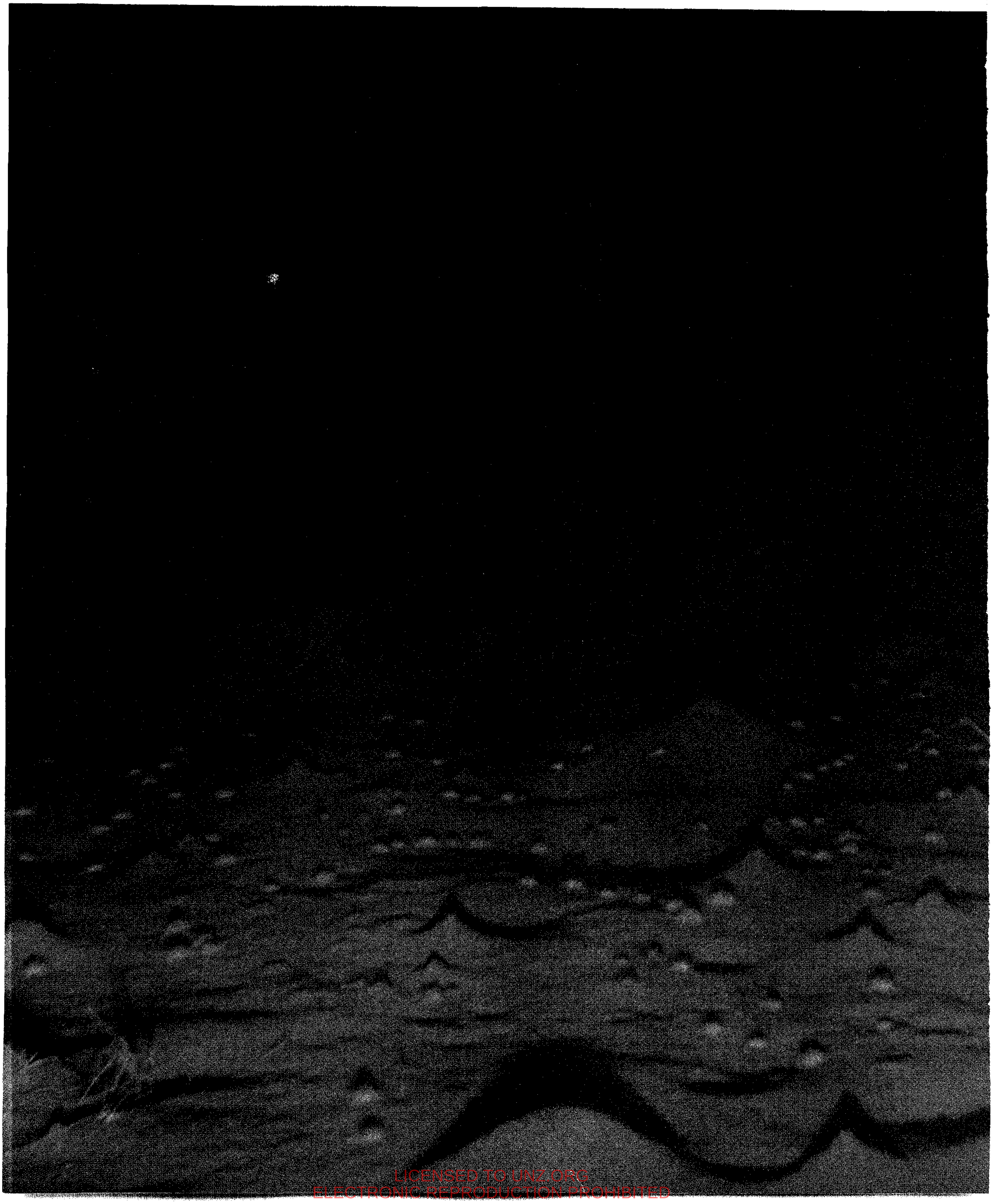

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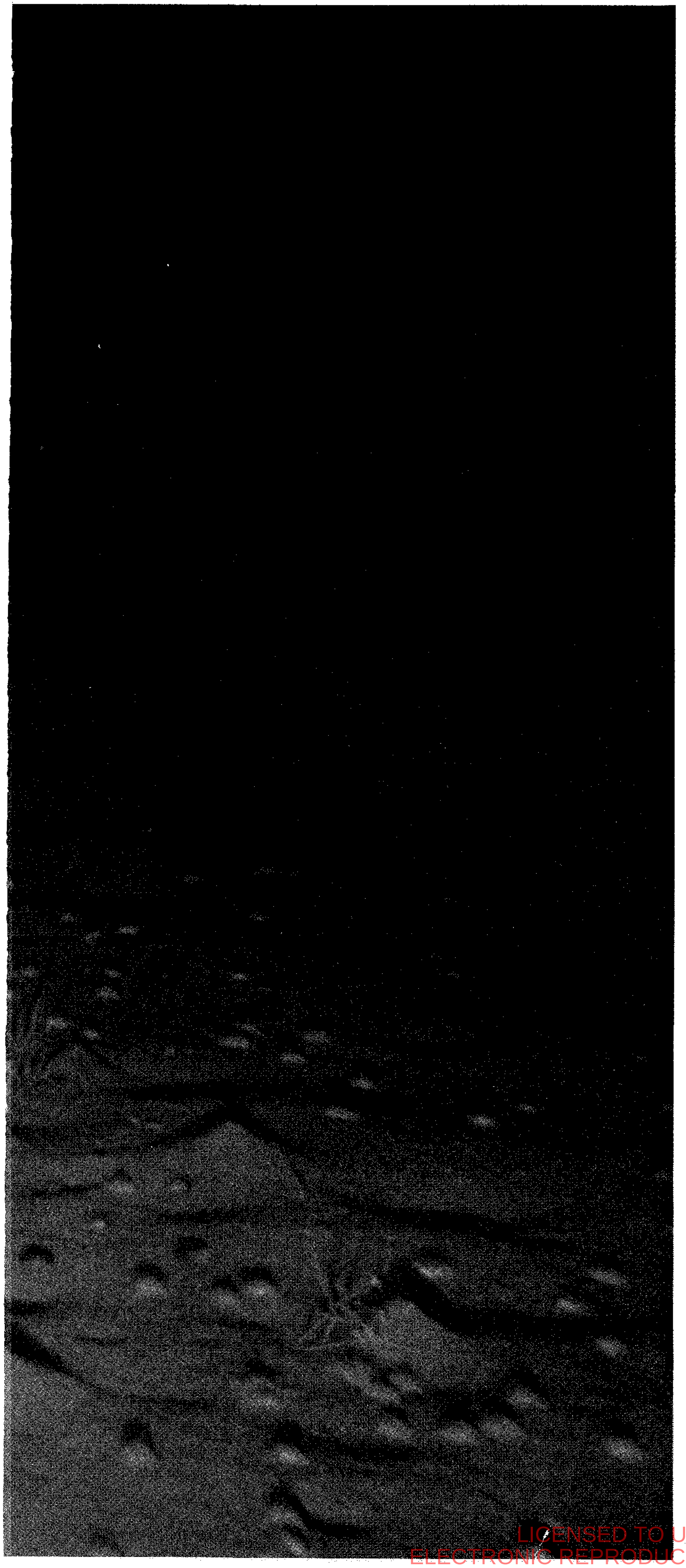

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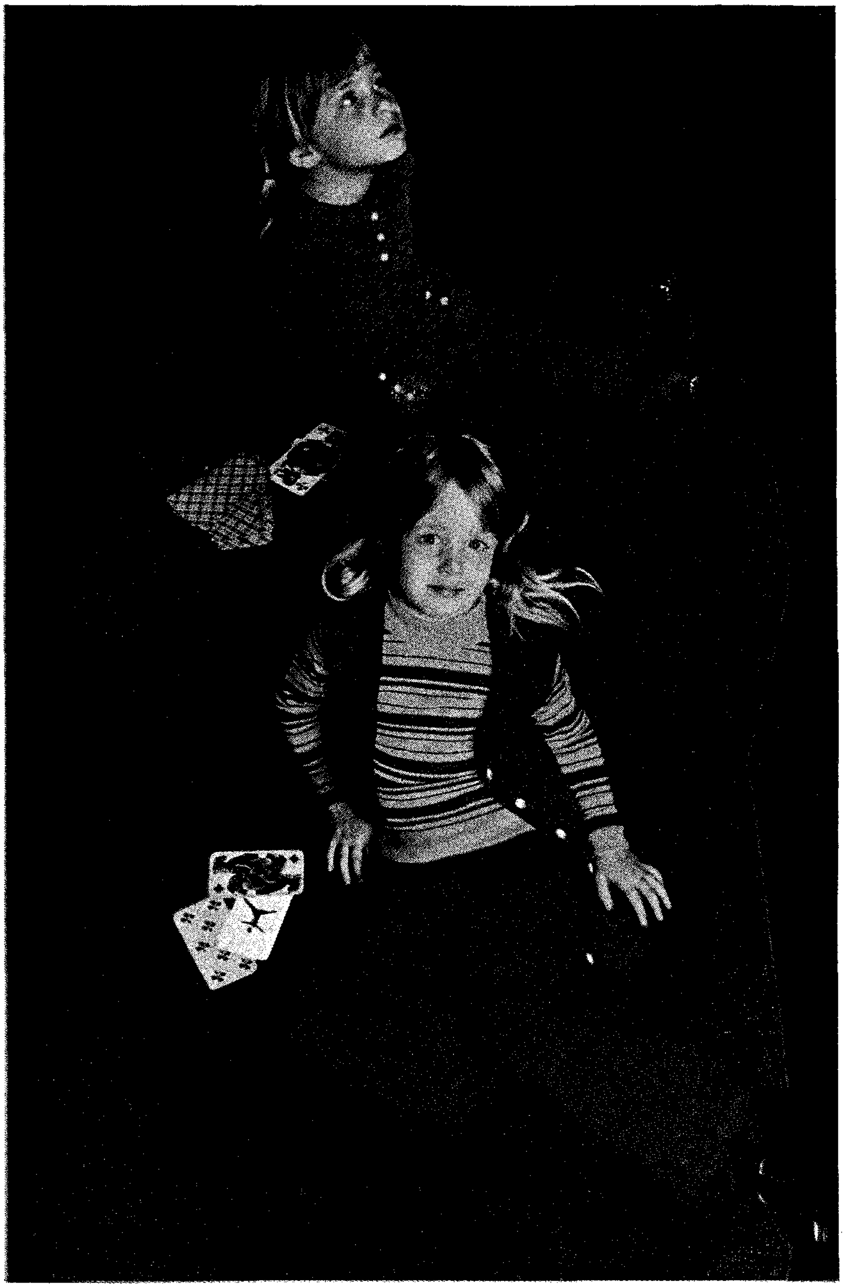

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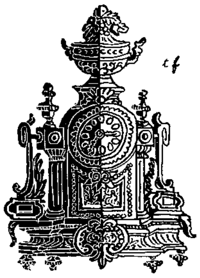
was: Why didn't *all* the pork-eating Hucklebys get sick? They all consumed about the same amount of meat. We found an acceptable answer in a 1940 paper in the British *Quarterly Journal of Medicine*. The paper was entitled 'Poisoning by Methyl Mercury Compounds,' and the relevant passage read, 'The fact that eight men, exposed in a similar way to the four patients, excreted mercury in the urine, yet showed no symptoms or signs of disease, suggests that most of the workers absorbed mercury compounds, but that only four . . . were susceptible to them.' That was the best explanation—Ernestine and Amos Charles and Dorothy were simply more susceptible to mercury than the others. It satisfied me, anyway. And the next day I flew home to Atlanta."

THE chain of laboratory evidence that linked the Huckleby children's affliction to the diet of the Huckleby hogs brought the epidemiological investigation of the outbreak to an end. As it happened, however, that was not the end of the case. On Monday, January 19th—the day on which Dr. Likosky and Dr. Pierce and Mr. Thompson wound up their joint investigation—the case took a new and ominous turn.

The turn occurred in Clovis, New Mexico, a livestock center some two hundred miles northeast of Alamogordo, and it was set in motion by a state sanitarian on duty there named Cade Lancaster. Mr. Lancaster was the investigator who had identified Panogen as a chemical contaminant in the Huckleby grain. His second contribution to the case stemmed from a monitoring impulse that prompted him to leaf through the recent records of a Clovis hog broker. He didn't have far to look—only back to Friday, January 16th. On that day, he was interested to read, the broker had bought a consignment of twenty-four hogs from a grower in Alamogordo. What particularly interested Mr. Lancaster was the grower's name. He knew it: the man was one of the Huckleby group who had included treated grain in their hog feed. He also knew that all the growers in that group had been instructed to withhold their hogs from market until otherwise notified. The feeding of treated grain had been stopped by horrified common consent at the very start of the investigation, but that was not enough to render the hogs safe for immediate use. Organic mercury is eliminated slowly from living tissue. It has a half-life there of two or three months. Mr. Lancaster sought out the broker. The broker stood appalled. He hadn't known. He had had no way of knowing. What was worse, he added, he had already disposed of the hogs. They were part of a shipment of two hundred and forty-eight hogs that had gone out on Friday afternoon to a packing plant in Roswell. Mr. Lancaster turned to the telephone.



The recipient of Mr. Lancaster's call was Carl Henderson, chief of the Consumer Protection Section of the New Mexico Health and Social Services Department, and he received it in his office at Santa Fe. He thanked Mr. Lancaster for his enterprise, and sat in thought for a moment. Then he himself put in a call—to the packing plant in Roswell. The manager there heard the news with a groan. Yes, he said, he had the Alamogordo hogs, but that was the most he could say. He didn't know which they were. They were no longer hogs. The big Clovis shipment had been slaughtered on Saturday, and it was simply so many carcasses now. In that case, Mr. Henderson said, he had no choice but to immobilize the lot. The plant was therewith informed that all those two hundred and forty-eight carcasses were under state embargo. Mr. Henderson hung up and moved to reinforce his pronouncement. His move was at once effective. The following day, January 20th, the United States Department of Agriculture, through the Slaughter Inspection Division of its Consumer and Marketing Service, placed the state-embargoed carcasses under the further and stronger restraint of a federal embargo, and arranged for a sample of each carcass to be tested for mercury at the Agricultural Research Center, in Beltsville, Maryland. That same day, the state extended its embargo to the grain-fed hogs still in the possession of Huckleby and his five companion growers in Alamogordo. The next day, the hogs were tallied and found to total two hundred and fifteen head. One hog was selected from each grower's herd and killed and autopsied, and specimens were sent to the Toxicology Laboratory of the Food and Drug Administration, in Atlanta, for definitive examination.

Two days later, still shaken by Mr. Lancaster's discovery, the New Mexico Health and Social Services Department

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took another protective step. A cautionary letter, signed by Dr. Bruce D. Storrs, director of the Medical Services Division, was distributed to every physician and veterinarian in the state. The letter read:

> A recent outbreak of central-nervous-system disease among three children of an Alamogordo family has been traced to the ingestion of pork contaminated with a methyl-mercury compound. The animal involved had been fed over a period of several weeks with grain treated with this material. At the time it was butchered, the hog appeared to be in good health, and visual inspection of the carcass during processing failed to reveal any significant abnormalities. Laboratory analysis of the meat eaten by the family, however, revealed a high concentration of methyl mercury.
>
> The grain had been obtained by the children's father, free of charge, in the form of castoff "sweepings" from a seed company located in eastern New Mexico. This was mixed with garbage and fed to the hogs despite the knowledge that it had been treated with the fungicide. Several weeks after slaughter of the boar, 14 of the family's remaining 17 hogs became ill with symptoms of blindness and staggering gait. Over a three-week period, 12 died and the remaining two were permanently blind.
>
> Because of the potential danger to humans of ingesting meat contaminated with methyl mercury (all three children are comatose and in critical condition), as well as the likelihood that the practice of feeding treated grain may be widespread among indigents raising livestock in the state, this matter is being brought to your attention. The possibility of methyl-mercury poisoning should be considered in any outbreak of . . . unusual central-nervous-system illness. Please notify the Preventive Medicine Section (Phone 505-827-2475) of any such occurrence, and we in turn will be happy to provide technical advice and assistance.

The letters were mailed out on Thursday, January 22nd. The Preventive Medicine Section spent Friday and the weekend waiting for the ring of the telephone and the urgent voice of a doctor. But nothing happened. Nothing happened the following week. February loomed, and began. Still nothing. The Preventive Medicine Section sat back and relaxed. They let themselves assume—correctly, as it turned out—that the outbreak was confined to the Huckleby family.

Nevertheless—as it also turned out—the danger of an epidemic had been real. Early in February, the results of the hog examinations were announced. The first report was on the embargoed packing-plant carcasses. It seemed to justify Mr. Lancaster's investigatory zeal, but its meaning was otherwise not entirely clear. Of the two hundred and forty-eight carcasses ex-

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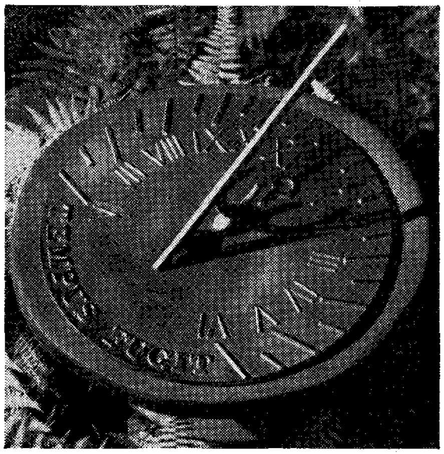

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amined by the Department of Agriculture, one—just one—was found to contain a high concentration of mercury. The others, curiously, were uncontaminated. The contaminated carcass was ordered destroyed, and the others were released to the market. The Toxicology Laboratory's report on the hogs taken from the Alamogordo pens was very different. Six hogs were examined, and all six were found to be dangerously contaminated with mercury. This unequivocal finding condemned the remaining hogs in the pens, and the state issued an order for their destruction.

Dr. Likosky returned to Atlanta with the Huckleby outbreak still very much on his mind. What particularly disturbed him was its implications. This led him back to the library, and he undertook a comprehensive exploration of the literature on organic mercury compounds and organic mercurialism. It was not a reassuring experience. Mercury fungicides, he learned, were developed in Germany around 1914 and came into almost universal use shortly after the First World War. He learned that the Minamata episode was not the only outbreak of organic-mercury poisoning caused by contaminated fish. It was merely the first. In 1965, despite the morbid Minamata example, a similar outbreak occurred on the Japanese island of Honshu. A total of a hundred and twenty people were stricken there, and five of them died. He learned that the Guatemalan episode was not the only instance on record of poisoning caused by eating treated grain. A similar outbreak occurred in Iraq in 1961, and another in Pakistan in 1963. A total of almost five hundred people were struck down in the three outbreaks, and the mortality rate was high. He learned that the Huckleby hogs were not the first American hogs to be stricken with chronic mercury poisoning. They were merely the first involved in human mercurialism. He learned that Sweden had, on February 1, 1966, revoked the license for the use of certain highly toxic mercury compounds (including methyl mercury) in agriculture. He learned that the 1969 pheasant-hunting season in the Canadian province of Alberta had been cancelled after a survey of the pheasant population showed an average mercury level of one part per million—a hazardous concentration. And, closer to home, he learned that a similar survey in Montana that same year revealed a level of mercury contamination that

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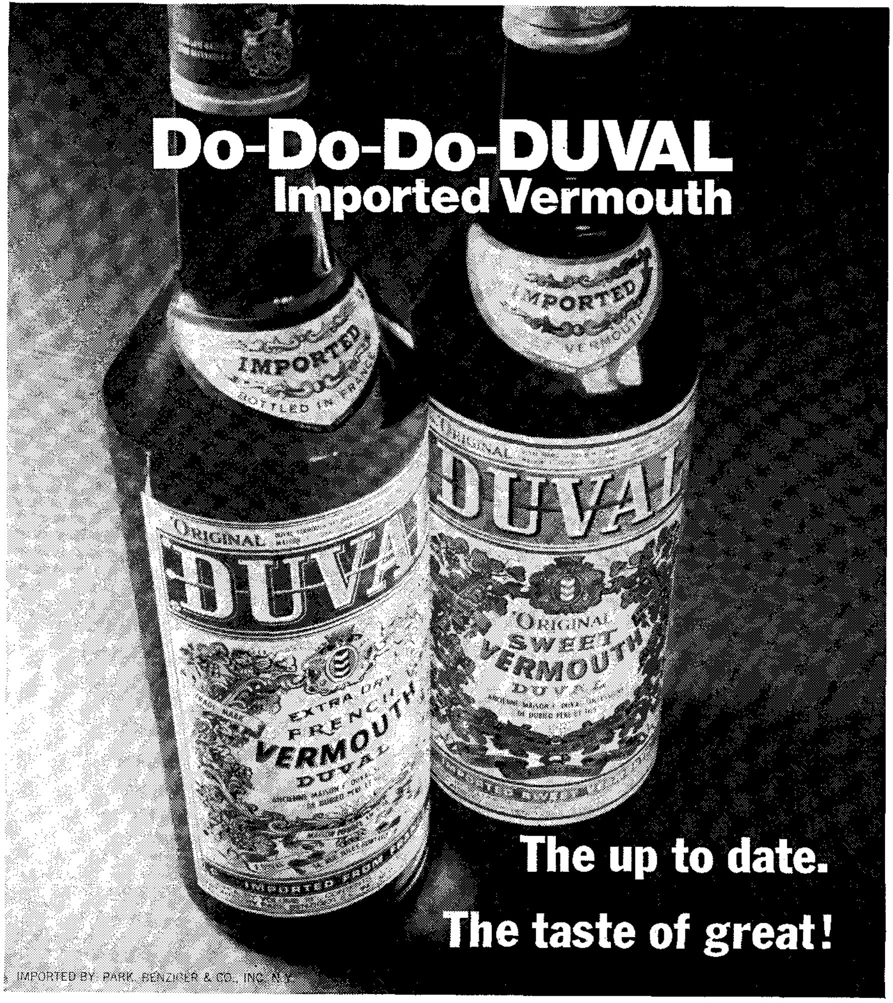

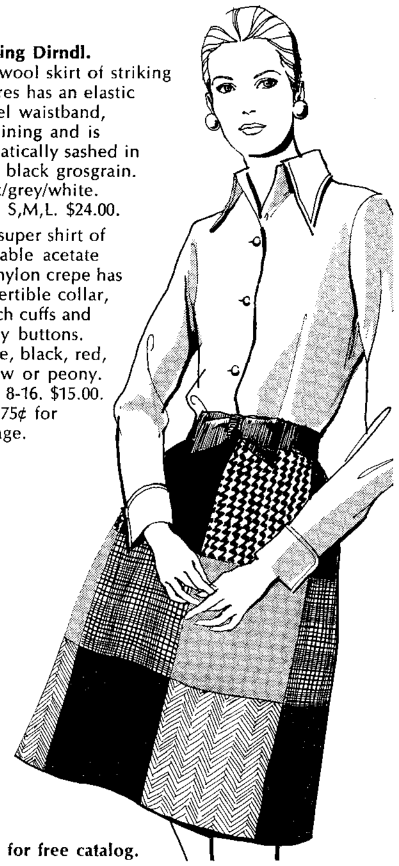
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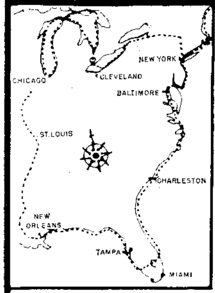

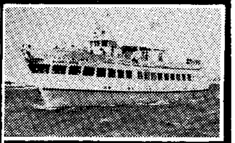

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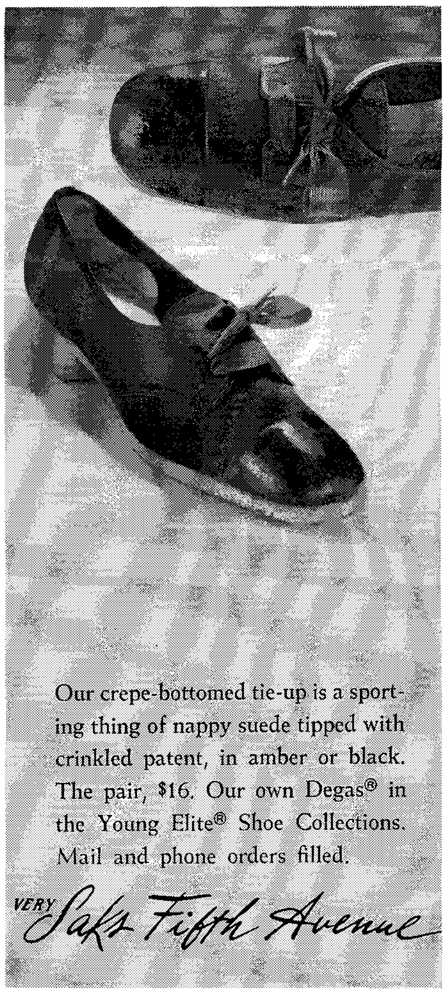
prompted the State Game Commission to advise hunters against eating the birds they shot. In both instances, the pheasants had been exposed in the field to treated seed.

Dr. Likosky arose from his reading with a sense of apprehension. He sought out two of his colleagues, Dr. Hinman and Mr. Barthel, chief of the Toxicology Branch, and found that they shared his concern about the proliferating casual use of a substance as toxic as methyl mercury. They also felt that a broader discussion of the matter was desirable, and Mr. Barthel arranged for a meeting in Washington with interested representatives of the Department of Agriculture and of the Food and Drug Administration. At the meeting, which was held on February 12th, Dr. Likosky, Dr. Hinman, and Mr. Barthel reviewed the Huckleby case and its varied antecedents, and suggested that they constituted a looming public-health problem. Their arguments were well received, and on February 19th the Department of Agriculture issued a statement on the subject. It read:

> The U. S. Department of Agriculture has notified pesticide manufacturers that Federal registrations are suspended for products containing cyano methyl mercury guanidine that are labeled for use as seed treatments.
>
> U.S.D.A.'s Agricultural Research Service suspended cyano methyl mercury guanidine fungicide because its continued use on seeds would constitute an imminent hazard to the public health. Directions for proper use and caution statements on labels of the product have failed to prevent its misuse as a livestock feed. The U.S.D.A.-registered label specifically warns against use of mercury-treated seed for food or feed purposes. The pesticide may cause irreversible damage to both animals and man.
>
> The action was taken following the hospitalization of three New Mexico children after they ate meat from a hog which had been fed seed grain treated with the now-suspended mercury compound. Subsequently, 12 of the remaining 14 hogs also fed the seed died.

"Other movements of this treated seed that found its way into livestock feed posed a potential for similar incidents," Dr. Harry W. Hays, director of the Pesticides Regulations Division, U.S.D.A.-A.R.S., said in announcing the suspension action. "In each case, U.S.D.A. and state public-health officials have taken prompt action to protect the public health." Dr. Hays also announced that the A.R.S. had asked the Advisory Center on Toxicology of the National Research Council to review the uses of other organic-mercury compounds to determine whether similar hazards to hu-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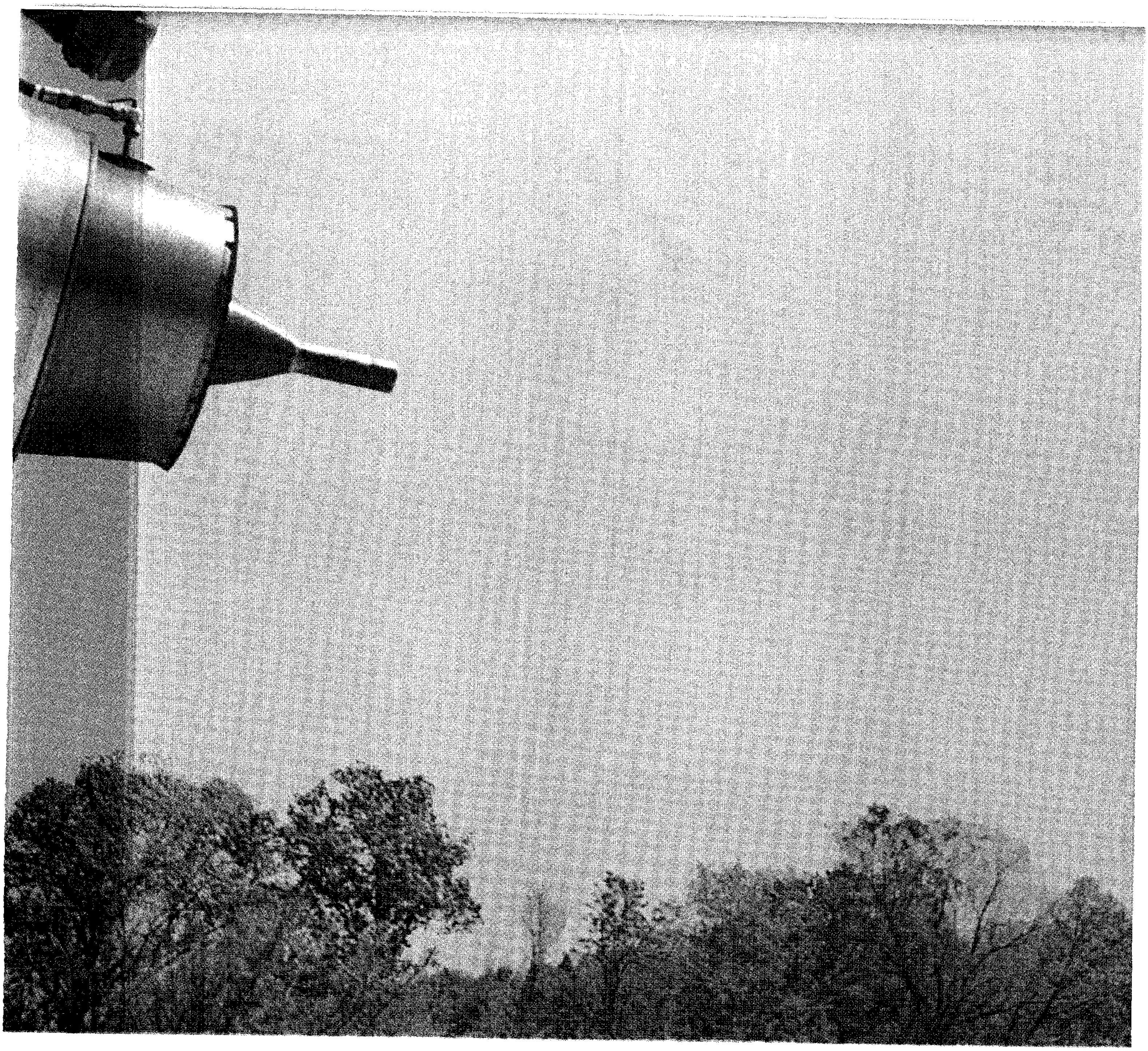

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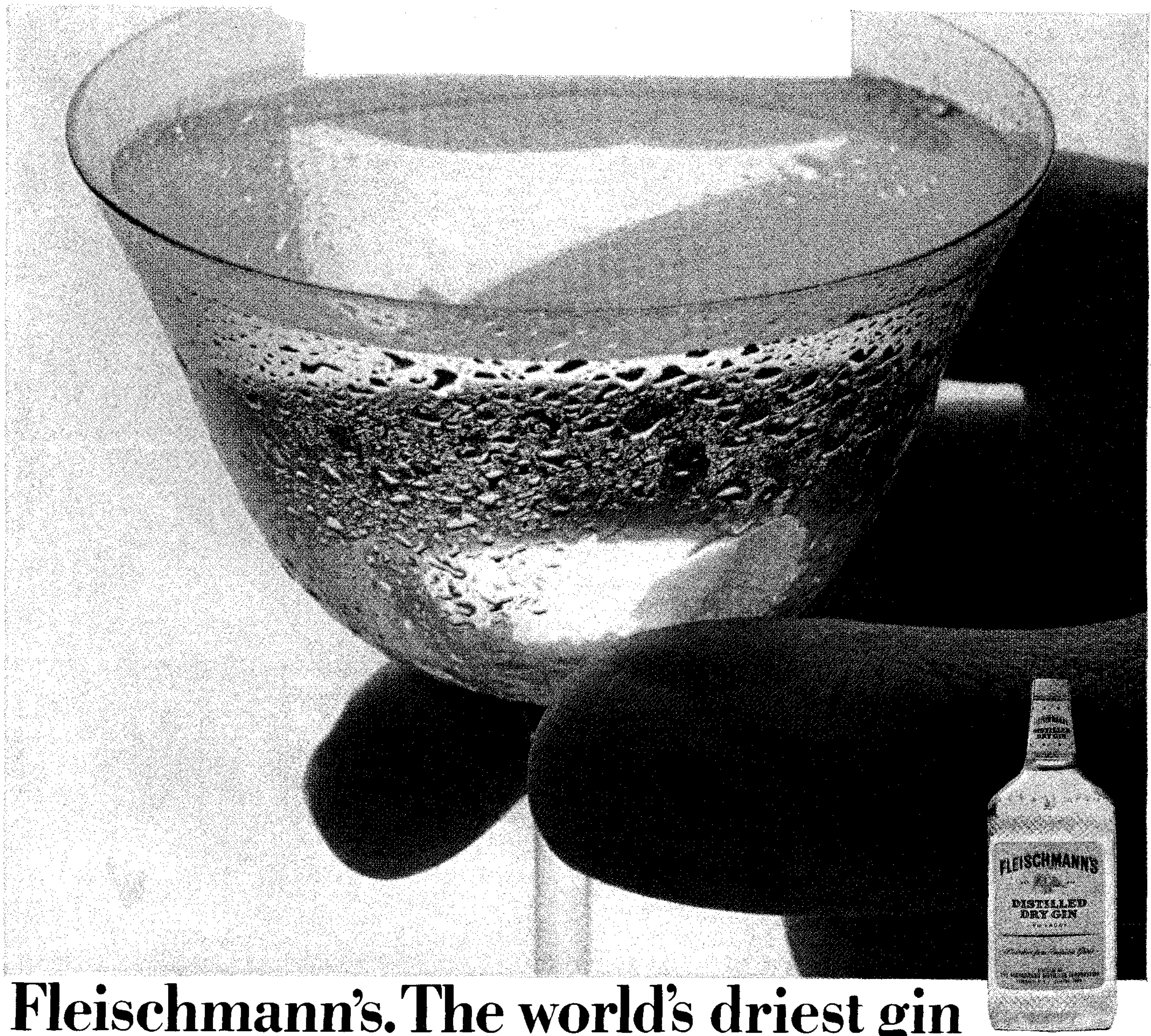

Fleischmann's. The world's driest gin

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION NYC 90 PROOF DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN man health existed in connection with the use of these compounds.

March came on. Ernestine and Amos Charles Huckleby were discharged from Providence Memorial Hospital, in El Paso, and transferred to the chronic-care facility of a hospital in Alamogordo. They were still comatose. (Ernestine will probably be permanently comatose. She is almost certainly blind. Amos can communicate on a primitive level. He, too, is blind.) At the same time, Dorothy Huckleby was removed to a rehabilitation hospital in Roswell. (It is expected that she may in time recover enough to care for herself under general supervision.) Meanwhile, Mrs. Huckleby's term approached. Because of the delicate nature of her pregnancy, state health officials had recommended that her confinement take place in the scientifically sophisticated environment of the University of New Mexico Medical Center, in Albuquerque, and she was admitted to a maternity ward there. Her condition was satisfactory and her course was uneventful. On Monday, March 9th, she was delivered of a seven-pound boy. At birth, the baby appeared to be physically normal, but a few hours later he experienced a violent convulsion. He survived the seizure, and recovered. The prognosis, however, was uncertain. It is very possible, in view of his long fetal exposure to mercury, that some physical or mental abnormalities will eventually manifest themselves.

APRIL arrived. Manufacturers affected by the federal suspension order on seed dressings containing cyano methyl mercury guanidine stirred, and suddenly struck. On April 10th, Morton International, Inc., and its subsidiary Nor-Am Agricultural Products, Inc., the makers of Panogen, applied in United States District Court in Chicago for an injunction relieving the company of compliance with the suspension order, and the application was granted by Judge Alexander J. Napoli. The grounds for granting the injunction were that the Department of Agriculture had acted without holding a hearing to establish the hazardous nature of the fungicide.

The government appealed, and on July 15th a three-judge panel of the Court of Appeals turned the government down, again citing insufficient evidence. The government has petitioned for a review by all six judges of the Court of Appeals, but the Court has not acted on the request. There the case rests.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

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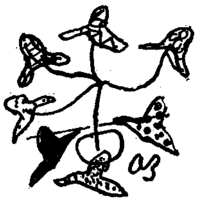
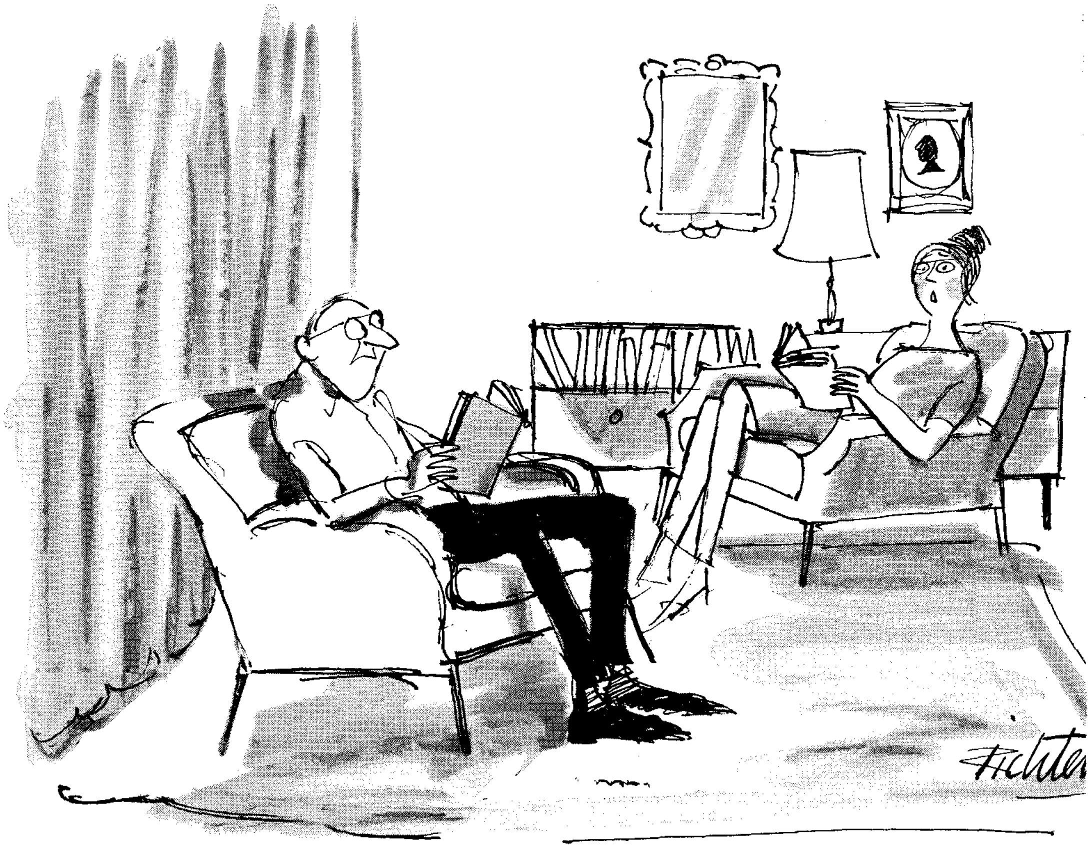


VENI, midi, vici, or something of the sort, for—like it or not—the midi is dominant in our emporiums. But if anyone wants to go through the autumn and into school as mini as before, she will still be able to find what she wants. She may, in the course of her search, come to suspect that the shops in town wish to cast her as an extra in a remake of "How the West Was Won," for these shops have the idea that girls who are bound for school will look good as pioneers, prospectors, cowboys, Indians, and Annie Oakleys; they likewise have the more familiar idea that girls will look good in T-shirts and beat-up bluejeans and ponchos and battlejackets. Not always battlejackets anymore, however. Lord & Taylor now presents them as "peace" jackets, even if it hasn't got around to ducking other names, like Ye College Shoppe, which so many enterprises have been discarding; Campus Life is still the name at L. & T. Here the ponchos are fringed and done in vigorous plaids. Kilts (these from Scotland) are around, as before, but today down to the ankles as well as midi and mini. (Anyway, Campus Life *calls* them all kilts.) In tartans, inevitably. The Campus Life furs are fictitious (as they have to be at $65 to $160), but one that looks like black broadtail makes good dirndl-skirted coats, and so does a fabric termed Bobalinx, which looks like lynx and feels like rabbit. One of the salesgirls has been known to Make the Scene by doubling, right on the premises, as a guitarist. Next week, I suppose, in-flight movies—probably "Woodstock." . . . The schoolhouse at Altman's is now called Corral. The Davy Crockett coats (fringed below the yokes and the patch pockets) are mini, and of moss-green crushed cotton; $65. What Corral has named trail coats, which fasten with toggles (doesn't *everything* for outdoors?), are of an off-white cotton knit with a curly acrylic pile on the inside. These are hooded, and $48. Yesterday's News, a neighboring coign at Altman's, is a parody of a rummage sale: "found" objects (old velvet dresses, say, with collars of white fur, and porch-rocker dresses, and elevator operators' uniforms, and band jackets), all of them refurbished for a new life with a new friend—any girl who believes in pranks. . . . More goods for rock festivals as much as for anything else appear at Richards Army-Navy Authentics, a hangout at 233 West 42nd Street: Army fatigue trousers, Annie Oakley buckskins, Apache vests, Foreign Legion jackets, British Navy blouses, Air Force Arctic parkas. . . . Bloomingdale's Re-Establishment admires calf-length cardigan vests, in pastel hues and bearing tiny checks, and wants them to be worn over *very* long pullovers and straight trousers of matching coloration. (No problem, as you can see, about taking cover in things like these.) Everything from trains to barnyard bird life marches across the four rows of ribbon deployed upon peplumed blouses of black cotton jersey; some emphatically red skirts in a plaid are their companions. . . . Bonwit Teller remembers wraparound raincoats from the F. Scott Fitzgerald days, and they are up on the seventh and eighth floors. Burnt-sugar or burgundy cotton velours is the ingredient. Something called jungle suède (it looks like elephant hide is why) produces fitted, double-breasted coats that are a trifle high-waisted, and mock hair seal (black) produces trenchcoats with detachable epauletted yokes that can serve as boleros. Halston is a generous contributor to the supplies here: flyaway skirts, and ponchos to be flung over one shoulder, these of purple woolknit; handsome shirtdresses of chocolate or beige woolknit that are down to the ankles; gaucho and gangster felt hats; suède belts, half an inch to three inches across, sometimes tying with practically a mile of fringe. I'm not sure I can believe the prices: four-dollar belts, five-dollar hats. . . . Ohrbach's has expanded blue denim beyond the bluejeans category by turning it into rather wonderful trenchcoats and skirts as well as jeans. Good-looking, showerproofed, and reasonable, such as $45 for a coat and $13.99 apiece for both jeans and skirts. A sector of Ohrbach's called The Spot deals mainly in separates, among them sweaters of rust



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woolknit with jumbo turtlenecks, as well as trousers with elasticized ankles that can be tucked into boots or pushed up to create knickers. More romantic are the vests, skirts, and dresses (these last slashed way up above the knees) of suède in watercolor tie-dye tints. . . . Saks Fifth Avenue's Young Elite floor has something for every attitude. Candidates for the Ten Best list are the cardigan coats and skirts of camel's wool. The skirts are attached to turtleneck sweaters of a white synthetic knit. The sweaters, though, can also be joined to skirts in a black-and-white chevron tweed. Country-club elegance, which means very lazy casualness. Western dresses with built-in shirts, all of golden rayon crêpe, are paired off with mini hipster skirts of brown brushed corduroy. The biggest deal here, though, is Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's around-the-clock woolknit wardrobe: adventurous black burnous dangling cocoa tassels from its peaked hood, long-sleeved turtleneck sweater (black, too), short-sleeved brief sweater (this in cocoa) with round neck, skirt in cocoa-and-black Aztec pattern. Not a lot of money, either, such as $10 for the short sweater, $44 for the burnous. . . . The Village Store, at 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd), its twin, at 254 West 72nd Street, and their blood relative, Ibid, at 123 East 77th Street, are repositories of not expensive French separates, these particular ones in dozens of commendable colors. Take the jeans, in pinwale cotton corduroy or in cotton velours; the gamut is mulled wine, garnet, mouse, and Parma violet. Take the lean-ribbed woolknit sweaters that button from the standing collar to the left shoulder; Parma violet again, and prune, and sea-foam green. And there are long-sleeved polo-shirt tunics of a nylon knit in a diamond pattern, or of acetate in a zigzag pattern, or of sheer woolknit in a murky, and leafy, pattern. . . . Brooks Brothers went coed long before our all-male universities began to do it, adapting what the well-dressed man will wear so that the well-dressed female can wear it. A true forerunner of Lib. Men's slacks, too, have now been adapted to women. They are fly-front and in Glen plaids, stripes, and Dress Leslie tartan—all English wool, and all $32.50. In domestic camel-hued cotton corduroy, they are only (ah, domestic bliss!) $21.50. Loose double-breasted raincoats of polyester-and-cotton in beige or navy are nipped in by belts, and fitted double-breasted ones of café-au-lait are armed with zip-out pile linings. . . . Design Research, the largest Finnish

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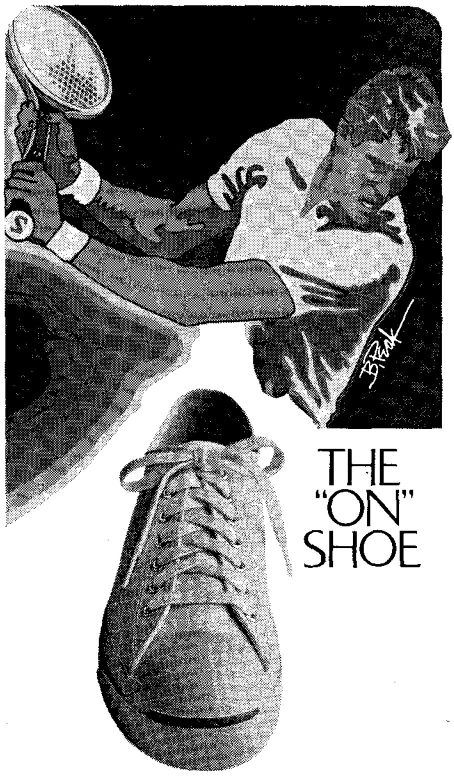

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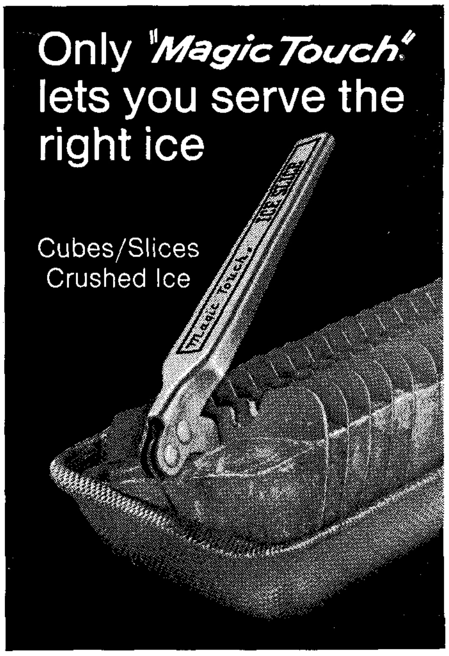
colony on the North American continent, is at 53 East 57th Street. What our Finny friends are up to now is dresses in twin but not precisely identical editions. Midis that look like the ones in "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" are flounced at the hem. Wool crêpe in a blue-and-beige plaid is the stuff for these, and brown-and-beige crêpe is the stuff for sister acts; $95 and $77, respectively. Mini and midi team up in wool muslin—dresses that remind one of Russian peasant shirts. The short deals are red to the waist and black below, with white sleeves, and the just-about-to-the-floor deals are red to the knees, thence black, with orange sleeves. No one would think of going to Bolivia for a deerstalker cap, so Bolivia has been forced to send samples here. (In Bolivia, they are called llamastalkers, naturally—with reason, for llama wool, mixed with alpaca, is a major participant.) Jockey, newsboy, and dwarf caps, too, from Bolivia, and all of them at $10 to $14.50. Tall boots, laced up the front, for the haute couture are a big operation around town, but the Italian boots at D/R are for outdoors, and not just in woman-of-the-world black Vinyl but in either plum or rust suède or in cognac calf. . . . Capezio East, at 136 East 61st Street, is concerned with more than its celebrated ballet slippers. Such as jump suits. (Shouldn't *Capezio* call them *jeté* suits?) Some are born with V necks and gaucho pants, some with slashed shoulders and full-sleeved boleros, some with halter necks that leave the owner bare to the waist in back but that thoughtfully supply capelets; $55 to $95. Black, brown, navy, or pink Dacron knit is what these dreams are made on. For performers onstage (as well as for plenty of civilian girls), Capezio goes on supplying those slippers. For women in the audience, it now supplies antiqued gold- or silver-metal chains from which magnifying monocles or specs dangle. They run from $5 to $8. Necessity, as these go to prove, is still the mother of invention. —M. M.

•

> A Presidential spokesman recently confirmed to this column that President Nixon's TV adviser, Roger Ailes, "works" at the White House. This column, therefore, incorrectly assumed and reported that Ailes was on moon and the planets.
>
> —*Albuquerque Journal.*

You've simply *got* to check things out.



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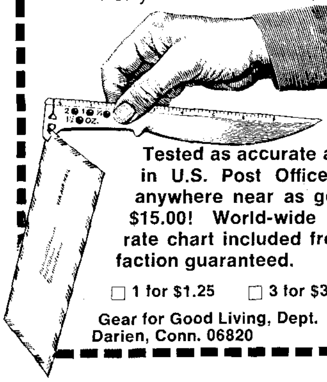

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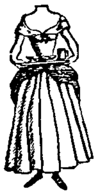


A Silent Woman-how can that be? Patient traveller, do not scoff; Drawn from the very life is she. And mute, because her head is off!

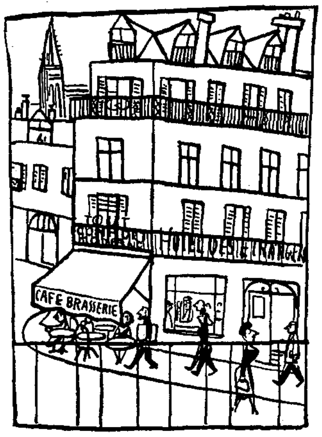
the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

LETTER FROM PARIS

AUGUST 12

BETWEEN the first of July and the last of August, the twenty million French who work for a living the rest of the year take their annual paid holiday of one month. This year, even the government is giving itself a three-week August vacation from governing, with President Pompidou at leisure down in the Midi. In July, it vainly tried to influence Parisians, especially, to do what it was not doing itself—to take a holiday then, rather than wait for the warmer, more popular, and more crowded month of August. A fortnight ago, on the opening weekend of August, the hegira of vacation-bound cars on the highways out of Paris was more than ever like the intense, inexorable migration of lemmings headed for the sea. However, fatalities took a dramatic drop on the almost ten thousand miles of French toll roads, where the usually unlimited speed was controlled by signs and policing to the equivalent of sixty miles an hour. Over that first August weekend, there were only 170 dead and 2,245 injured in all France—an increase of a mere twenty-five per cent over last year's road-accident figures for the same event and thus regarded as almost encouraging, since it might have been worse. On roads leading south to the Mediterranean, the bottlenecks lasted five or six hours at a stretch, with a seventeen-mile queue of cars waiting to cross the border into Spain.

There has, however, been one welcome amelioration for the French citizen leaving on holiday travel abroad, provided the citizen is at least ten years old. Owing to the strong condition of the French franc since its devaluation a year ago—the eighth since 1944—Finance Minister Giscard d'Estaing announced that the restrictions of the *carnet de change* would be lifted, and that French citizens would now be allowed to take two thousand francs (something under four hundred dollars) out of the country. Since the two wars, only the citizens whose national money is the almighty dollar have not known what it means to be unable to buy all the foreign money one wants, though now the dollar doesn't buy as much of anything foreign as it used to. *Sic transit.*



OF the seasonal art robberies that rather regularly accompany the quiescent holiday month in Paris, where owners have too economically left their richly ornamented apartments totally uninhabited, the most sensational in a decade has been that of the remains of what is still called in art circles the Caillebotte Collection. It was the property of the eighty-year-old Geneviève Chardeau, who had often sat to Renoir for her portrait—indeed, one was included among the stolen canvases—and was herself a niece of the Gustave Caillebotte who, as a rich young man (if a poorly endowed would-be painter), assembled his famous collection of Impressionist works by his artist friends in the nearby river village of Argenteuil, where he even built a fine big house to hold his art. Through his friendships, initially with Monet and Renoir, the youthful Maecenas began particularly to buy those canvases that the Argenteuil artists could not sell to anyone else, which meant that he kindly took off their hands the most advanced paintings in the new and generally despised Impressionist style. Later, of course, they became the most significant and also the most valuable in his collection. Among the seventeen just stolen were Renoir's "Young Girls Playing Ball;" a Manet, "The Croquet Game;" two Monets, one of them the famous picture of the Gothic-like open-arched roof of the Gare St.-Lazare; a Corot; three Pissarros; and two Sisleys. It was the harmonious ensemble of the Renoirs that made Mme. Chardeau's small collection so invaluable. According to the French police, all her major stolen paintings are so well known internationally that they could be sold by the thieves only to "a rich maniac" who would be happy merely to gloat over them in secrecy. The police also said that the Chardeau apartment's security system had been neutralized by the robbers' injecting mercury into the door locks and cutting the electrical system that, in case of disturbance, would have rung alarm bells.

Caillebotte's effort—when he was

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twenty-eight years old, in delicate health, and convinced he would not live long—to will his collection of sixty-five Impressionist paintings in such a way that they would eventually reach the Louvre, to the glory of Impressionism, resulted in such an uproar, principally by the bigoted state Académie des Beaux-Arts, that Impressionist art received its first enormous dose of publicity. Even the French Senate held a solemn, worried discussion of it. A leading Beaux-Arts professor threatened to resign if the Caillebotte legacy was accepted, saying patriotically, "We are in a century of decline and imbecility. The legacy contains pictures by M. Manet and M. Pissarro, doesn't it? For the state to accept such filth would indicate moral blight. Anarchists and madmen! It would be the end of the nation, the end of France." After three years of bitter public argument, which included several newspaper campaigns for and against, forty of Caillebotte's collection were finally accepted by the French state and, in the end, reached the Louvre. (The seventeen recently stolen paintings were a small family remainder of the twenty-five refused canvases.) In an effort to set a value on all this art that the state was getting for nothing, the canvases were given an official financial appraisal upon acceptance. All the Renoirs were given the same value, equivalent at that time to a thousand dollars apiece. (Of the eight great Renoirs in the collection, only six were accepted, including what is now regarded as his most entrancing dance-hall masterpiece, "Le Moulin de la Galette.") The eight Monets were priced a little higher, equal to an additional hundred and fifty dollars a painting. There were also two stray Cézannes among Caillebotte's pictures; so great was the ignorance of the state art officials that they did not even know that Cézanne was not an Impressionist. Indeed, they knew nothing about him, and so gave him the lowest monetary valuation of all—equal to a hundred and fifty dollars a canvas. One expert, glancing at the pair of Cézannes, was recorded as saying, "There's a fellow that will never know how to paint," thus anonymously immortalizing himself.

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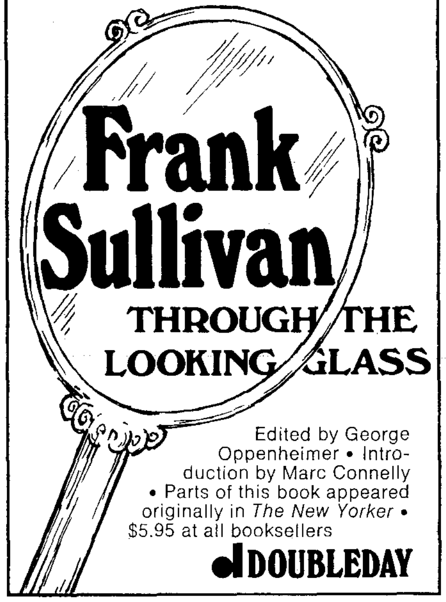
—*Publishers' Weekly.*



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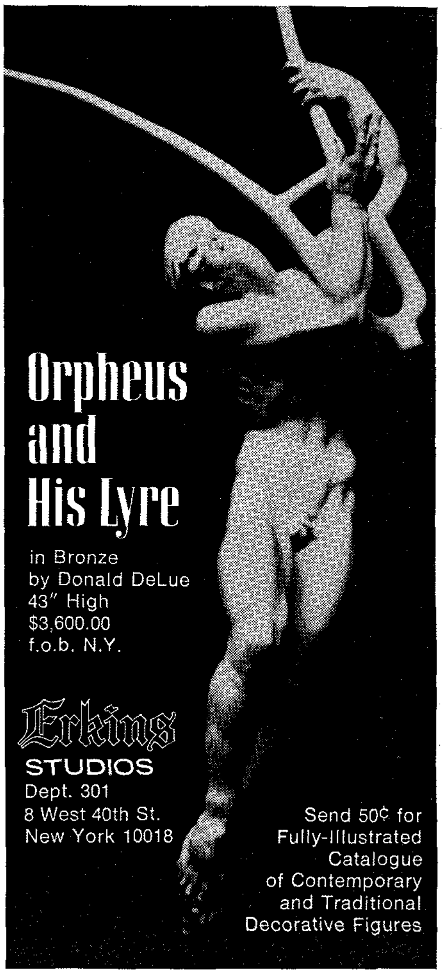

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in color), will be published in New York this autumn. Written over the years, it was finally compiled and completed here in Paris by its author, Boris Kochno, the most scholarly, meticulous-minded eccentric remaining of all the once-young Russian intellectuals who were early attached to the great ballet impresario. Kochno was born in Moscow and educated at the Lycée Impérial. He first met Diaghilev in Paris in 1921, seven days later became his permanent secretary and artistic counsellor, and remained with him until Diaghilev's death in Venice in 1929. Kochno has written his opus from his enormous private library of correspondence, which he assembled over his years with Diaghilev and all those who worked with him—musicians, writers, painters, and poets. Kochno's collection of memorabilia and documents is vast, unique, and incomparable as source material on this historic foreign dance troupe, which swept Europe and then the Americas with its leaping choreography, its silken colors, and its sensuous aesthetic influences. Some of its décors, such as in "Parade," with its setting designed by Picasso to look like New York skyscrapers, strengthened the position of modern art, and some of its scores solidified the new, violent tonalities of the great music of Stravinsky, as in the carnival tragedy of "Petrouchka." Kochno's particular literary task was to create what are called *les arguments*, or librettos, on which the ballet's action is built, and of which he wrote ten. When Diaghilev, tired of borrowing familiar plots from classics or fairy tales, told him that, as a change, he wanted an *argument* that would be a story everyone on earth knew but that no writer had ever signed his name to, Kochno suggested "The Prodigal Son." It was Lifar's greatest ballet success. —GENÊT

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—*Doris Magnuson in the Portland (Me.) Maine Sunday Telegram.*

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CANNIBAL ISLE, by William Stevens (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Not a murder, not a mystery, but an ordinary horror story about a would-be essayist, Norma, and a would-be poet, Peter, who decide to make both their love and their proposed writing deathless by going to live together year round on a remote island off the coast of Massachusetts. After ten years of their chosen life, Norma and Peter, now both in their early forties, find that their lives have faded away with their youth. Out of energy, out of love, out of money, and in alcohol most of the time, they have nothing to look forward to but the chance to work during the summer months for the affluent social group they once belonged to. Mr. Stevens' writing has a stilted, curlicued cast to it, but he conveys in deadly fashion the misery and wretchedness of two good-looking, quite dashing people who find they are stranded and forgotten when they had imagined themselves to be not merely invulnerable but indispensable.

THE MARRIAGE OF A YOUNG STOCKBROKER, by Charles Webb (Lippincott). Like Mr. Webb's first novel, "The Graduate," this one is set in California and has a weak hero. William Alren is subject to a mild, inexplicable voyeuristic compulsion. His wife, bored anyway, gets disgusted and goes to live with her sister, a nasty busybody. But then our hero reverses form, shows up the sister-in-law, and reclaims the wife. It's not much of a story, and Mr. Webb shrewdly keeps it small. He never extends his tight, safe style; he never grants his characters any sign of magnanimity. One of them observes, "We're basically just sort of average, ordinary people." This claims too much, but it basically just sort of suggests what's wrong with the book.

GENERAL

THE NEOPHILIACS, by Christopher Booker (Gambit). An original, independent-minded inquiry into Britain's culture from, roughly, 1956 to now. Mr. Booker believes that with the decline of Britain as an imperial power many British subjects began deliberately to reject traditional authorities and examples—the Church of England, the royal family—and to look to the United States for fantasy images of power, movement, novelty. American popular music, American classlessness (or what from England looked like classlessness), and, above all, the American cult of youth were transmuted—and perhaps exaggerated, in Mr. Booker's opinion—into styles of music, politics, theatre, films, dress, and manners that were mostly strident or vulgar or just plain silly. These were offered as proof that a new, happy, creative, classless young England was coming into being, while in fact suicide, illegitimacy, drug addiction, crime for profit, and violence for pleasure were increasing at what for Britain were unheard-of rates. Sober achievements in education went unnoticed, and sombre problems, like racism, went unattended. Mr. Booker does not think he is describing a purely British phenomenon—violence and disrespect within societies seem to have increased nearly everywhere—but he writes about his own country because he knows it best. He is a critic, not a seer. He believes that these youth-and-violence fantasies have been caused by a worldwide loss of faith, but he does not say that he knows what will happen—whether music marked *pp* and clergymen insisting on the sanctity of marriage will ever again be heard anywhere. His cool scrutiny of widely applauded nonsense is welcome, because it is both overdue and entertaining.

NOTE: "Frank Sullivan Through the Looking Glass," a generous selection of the humorous pieces and poems that Mr. Sullivan has written over the past forty years or so—many of them for this magazine—plus an even larger selection of his letters, has been published by Doubleday. George Oppenheimer was the selector and editor. Introduction by Marc Connelly.

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Because the family was eliminated it was possible to enlarge the master bedroom to 23 by 13 feet.—*New Haven Register.*

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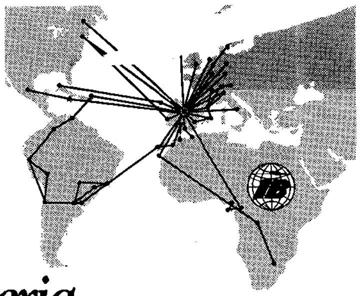

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STEVE TRACHTENBERG

HOME: Boston, Massachusetts

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Associate Dean (Boston University), Professor, Lawyer

HOBBIES: Politics, Bicycling, Writing concerned Letters to the Editor, W. C. Fields movies

LAST BOOK READ: "Let Them Eat Promises: The Politics of Hunger in America."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Collaboration in editing the book "Higher Learning and The Rule of Law."

QUOTE: "If the university is to retain its value as an institution, it must find imaginative but practical ways to deal with this country's troubles. Society wants the university to help solve problems, not just go 'tsk, tsk'."

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